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B O N I B O O K S



GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE WORLD



Edited by

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

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ALBERT & CHARLES BONI ²⁹★

★ BONI BOOKS ★

GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE WORLD

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JOSEPH LEWIS FRANCH



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PART I

FOREWORD

MODERN civilization had of necessity to become somewhat sophisticated before we are able to trace the first outcropping of analytic deduction — on which all criminal detection is founded to this day — in a very short tale, "The Sultan and his Three Sons," written by the Chevalier De Mailly, which appeared in 1719. Half a century later Voltaire appears with a story which is presented in these pages. A contemporary authority refers to this one as, "so clever as to be a model for all the others that followed." Detective literature, however, was not really born till the Memoirs of that ubiquitous genius M. Vidocq of the Paris Bureau of Sureté were published in 1828. Fiction claimed it only with the publication of Edgar Allan Poe's astounding tale, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in 1841. It is scarcely necessary to enter here into a discussion as to why the first great detective-story was a product of American genius. Let us humbly bow to the fact. Suffice it to say that "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and its two successors, "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter" — pro-

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duced within the next four years — gave Poe a greater vogue abroad than in his own country — reversing the customary tradition — and indeed founded a branch of literature which has since enjoyed increasing popularity. “Poe’s stories” — says Carolyn Wells, summing up the whole situation in a single sentence — “follow precisely the same narrow path (as Voltaire’s), and after him trail Gaboriau, du Boisgobey, Conan Doyle, and the rest of the long procession.” And a long and glittering procession it is, claiming some of the most brilliant pens that have indulged in fictive creation down to the present hour. The temptation to any writer whose gift is genuinely analytical seems to be simply irresistible. However long or short the list of his works he will usually give us at least one detective-story. Dumas, although his muse roved in far other scenes, is a classic example. In “Bleak House,” Charles Dickens has given us an early masterpiece. His genius for the detective-story was inevitable, as the pages of “Little Dorrit” and “The Mystery of Edwin Drood” testify. He began indeed to develop finished form in the latter, and perhaps had a few more years been spared him, might have given us the masterpiece of all time. As the ghost-story has flourished apace of late years, because as the late Professor James H. Hyslop once pointed out

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it imposes absolutely no limit on the imagination, so the detective-story has become a large and increasing part of our literature because it takes immediate hold of the deepest interests of the human heart. It will be a very long time indeed, thanks (or otherwise) to the constitution of human nature, before high crime will be transcended as a motive of popular interest. The theme par excellence — as Carolyn Wells, undoubtedly our own best authority, observes — for a detective-story is murder, for the simplest reason in the world. Secondary, and only less powerful according to the way in which it is treated, is robbery; for the absorbing element is inevitable in the constant danger to human life involved in the unraveling of any crime. Examples of both types will be found in the present collection, which aims to present the detective-story, in fact or fiction, in chronological sequence from its inception.

J. L. F.

Zadig

VOLTAIRE

THE first specimen of analytic deduction which appears in modern literature is "The Sultan and his Three Sons" by the Chevalier de Mailly, printed in French in 1719—a very short tale remarkable chiefly for this fact. The motive was seized on by Voltaire in his romance of Zadig—published half a century later—a Babylonian prince whom he delights to endow with every physical, mental and moral virtue. There are several scenes in which Zadig exercises the acuteness of his intellect which show sheer deduction as it is employed in criminal cases to-day. From these we have selected the following as a curious and interesting example.—EDITOR.

Zadig

VOLTAIRE

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a young man named Zadig, of a good natural disposition, strengthened and improved by education. Though rich and young, he had learned to moderate his passions; he had nothing stiff or affected in his behavior, he did not pretend to examine every action by the strict rules of reason, but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakness of mankind.

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy.

He pitched for a life-companion upon Azora, a lady of the greatest prudence, and of the best family in town. He married her and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the most tender union. He only observed that she had a little levity; and was too apt to find that those

young men who had the most handsome persons were likewise possessed of most wit and virtue.

* * * * *

ZADIG found by experience that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleased; and he then sought for happiness in the study of nature. "No man," said he, "can be happier than a philosopher who reads in this great book which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he discovers are his own; he nourishes and exalts his soul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose."

Possessed of these ideas he retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube line of rain in the month of the Mouse more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running toward him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. "Young man," said the first eunuch, "hast thou seen the queen's dog?" "It is a female," replied Zadig. "Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch. "It is a very small she spaniel," added Zadig; "she has lately whelped; she limps on the left forefoot, and has very long ears." "Thou hast seen her," said the first eunuch, quite out of breath. "No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the queen had a dog."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the spaniel. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable," replied Zadig; "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes

are silver of eleven pennyweights." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman. "I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's spaniel. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed when the horse and the spaniel were both found. The judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing their sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

"Ye stars of justice, wells of sciences, mirrors of truth which have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendor of the diamond, and many properties of gold: since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oramades that I have never seen the queen's respectable spaniel, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking toward the little wood, where I

afterwards met the venerable eunuch and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws plainly discovered that it was a female, whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, as if the surface of the sand near the marks of the forefoot had been gently brushed, showed me that she had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than the other three, I found that the spaniel of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

“With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know that, walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse’s shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in the road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees that formed an arbor five

feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven deniers fine."

All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment. The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antechambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burned as a sorcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The register, the attorneys, and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expenses of justice; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved that on the next occasion of the like nature he would not tell what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon offered. A prisoner of state made his escape, and passed under the window of Zadig's house. Zadig was examined and made no answer. But it was proved that he had looked at the prisoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite custom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence.

“Great God!” said he to himself, “what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's spaniel or the king's horse has passed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!”

Vidocq

From His Memoirs

*P*ERHAPS no man in his time assumed so many parts in life's drama, and so frequently on the very shortest possible notice, as Eugène François Vidocq. An outcast from society by the commission of an early crime, ruined and condemned to associate with criminals and the depraved, he went to the Police of Paris and offered his knowledge and experience. He rose finally to be Chief of the Bureau of Sureté, from 1810 to 1827. He was born at Arras, the son of a baker, but as a youth fell into evil ways. Retiring in 1827, he built a paper-mill at St. Maüde which he conducted for years, closing a long and honorable career in the public service. His Memoirs, published in 1828, are the first volume of actual detective experiences ever written. — EDITOR.

Vidocq

FROM HIS MEMOIRS

I BEGAN to grow wearied of escapes and the sort of liberty they procured for me; I did not wish to return to the Bagne; but I preferred a residence at Toulon to that in Paris, if I were compelled to submit to such creatures as Chevalier, Blondy, &c. I was in this mood in the midst of a considerable number of these supporters of the galleys, whom I had had but too many opportunities of knowing, when several of them proposed that I should help them in trying for a run through the court of the Bons Pauvres. At any other time the project would have made me smile. I did not decline it; but I studied it like a man who considered localities, and so as to preserve for myself that preponderance which my real successes procured for me, and those which were attributed to me — I might say those which I attributed to myself; for as soon as we live amongst rogues, there is always an advantage in passing

for the most wicked and the most clever; and such was my well-established reputation, wherever there were four prisoners at least three had heard of me; — not at all an extraordinary thing, for there were galley-slaves who assumed my name. I was the general to whom all the deeds of his soldiers are attributed; they did not cite the places I had taken by assault, but there was no jailer whose vigilance I could not escape, no irons that I could not break through, no wall that I could not penetrate. I was no less famed for courage and skill, and it was the general opinion that I was capable of any deed of renown in case of need. At Brest, at Toulon, at Rochefort, in fact everywhere, I was considered amongst robbers as the most cunning and most bold. The most villainous sought my friendship, because they thought there was still something to be learnt from me, and the greatest novices collected my very words as instructions from which they could gather profit. At Bicetre, I had a complete court, and they pressed around me, surrounded me, and made tenders of services and kind offers, and expressed regards of which it would be difficult to form an idea. But now, this prison glory was hateful to me: the more I read the souls of malefactors, the more they laid themselves open to me, the more I pitied society for having nourished in

its bosom such offspring. I no longer felt that sentiment of the community of misfortune which had formerly inspired my breast; cruel experience and a riper age had convinced me of the necessity of withdrawing myself from these brigands, whose society I loathed, and whose language was an abomination to me. Decided, at any event, to take part against them for the interest of honest men, I wrote to M. Henry¹ to offer my services afresh, without any other condition than that of not being taken back to the Bagne, resigning myself to finish the duration of my sentence in any prison that might be selected.

My letter pointed out so fully the information I could supply, that M. Henry was struck with it: only one consideration balanced with him; it was the example of many accused or condemned persons, who, having engaged to guide the police in its searches, had only given but trifling information or had even finished themselves by being detected in criminal deeds. To this powerful argument, I opposed the cause of my condemnation, the regularity of my conduct after my escapes, the constancy of my endeavors to procure an honorable existence, and finally I produced my correspondence, my books, my punctuality and credit, and I called for the testimony of all persons with whom

¹ Commissaire of Police at Paris.

I had transacted business, and particularly of my creditors, who had all the greatest confidence in me.

These facts and documents militated strongly in my favor. M. Henry submitted my proposal to the prefect of the police M. Pasquier, who decided on granting it. After a residence of two months at Bicetre, I was removed to La Force; and, to avoid suspicion, it was stated amongst the prisoners, that I was detained in consequence of being implicated in a very bad affair, which was to be inquired into. This precaution joined to my renown, put me entirely in good odor. Not a prisoner dared to breathe a doubt of the gravity of the charge against me. Since I had shown so much boldness and perseverance to escape from a sentence of eight years in irons, I must of necessity have a conscience charged with some great crime, capable, if I should be discovered as the author, of sending me to the scaffold. It was then whispered and at last stated openly at La Force, in speaking of me, "He is a cutthroat!" And as, in the place where I was confined, an assassin inspires great confidence, I took care not to refute an error so useful to my plans. I was then far from seeing that an imposture, which I allowed freely to be charged upon me, would be thence perpetrated; and that one day, in publishing my

Memoirs, it would be necessary to state that I had never committed murder.

The engagement I had entered into was not so easily fulfilled as may be supposed. A multitude of robbers were then preying on the capital, and it was impossible to furnish the slightest indication of the principal of them; it was only on my ancient renown that I could rely for obtaining any information of the staff of these Bedouins of our civilization; it availed me, I will not say beyond, but equal to what I could desire.

At this period there was in Paris a band of fugitive galley-slaves, who daily perpetrated robberies, without any hope being entertained of putting a termination to their plunderings. Many of them had been apprehended, and acquitted for want of evidence; obstinately intrenched in absence of witnesses, they had long braved the attempts of justice, which could neither oppose to them the testimony of the commission of crime, nor proofs of guilt. To surprise them properly, it would have been necessary to know their domicile; and they were so well concealed that discovery seemed impossible. Amongst them was one named France (called Tormel), who on coming to La Force, had nothing more urgent than to ask me for ten francs to pay his footing, and I was not inclined to refuse his demand. He soon came to join me, and feel-

ing obliged to me, did not hesitate to give me his confidence. At the time of his arrest he had concealed two notes of a thousand francs from the police, which he gave me, begging me to advance him money, from time to time, as he needed it. "You do not know me," said he, "but these bills speak for me; I trust them to you because I know they are better in your hands than in mine; some time or other we will change them, which now would be difficult, and we must wait." I agreed with France as he wished; I promised to be his banker, as I risked nothing.

Apprehended for violent burglary at an umbrella shop in the passage Feydeau, France had been often interrogated, and constantly declared that he had no residence. However, the police had learned that he had an abode; and it was the more interesting to learn it, as it would lead to the discovery of instruments of robbery, as well as a great quantity of stolen goods. It was a detection of the highest importance, since it would adduce most material proofs. M. Henry told me that he relied on me for obtaining this information; I manœuvred accordingly, and soon learnt that at the time of his arrest, France was at the corner of the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, in an apartment let by a female receiver of stolen goods, named Josephine Bertrand.

These proofs were positive, but it was difficult to make use of the information without betraying my share in the business to France, who, having only confessed to me, could only suspect me of betraying him. I, however, succeeded; and so little did he suspect that I had abused his confidence, that he told me all his troubles, in proportion as the plan which I had concerted with M. Henry progressed.

The police gained over to their interest one of the lodgers of the house which France had inhabited; and this lodger told the landlord that for about three weeks, no movement was seen in the apartment of Madame Bertrand; and this awakened and afforded a wide field for conjecture. It was remembered that a person used to go in and out of this apartment; his absence was talked of, and it was a matter of astonishment that he was not seen: the word disappearance was mentioned, and thence the necessity of the intervention of the commissary; then the opening of the door in presence of witnesses; then the discovery of a great quantity of stolen property belonging to the neighborhood, and many of the instruments made use of to consummate these robberies. The next inquiry was, what had become of Josephine Bertrand? and all the persons were visited to whom she had referred when she

hired the apartments, but nothing could be learnt of this woman; only that a girl, named Lambert, who had succeeded her in the apartment of the Rue Montmartre, had just been apprehended; and as this girl was known as France's mistress, it was conjectured that these two had a common residence. France was in consequence conducted to the spot, and recognized by the neighbors. He pretended that he had been taken by surprise, and that they were mistaken, but the jury before whom he was taken decided otherwise, and he was condemned to the galleys for eight years.

France once convicted, it was easy to follow up the traces of his comrades, two of whom were named Fossard and Legagneur. They were watched, but the negligence and want of address in the officers enabled them to escape the pursuit which I directed. The former was a man the more dangerous, as he was very skillful in making false keys. For fifteen months he seemed to defy the police, when one day I learnt that he resided with a hair-dresser in the Rue du Temple, facing the common sewer. To apprehend him from home was almost impossible, for he was skillful in disguises, and could detect an officer a hundred paces off; on the other hand, it would be better to seize him in the midst of his professional apparatus, and the produce of his robberies. But the undertaking

presented obstacles: Fossard never answered when one knocked at his door, and it was most likely that he had a means of egress, and facilities for getting over the roofs. It appeared to me that the only mode of seizing him was to profit by his absence and hide in his lodging. M. Henry was of my opinion; and the door being broken open in the presence of a commissary, three agents placed themselves in a closet adjoining a recess. Nearly seventy-two hours elapsed, and nobody arrived; at the end of the third day, the officers having exhausted their provisions, were going away, when they heard a key turn in the lock, and Fossard entered. Immediately two of the officers, in conformity with their instructions, darted from the closet and threw themselves upon him; but Fossard, arming himself with a knife which they had left on the table, frightened them so, that they themselves opened the door which their comrade had closed; and, having turned the key upon them, Fossard quickly descended the staircase, leaving the three agents all the leisure necessary for drawing up a report, in which nothing was wanting, except the circumstance of the knife, which they were very cautious in mentioning.

Before being sent to the Conciergerie, France, who had never ceased to think me staunch, recommended one of his friends to me, named Legagneur,

a fugitive galley-slave, arrested in the Rue de la Mortellerie, at the moment when he was executing a robbery by the aid of false keys; and this man, deprived of all resource in consequence of the departure of his comrade, was thinking of sending for the money which he had deposited with a receiver of stolen goods in the Rue St. Dominique, at the Gros-Caillou. Annette, who came constantly to see me at La Force, and sometimes ably abetted me in my pursuits, was charged with the commission; but either from distrust, or a desire to retain it for himself, the receiver accepted the messenger very ungraciously; and as she insisted, he threatened her with an arrest. Annette returned to tell us that she had failed in her errand. At this information Legagneur would have denounced the receiver, but that was only the first impulse of anger. Growing more calm, he judged it most fitting to defer his vengeance; and, moreover, to make it turn to his profit. "If I denounce him," said he to me, "not only shall I get nothing by it, but he may contrive to appear not at all in fault. It will be best to wait until I get out, and then I will make him squeal." Legagneur, having no further hope from his receiver, determined to write to two accomplices, Marguerite and Victor Desbois, renowned robbers. Convinced of this old truism, that small presents

preserve friendship, in exchange for the aid he asked from them, he sent them the impressions of the locks which he had taken for his own private use. Legagneur again had recourse to the mediation of Annette, who found the two friends at the Rue Deux-Ponts, on a wretched ground-floor, a place where they never met without taking great previous precaution. It was not their residence. Annette, whom I had desired to do all in her power to learn this, had the sense not to lose sight of them. She followed them for two days, under different disguises; and, on the third, informed me that they slept in the small Rue St. Jean, in a house with gardens behind. M. Henry, to whom I communicated this circumstance, arranged all the necessary measures which the nature of the place required; but his officers were not more courageous, nor more skillful, than those from whom Fossard had escaped. The two robbers saved themselves by the garden, and it was not till some time afterward that they were apprehended in the Rue St. Hyacinthe St. Michel.

Legagneur having been in his turn conducted to the Conciergerie, was replaced in my room by the son of a vintner at Versailles, named Robin, who, united with the thieves of the capital, told me, in our conversations, their arrangements, as well concerning all that had been done, as of their

present state and intended plans. He it was who pointed out to me the prisoner Mardargent as a fugitive galley-slave, whilst he was only detained in custody as a deserter; for this latter crime he had been sentenced to twenty-four years' labor at the galleys: he had passed some time in the Bagne; and by the help of my notes and recollections, we were soon excellent friends: he fancied (and he was not mistaken) that I should be delighted to meet again my old companions in misfortune: he pointed out several amongst the prisoners, and I was fortunate enough to send back to the galleys a considerable number of those individuals whom justice, for want of the necessary proofs for their conviction, might have let loose upon society.

Never had any period been marked with more important discoveries than that which ushered in my début in the service of the police; although scarcely enrolled in this administration, I had already done much for the safety of the capital, and even for the whole of France. Were I to relate half my successes in my new department, my reader's patience would be exhausted; I will simply make mention of an adventure which occurred a few months before I quitted the prison, and which deserves to be rescued from the general oblivion.

One afternoon a tumult arose in the court, which

terminated in a violent pugilistic combat; at this period of time such occurrences were very frequent. The two champions were Blignon and Charpentier (called Chante à l'heure). A violent quarrel had arisen between them; when the action had ceased, Chante à l'heure, covered with contusions, entered the drinking-shop to have his bruises fomented. I was there engaged at my game of piquet. Chante à l'heure, irritated with his defeat, was no longer master of himself, and as the brandy he had called for to wash his hurts, found its way almost unconsciously to his mouth instead, he became proportionably energetic; until at last his mind could no longer contain the angry burst of his feelings. "My good friend," said he to me ("for you are my very good friend), do you see how this beggar of a Blignon has served me? But he shall not get off scot free! "

"Oh, never heed him," I replied; "he is stronger than you, and you must mind what you are about. Do you wish to be half killed a second time? "

"Oh, that is not what I mean. If I choose, I can put a stop to his beating me, or any one else again. I know what I know! "

"Well, and what do you know? " cried I, struck by the tone in which he pronounced these last words.

"Yes, yes," answered Chante à l'heure, highly

exasperated; "he has done well in driving me to this: I have only to blab, and his business is settled."

"Nonsense; hold your tongue," said I, affecting not to believe him: "you are both birds of a feather. When you owe any one a spite, you have only to blow at his head, and he would instantly fall."

"You think so, do you?" said Chante à l'heure, striking the table. "Suppose I told you that he had slit a woman's weasand! "

"Not so loud, Chante à l'heure; not so loud," said I, putting my finger significantly on my lips. "You know very well that at Lorcefée (La Force) walls have ears; and you must not turn tail against a comrade."

"What do you call turning tail?" replied he, the more irritated in proportion as I feigned a wish to stop him from speaking; "when I tell you that it only depends on me to split upon him."

"That is all very well," I replied; "but to bring a man before the big wigs, we must have proofs! "

"Proofs! Does the devil's child ever want them? Listen. You know the little shopkeeper who lives near the Pont Notre Dame? "

"An old procuress, mistress of Chatonnet, and wife of the hump-backed man? "

“The same! Well, three months ago, as Blignon and I were blowing a cloud, quietly, in a boozing den of the Rue Planche-Mibray, she came there to us. ‘There’s *swag* for you, my lads,’ said she, ‘not far off, in the Rue de la Sonnerie! You are boys of mettle, and I will put you on the lay. An old dowager who has been pocketing lots of blunt, a few days since, received fifteen or twenty thousand francs, in notes or gold; she often comes home in the *darkey*, and you must slit her wind-pipe; and when you have prigged the chink, fling her into the river.’ At first we did not relish the proposition, and would not hear of it, as we never cared to commit a murder; but the old hag so pestered us by telling us that she was well-feathered, and that there was no harm in doing for an old woman, that we agreed to it. It was settled that the procuress should give us notice of the precise time and hour. However, I felt very I-don’t-know-how-ish about it; because, you see, when you are not used to a job of the kind, you feel queerish a bit. But, never mind, all was settled; when next morning, at the Quatre-Cheminées, near Sevres, we met with Voivenel and another pal. Blignon told the business to them, at the same time stating his objection to the murder. They thereupon proposed to give us a hand, if we chose. ‘Agreed,’ replied Blignon: ‘where there is

enough for two, there is enough for four: ' thus we settled it, and they were to be in the *rig* with us. From that time Voivenel's pal never let us rest, and was impatient for the arrival of the moment. At length the old Mother Murder-love told us all was ready. It was a thick fog on the night of the thirtieth of December. 'Now's the time !' said Blignon. Believe me or not, as you like; but, on the word of a thief, I would have backed out, but I could not; I was drawn on, and dogged the old woman with the others; and, in the evening, when, having as we knew received a considerable sum, she was returning from the house of M. Rousset, a person who let out carriages, in the Alley de la Pompe, we did for her. It was Voivenel's friend who stabbed her, whilst Blignon, having blinded her with his cloak, seized her from behind. I was the only one who did not dabble in her blood; but I saw all, for I was put on the look-out: and I then learnt, and saw, and heard enough to give that scoundrel Blignon his passport to the guillotine."

Chante à l'heure then, with an insensibility which exceeds belief, detailed to me all the minutest circumstances of this murder. I heard this abominable recital to the close, making incredible efforts to conceal my indignation; for every word which he uttered was of a nature to make the hair of even

the least susceptible person stand on end. When the villain had finished retracing, with a horrible fidelity, the agonies of his victim, I urged him anew not to break off his friendship with Blignon: but at the same time I dexterously threw oil on the fire I appeared solicitous to extinguish. My plan was to lead Chante à l'heure to make a public confession of the horrible revelation to which rage and revenge had spurred him on. I was further desirous of being enabled to furnish justice with those means of conviction which would be necessary to punish the assassins. Much yet remained in uncertainty; possibly, after all, this affair was merely the fruits of an over-heated brain, and Chante à l'heure, when no longer under the influence of wine and vengeance, might disavow all recollection of it. However the business might terminate, I lost no time in dispatching to M. Henry a report, in which I explained the affair, as well as the doubts I myself entertained of its veracity; he was not long in replying to my communication, that the crime I alluded to was but too true. M. Henry begged I would endeavor to procure for him the precise account of every thing which had preceded and followed this murder; and the very next day my plans were laid to obtain them. It was difficult to procure the arrest of any of the guilty party, without their suspecting the

hand which directed the blow; but in this dilemma, as well as in many others in which I had been placed, chance came to my assistance. The following day I went to awaken Chante à l'heure, who, still suffering from the intemperance of the preceding night, was unable to quit his bed; I seated myself beside him, and began to speak of the state of complete intoxication in which I had seen him, as well as of the indiscreet actions he had committed. The reproof appeared to astonish him; but when I repeated a few words of the conversation we had held together, his surprise redoubled, and as I had foreseen, he protested the impossibility of his having used such language; and whether he had effectually lost his recollection, or whether he mistrusted me, he tried hard to persuade me that he had not the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Whether he at this moment spoke the truth, or not, I profited by it to tell him that he had not confined his confidential communications to one alone, but had spoken of all the circumstances of the murder in a loud tone, in the presence of several prisoners who were sitting near the fire, and had heard all that had passed as well as myself. "What an unlucky fellow I am!" cried he, with every sign of sincere distress. "What have I done? What is to be done to extricate myself from the situation in

which it places me?" — "Nothing is more simple," said I: "if you should be questioned as to the scene of yesterday, you can say, 'Upon my word, when I have taken too much, I say or do any thing; and if I happen to have a spite against a man, I do not know what I might invent about him.' " Chante à l'heure took all this for genuine advice; and on the same morning, a man named Pinson, who passed for a great sneak, was conducted from La Force to the office of the prefect; this exchange could not have occurred more opportunely for my project, and I hastened to acquaint Chante à l'heure with it, adding that all the prisoners believed that Pinson was only removed in the expectation of his making some very important discoveries.

At this intelligence he appeared thunderstruck. "Was he one of those who were present when I was talking the other night?" asked he with strong anxiety. I replied that I had not particularly observed; he then communicated to me more frankly his fears, and I obtained from him fresh particulars, which, sent off without delay to M. Henry, caused all the accomplices in this murder to fall into the hands of justice. The shopkeeper and her husband were of the number. They were all committed to solitary confinement; Blignon and Chante à l'heure in the new building, the others in

the infirmary, where they remained a very long time. The public authorities had inquired into it, and I no longer troubled myself with the affair. Nothing material resulted from the investigation, which had been badly begun from the first, and finally the accused were pardoned. My stay at Bicetre and La Force embraced a period of twenty-one months, during which not a single day passed without my rendering some important service. I believe I might have become a perpetual spy, so far was every one from supposing that any connivance existed between the agents of the public authority and myself. Even the porters and keepers were in ignorance of the mission with which I was entrusted. Adored by the thieves, esteemed by the most determined bandits, I could always rely on their devotion to me; they would have been torn to pieces in my service, a proof of which occurred at Bicetre, where Mardargent had several severe battles with some of the prisoners who had dared to assert that I had only quitted La Force to serve the police. Coco-Lacour and Goreau, prisoners in the same jail as incorrigible thieves, with no less ardor and generous intrepidity undertook my defense.

M. Henry did not allow the prefect to remain in ignorance of the numerous discoveries effected by my sagacity. This functionary, to whom I was

represented as a person on whom he might depend, consented at last to put an end to my detention. Every measure was taken that it might not be known that I had recovered my liberty; they sent to fetch me from La Force, and carried me from thence without neglecting any of their rigorous precautions. My handcuffs were replaced, and I ascended the wicker car with the private understanding that I was to escape on the road, and I was not slow in profiting by this permission. The same night my flight was made known, and all the police were in search of me. This escape caused much noise, particularly at La Force, where my friends celebrated it with rejoicings, drank to my health and wished me a safe and prosperous journey.

* * * * *

As the secret agent of government, I had duties marked out, and the kind and respectable M. Henry took upon himself to instruct me in their fulfillment; for in his hands was entrusted nearly the entire safety of the capital: to prevent crimes, discover malefactors, and to give them up to justice, were the principal functions confided to me. By thieves M. Henry was styled the Evil Spirit; and well did he merit the surname, for with him, cunning and suavity of manners were

so conjoined as seldom to fail in their purpose. Among the coadjutors of M. Henry, was M. Bertaux, a cross-examiner of great merit. The proofs of his talent may be found in the archives of the courts. Next to him, I have great pleasure in naming M. Parisot, governor of the prisons. In a word, MM. Henry, Bertaux, and Parisot, formed a veritable triumvirate, which was incessantly conspiring against the perpetrators of all manner of crimes; to extirpate rogues from Paris, and to procure for the inhabitants of that immense city a perfect security.

So soon as I was installed in my new office of secret agent, I commenced my rounds, in order to take my measures well for setting effectually to work. These journeys, which occupied me nearly twenty days, furnished me with many useful and important observations, but as yet I was only preparing to act, and studying my ground.

One morning I was hastily summoned to attend the chief of the division. The matter in hand was to discover a man named Watrin, accused of having fabricated and put in circulation false money and bank notes. The inspectors of the police had already arrested Watrin, but, according to custom, had allowed him to escape. M. Henry gave me every direction which he deemed likely to assist me in the search after him; but unfortunately he

had only gleaned a few simple particulars of his usual habits and customary haunts; every place he was known to frequent was freely pointed out to me; but it was not very likely he would be found in those resorts which prudence would call upon him carefully to avoid; there remained therefore only a chance of reaching him by some by-path. When I learnt that he had left his effects in a furnished house, where he once lodged, on the boulevard of Mont Parnasse, I took it for granted that, sooner or later, he would go there in search of his property; or at least that he would send some person to fetch it from thence; consequently, I directed all my vigilance to this spot; and after having reconnoitred the house, I lay in ambush in its vicinity night and day, in order to keep a watchful eye upon all comers and goers. This went on for nearly a week, when, weary of not observing any thing, I determined upon engaging the master of the house in my interest, and to hire an apartment of him, where I accordingly established myself with Annette, certain that my presence could give rise to no suspicion. I had occupied this post for about fifteen days, when one evening, at eleven o'clock, I was informed that Watrin had just come, accompanied by another person. Owing to a slight indisposition, I had retired to bed earlier than usual; however, at this

news I rose hastily, and descended the staircase by four stairs at a time; but whatever diligence I might use, I was only just in time to catch Watrin's companion; him I had no right to detain, but I made myself sure that I might, by intimidation obtain further particulars from him. I therefore seized him, threatened him, and soon drew from him a confession, that he was a shoemaker, and that Watrin lived with him, No. 4, Rue des Mauvais Garçons. This was all I wanted to know: I had only had time to slip an old great-coat over my shirt, and without stopping to put on more garments, I hurried on to the place thus pointed out to me. I reached the house at the very instant that some person was quitting it: persuaded that it was Watrin, I attempted to seize him; he escaped from me, and I darted after him up a staircase; but at the moment of grasping him, a violent blow which struck my chest, drove me down twenty stairs. I sprang forward again, and that so quickly, that to escape from my pursuit he was compelled to return into the house through a sash window. I then knocked loudly at the door, summoning him to open it without delay. This he refused to do. I then desired Annette (who had followed me) to go in search of the guard, and whilst she was preparing to obey me, I counterfeited the noise of a man descending the stairs.

Watrin, deceived by this feint, was anxious to satisfy himself whether I had actually gone, and softly put his head out of window to observe if all was safe. This was exactly what I wanted. I made a vigorous dart forward, and seized him by the hair of his head: he grasped me in the same manner and a desperate struggle took place; jammed against the partition wall which separated us, he opposed me with a determined resistance. Nevertheless, I felt that he was growing weaker; I collected all my strength for a last effort; I strained every nerve, and drew him nearly out of the window through which we were struggling: one more trial and the victory was mine; but in the earnestness of my grasp we both rolled on the passage floor, on to which I had pulled him: to rise, snatch from his hands the shoemaker's cutting-knife with which he had armed himself, to bind him, and lead him out of the house, was the work of an instant. Accompanied only by Annette, I conducted him to the prefecture, where I received the congratulations first of M. Henry, and afterward those of the prefect of police, who bestowed on me a pecuniary recompence. Watrin was a man of unusual address; he followed a coarse clumsy business, and yet he had given himself up to making counterfeit money, which required extreme delicacy of hand. Condemned to death,

he obtained a reprieve the very hour that was destined for his execution; the scaffold was prepared, he was taken down from it, and the lovers of such scenes experienced a disappointment. All Paris remembers it. A report was in circulation that he was about to make some very important discoveries; but as he had nothing to reveal, a few days afterward he underwent his sentence.

Watrin was my first capture, and an important one too; this successful beginning awoke the jealousy of the peace-officers, as well as those under my orders; all were exasperated against me, but in vain; they could not forgive me for being more successful than themselves. The superiors, on the contrary, were highly pleased with my conduct; and I redoubled my zeal to render myself still more worthy their confidence.

About this period a vast number of counterfeit five-franc pieces had got into general circulation; several of them were shown me; whilst examining them, I fancied I could discover the workmanship of Bouhin (who had informed against me) and of his friend, Dr. Terrier. I resolved to satisfy my mind as to the truth of this; and in consequence of this determination, I set about watching the steps of these two individuals; but as I durst not follow them too closely, lest they might recognize me, and mistrust my observation, it was

difficult for me to obtain the intelligence I wanted. Nevertheless, by dint of unwearied perseverance, I arrived at the certainty of my not having mistaken the matter, and the two coiners were arrested in the very act of fabricating their base coin; they were shortly after condemned and executed for it. It has been publicly asserted, in consequence of a report set on foot by the inspectors of the police, that Dr. Terrier had been led away by me, and that I had in a manner placed in his hands the instruments of his crime.

Let the reader remember the reply which this man made to me, when, at Bouhin's house, I sought to persuade him to renounce his guilty industry, and he will judge whether Terrier was a man to allow himself to be drawn away.

* * * * *

In so populous a capital as that of Paris, there are usually a vast many places of bad resort, at which assemble persons of broken fortune and ruined fame; in order to judge of them under my own eye, I frequented every house and street of ill-fame, sometimes under one disguise and sometimes under another; assuming indeed all those rapid changes of dress and manner which indicate a person desirous of concealing himself from the observation of the police, all the rogues and

thieves whom I daily met there firmly believed me to be one of themselves; persuaded of my being a runaway, they would have been cut to pieces before I should have been taken; for not only had I acquired their fullest confidence, but their strongest regard; and so much did they respect my situation, as a fugitive galley-slave, that they would not even propose to me to join in any of their daring schemes, lest it might compromise my safety. All however did not exercise this delicacy, as will be seen hereafter. Some months had passed since I commenced my secret investigations, when chance threw in my way St. Germain, whose previous visits had so often filled me with consternation. He had with him a person named Boudin, whom I had formerly seen as a restaurateur in Paris, in the Rue des Prouvaires, and of whom I knew no more than that trifling acquaintance which arose from my occasionally exchanging my money for his dinners. He however seemed easily to recollect me, and, addressing me with a bold familiarity, which my determined coolness seemed unable to subdue, "Pray," said he, "have I been guilty of any offense toward you, that you seem so resolved upon cutting me?" — "By no means, sir," replied I; "but I have been informed that you have been in the service of the police." — "Oh, oh, is that all?" cried he, "never mind

that, my boy; suppose I have, what then? I had my reasons; and when I tell you what they were, I am quite sure you will not bear me any ill-will for it." — "Come, come," said St. Germain, "I must have you good friends; Boudin is an excellent fellow, and I will answer for his honor, as I would do for my own. Many a thing happens in life we should never have dreamt of, and if Boudin did accept the situation you mention, it was but to save his brother: besides, you must feel satisfied, that were his principles such as a gentleman ought not to possess, why, you would not find him in my company." I was much amused with this excellent reasoning, as well as with the pledge given for Boudin's good faith; however, I no longer sought to avoid the conversation of Boudin. It was natural enough that St. Germain should relate to me all that had happened to him since his last disappearance, which had given me such pleasure.

After complimenting me on my flight, he informed me that after my arrest he had recovered his employment, which he however was not fortunate enough to keep; he lost it a second time, and had since been compelled to trust to his wits to procure a subsistence. I requested he would tell me what had become of Blondy and Deluc? "What," said he, "the two who slit the wagoner's

throat? Oh, why the guillotine settled their business at Beauvais." When I learnt that these two villains had at length reaped the just reward of their crimes, I experienced but one regret, and that was, that the heads of their worthless accomplices had not fallen on the same scaffold.

After we had sat together long enough to empty several bottles of wine, we separated. At parting, St. Germain having observed that I was but meanly clad, inquired what I was doing, and as I carelessly answered that at present I had no occupation, he promised to do his best for me, and to push my interest the first opportunity that offered. I suggested that, as I very rarely ventured out for fear of being arrested, we might not possibly meet again for some time. "You can see me, whenever you choose," said he; "I shall expect that you will call on me frequently." Upon my promise to do so, he gave me his address, without once thinking of asking for mine.

St. Germain was no longer an object of such excessive terror as formerly in my eyes; I even thought it my interest to keep him in sight, for if I applied myself to scrutinizing the actions of suspicious persons, who better than he called for the most vigilant attention? In a word, I resolved upon purging society of such a monster. Meanwhile, I waged a determined war with all the crowd

of rogues who infested the capital. About this time robberies of every species were multiplying to a frightful extent: nothing was talked of but stolen palisades, out-houses broken open, roofs stripped of their lead; more than twenty reflecting lamps were successively stolen from the Rue Fontaine au Roi, without the plunderers being detected. For a whole month the inspectors had been lying in wait in order to surprise them, and the first night of their discontinuing their vigilance the same depredations took place. In this state, which appeared like setting the police at defiance, I accepted the task which none seemed able to accomplish, and in a very short time I was enabled to bring the whole band of these shameless plunderers to public justice, which immediately consigned them to the galleys.

Each day increased the number of my discoveries. Of the many who were committed to prison, there were none who did not owe their arrest to me, and yet not one of them for a moment suspected my share in the business. I managed so well, that neither within nor without its walls, had the slightest suspicion transpired. The thieves of my acquaintance looked upon me as their best friend and true comrade; the others esteemed themselves happy to have an opportunity of initiating me in their secrets, whether from the

pleasure of conversing with me, or in the hope of benefiting by my counsels. It was principally beyond the barriers that I met with these unfortunate beings. One day that I was crossing the outer Boulevards, I was accosted by St. Germain, who was still accompanied by Boudin. They invited me to dinner; I accepted the proposition, and over a bottle of wine they did me the honor to propose that I should make a third in an intended murder.

The matter in hand was to dispatch two old men who lived together in the house which Boudin had formerly occupied in the Rue des Prouvaires. Shuddering at the confidence placed in me by these villains, I yet blessed the invisible hand which had led them to seek my aid. At first I affected some scruples at entering into the plot, but at last feigned to yield to their lively and pressing solicitations, and it was agreed that we should wait the favorable moment for putting into execution this most execrable project. This resolution taken, I bade farewell to St. Germain and his companion, and (decided upon preventing the meditated crime) hastened to carry a report of the affair to M. Henry, who sent me without loss of time to obtain more ample details of the discovery I had just made to him. His intention was to satisfy himself whether I had been really solicited to take

part in it, or whether, from a mistaken devotion to the cause of justice, I had endeavored to instigate those unhappy men to an act which would render them amenable to it. I protested that I had adopted no such expedient, and as he discovered marks of truth in my manner and declaration, he expressed himself satisfied. He did not, however, omit to impress on me the following discourse upon instigating agents, which penetrated my very heart. Ah, why was it not also heard by those wretches, who since the revolution have made so many victims! The renewed era of legitimacy would not then in some circumstances have recalled the bloody days of another epoch. "Remember well," said M. Henry to me, in conclusion, "remember that the greatest scourge to society is he who urges another on to the commission of evil. Where there are no instigators to bad practices, they are committed only by the really hardened; because they alone are capable of conceiving and executing them. Weak beings may be drawn away and excited: to precipitate them into the abyss, it frequently requires no more than to call to your aid their passions or self-love; but he who avails himself of their weakness to procure their destruction, is more than a monster — he is the guilty one, and it is on his head that the

sword of justice should fall. As to those engaged in the police, they had better remain forever idle, than create matter for employment."

Although this lesson was not required in my case, yet I thanked M. Henry for it, who enjoined me not to lose sight of the two assassins, and to use every means in my power to prevent their arriving at the completion of their diabolical plan. "The police," said he, "is instituted as much to correct and punish malefactors, as to prevent their committing crimes; but on every occasion I would wish it to be understood, that we hold ourselves under greater obligations to that person who prevents one crime, than to him who procures the punishment of many." Conformably with these instructions, I did not allow a single day to pass without seeing St. Germain and his friend Boudin. As the blow they meditated was to procure them a considerable quantity of gold, I concluded that I might, without overacting my part, affect a degree of impatience about it. "Well," said I to them, every time we met, "and when is this famous affair to take place?" — "When!" replied St. Germain, "the fruit is not yet ripe; when the right time comes," added he, pointing to Boudin, "my friend there will let you know." Already had several meetings taken place, and yet nothing was decidedly arranged; once more I

hazarded the usual question. "Ah! ah!" said St. Germain, "my good friend, now I can satisfy your natural curiosity; we have fixed upon to-morrow evening, and only waited for you to deliberate upon the best way of going to work." The meeting was fixed a little way out of Paris. I was punctual to the time and place, nor did St. Germain keep me waiting. "Hark ye," said he, "we have reflected upon this affair, and find that it cannot be put into execution for the present. We have, however, another to propose to you; and I warn you, you must say at once, without any equivocation, 'yes' or 'no.' Before we enter upon the object of my coming hither, it is but fair I should let you into a little confidential story respecting yourself, which was told to me by one Carré, who knew you at La Force. The tale runs, that you only escaped its walls upon condition of serving the police as its secret agent!"

At the words "secret agent," a feeling almost approaching to suffocation stole over me, but I quickly rallied upon perceiving that, however true the report might be, it had obtained but little faith with St. Germain, who was evidently waiting for my explanation or denial of it without once suspecting its reality. My ever-ready genius flew quickly to my aid, and without hesitation I replied, that I was not much surprised at the charge, and

for the simple reason that I myself had been the first to set the rumor afloat. St. Germain stared with wonder. "My good fellow," said I, "you are well aware that I managed to escape from the police whilst they were transferring me from La Force to Bicetre. Well! I went to Paris and stayed there till I could go elsewhere. One must live, you know, how and where one can. Unfortunately, I am still compelled to play at hide and seek, and it is only by assuming a variety of disguises that I dare venture abroad, to look about and just see what my old friends are doing; but in spite of all my precautions, I live in constant dread of many individuals, whose keen eyes quickly penetrate my assumption of other names and habits than my own; and who having formerly been upon terms of familiarity with me, pestered me with questions I had no other means of shaking off, than by insinuating that I was in the pay of the police; and thus I obtained the double advantage of evading, in my character of 'spy,' both their suspicions and ill-will, should they feel disposed to exercise it in procuring my arrest."

"Enough — enough," interrupted St. Germain; "I believe you; and to convince you of the unbroken confidence I place in you, I will let you into the secret of our plans for to-night. — At the corner of the Rue d'Enghien, where it joins the Rue

Hautville, lives a banker, whose house looks out upon a very extensive garden; a circumstance greatly in favor both of our expedition and our escape after its completion. This same banker is now absent, and the cash-box, in which is a considerable sum in specie, besides bank notes, &c., is only guarded by two persons. — Well, you can guess the rest. We mean to make it our own by the law of possession, this very evening. Three of us are bound by oath to do the job, which will turn out so profitably. But we want another: and now that you have cleared your character and given scandal the lie, you shall make the fourth. Come, no refusal; — we reckon on your company and assistance, and if you refuse you are a regular set-down sneak.”

I was as eager in accepting the invitation, as St. Germain could possibly be in giving it: both Boudin and himself seemed much pleased with my zeal. Who my remaining coadjutor was, I knew not, but my surmises on the subject were soon settled by the arrival of a man, a perfect stranger to myself, named Dubenne. He was the driver of a cabriolet, the father of a large family and a man who, more from weak than bad principles, had allowed himself to be seduced by the temptations of his guilty companions. Whilst a mixed conversation was going on between them, my thoughts

were busily at work upon the best method of causing them to be taken in the very act they were discussing. What was my consternation to hear St. Germain, at the moment we all rose to pay our score, address us in these words:—

“My friends, when a man runs his neck into the compass of a halter, it behooves him to keep a sharp look out. We have this day decided upon playing a dangerous, but as I take it, a sure game; and in order that the chance may be in our favor, I have determined upon the following measure, which I think you will all approve. About midnight, all four of us will obtain access into the house in question. Boudin and myself will undertake to manage the inside work, whilst you two remain in the garden, ready to second us in case of surprise. This undertaking, if successful, will furnish us with the means of living at our ease for some time; but it concerns our mutual safety that we should not quit each other till the hour for putting our plan into execution.”

This finale, which I feigned not to hear, was repeated a second time, and filled me with a thousand fears that I might not be able to withdraw myself from the affair, as I had intended. What was to be done? St. Germain was a man of uncommon daring, eager for money, and always ready to purchase it, either with his own blood or

that of others; however, it was as yet but ten o'clock in the morning; I hoped that, during the long interval between that hour and midnight, some opportunity would present itself of dexterously stealing away and giving information to the police. Meanwhile I made not the slightest objection to the proposition of St. Germain, which was indeed the best pledge we could separately have of the good faith of the others. When he perceived that we were all agreed, St. Germain, who, by his energy, his talent for plotting, and carrying his schemes into execution, was the real head of the conspiracy, expressed his satisfaction, and added further — "This unanimity is what I like; and I beg to say, that for myself I will leave nothing undone to merit the continuance of so flattering a consent to my wishes and opinions."

It was agreed that we should take a hackney-coach, and proceed together to his house, situated in the Rue St. Antoine. Arrived there, we ascended into his chamber, where he was to keep us under lock and key until the instant of departure. Confined between four walls, in close converse with these robbers, I knew not what saint to invoke, and what pretext to invent, to effect my escape. St. Germain would have blown out my brains at the least suspicion; and how to act or what was to be done, I knew not. My only

plan was to resign myself to the event, be it what it might; and this determination taken, I affected to busy myself with the preparatives for our crime, the very sight of which redoubled my perplexity and horror. Pistols were laid on the table, in order to have the charges drawn and to be properly reloaded. Whilst they underwent a strict scrutiny, St. Germain remarked a pair which seemed to him no longer able "to do the state any service;" he laid them aside — "Here," said he, "these 'toothless barkers' will never do; whilst the rest of you are loading and priming your batteries, I will get these changed for others more likely to aid our purpose." As he was preparing to quit the room, I bade him remember that, according to our contract, none of us could quit the place without being accompanied by a second. "Right — quite right," replied he; "I like people not only to make, but to keep engagements; so come with me." — "But," said I, "these other two gentlemen?" — "Oh!" laughed St. Germain, "they shall be kept out of harm's way till our return;" so saying, he very coolly double-locked the door upon them, and then taking me by the arm, led me to a shop from which he generally supplied himself with what he required for his various expeditions. Upon the present occasion he purchased some balls, powder, flints, exchanged the

old pistols for new ones, and then declaring his business completed, returned with me to his house. On entering I felt a fresh thrill of horror, from perceiving how earnestly and yet calmly the wretch Boudin was occupied in sharpening two large dinner-knives on a hone — the sight froze my blood, and I turned away in disgust.

Meanwhile the time was passing away; one o'clock struck, and no expedient of safety had yet presented itself. I yawned and stretched, feigning weariness, and going into an apartment adjoining the one in which we had assembled, threw myself on a bed, as if in search of repose; after a few instants, I appeared still more fidgety with this indolence, and I could perceive that the others were not less so than myself. "Suppose we have a glass of something to cheer us," cried St. Germain. "An excellent idea!" I replied, almost leaping for joy at the unexpected opening it seemed likely to afford my scheme; "a most capital thought — and by way of helping it, if you can manage to send to my house, you may have a glass of Burgundy, such as cannot be met with every day." All declared the thought a most seasonable relief to the ennui which was beginning to have hold of them, now that all their work of preparation was at an end; and St. Germain without further delay dispatched his porter to Annette,

who was requested to bring the promised treat herself. It was agreed that nothing relative to our plan should be uttered before her, and whilst my three companions were indulging in rough jokes upon the unexpected pleasure thus offered them, I carelessly resumed my place on the bed, and whilst there traced with a pencil these few lines — “When you leave this place, disguise yourself; and do not for an instant lose sight of myself, St. Germain, or Boudin. Be careful to avoid all observation; and, above all, be sure to pick up any thing I may let fall, and to convey it as directed.” Short as was this hurried instruction, it was, I knew, sufficient for Annette, who had frequently received similar directions, and I felt quite assured that she would comprehend it in its fullest sense. It was not long before she joined us, bringing with her the basket of wine. Her appearance was the signal for mirth and gayety. She was complimented by all; and as for myself, under the semblance of thanking her for her ready attendance with an embrace, I managed to slip the billet into her hand: she understood me, took leave of the company, and left me far happier than I had felt an hour before.

We made a hearty dinner, after which I suggested the idea of going alone with St. Germain to reconnoitre the scene of action, in order to be provided

with the means of guarding against any accident. As this seemed merely the counsel of a prudent man, it excited no suspicion; the only difference in his opinion and mine was, that I proposed taking a hackney-coach, whilst he judged it better to walk. When we reached the part he considered most favorable for scaling, he pointed it out to me; and I took care to observe it so well, that I could easily describe it to another, without fear of any mistake arising. This done, St. Germain recollected that we had all better cover our faces with black crepe, and we proceeded toward the Palais Royal, for the purpose of buying some: and whilst he was in a shop, examining the different sorts, I managed to scrawl hastily on paper every particular and direction which might enable the police to interfere and prevent the crime. St. Germain, whose vigilance never relaxed, and who had, as much as possible, kept his eye upon me with calm scrutiny, conducted me to a public-house, where we refreshed ourselves with some beer; quitting this place, we walked again homeward, without my having been enabled to dispose of the billet I had written; when, just as we were re-entering his den, my eye caught sight of Annette, who, disguised in a manner that would have effectually deceived every other but myself, was on the watch for our return. Convinced that

she had recognized me, I managed to drop my paper as I crossed the threshold; and relieved, in a great measure, of many of my former apprehensions, I committed myself to my fate. As the terrible hour for the fulfillment of our scheme approached, I became a prey to a thousand terrors. Spite of the warning I had sent through Annette, the police might be tardy in obeying its directions, and might perhaps arrive too late to prevent the consummation of the crime. Should I at once avow myself, and in my real character, arrest St. Germain and his accomplices? Alas! what could I do against three powerful men, rendered furious by revenge and desperation? And besides, had I even succeeded in my attempt, who could say that I would be believed, when I denied all participation with them, except such as was to further the ends of justice. Instances rose to my recollection, where, under similar circumstances, the police had abandoned its agents, or, confounding them with the guilty wretches with whom they had mingled, refused to acknowledge their innocence. I was in all the agony of such reflections, when St. Germain roused me, by desiring I would accompany Debenne, whose cabriolet was destined to receive the expected treasure of money-bags, and was for that purpose to be stationed at the corner of the street. We went out together, and, as I looked

around me, I again met the eye of my faithful Annette, whose glance satisfied me that all my commissions had been attended to. Just then, Debenne inquired of me the place of rendezvous. I know not what good genius suggested to me the idea of saving this unhappy creature. I had observed that he was not wicked at heart, and that he seemed rather drawn toward the abyss of guilt by want and bad advice, than by any natural inclination for crime. I hastily assigned to him a post, away from the spot which had been agreed on; and, happy in having saved him from the snare, rejoined St. Germain and Boudin at the angle of the boulevard St. Denis. It was now about half-past ten, and I gave them to understand that the cabriolet would require some time in getting ready; that I had given orders to Debenne, that he should take his station in the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, ready to hasten to us at the slightest signal. I observed to them, that the sight of a cabriolet too near to the place of our labors might awaken suspicion; and they agreed in thinking my precautions wisely taken.

Eleven o'clock struck — we took a glass together in the faubourg St. Denis, and then directed our steps towards the banker's habitation. The tranquility of Boudin and his infamous associate, had something in it almost fiend-like: they

walked coolly along, each with his pipe in his mouth, which was only removed to hum over some loose song.

At last we arrived at the part of the garden wall it had been determined to scale, by means of a large post, which would serve as a ladder. St. Germain demanded my pistols; — my heart began to beat violently, for I fully expected that, having by some ill chance penetrated my real share in the affair, he meant that I should answer for it with my life; resistance would have been useless, and I put them into his hands; but, to my extreme relief, he merely opened the pan, changed the priming, and returned them to me. After having performed a similar operation on his own pistols and those of Boudin, he set the example of climbing the post; Boudin followed; and both of them, without interrupting their smoking, sprung into the garden; it became my turn to follow them. Trembling, I reached the top of the wall; all my former apprehensions crowded back upon me. Had the police yet had time to lay their ambuscade? Might not St. Germain have preceded them? These and a thousand similar questions agitated my mind. My feelings were, however, wrought up to so high a pitch, that, in the midst of such a moment of cruel suspense, I determined on one measure, namely, to prevent the commission of the crime,

though I sank in the unequal struggle. However, St. Germain, seeing me still sitting astride on the top of the wall, and becoming impatient at my delay, cried out, "Come, come, down with you." Scarcely had he said the words, than he was vigorously attacked by a number of men. Boudin and himself offered a desperate resistance. A brisk firing commenced — the balls whistled — and, after a combat of several minutes, the two assassins were seized, though not before several of the police had been wounded. St. Germain and his companion were likewise much hurt. For myself, as I took no part in the engagement, I was not likely to come to any harm: nevertheless, that I might sustain my part to the end, I fell on the field of battle, as though I had been mortally wounded. The next instant I was wrapped in a covering, and in this manner conveyed to a room where Boudin and St. Germain were; the latter appeared deeply touched at my death; he shed tears, and it was necessary to employ force to remove him from what he believed to be my corpse.

St. Germain was a man of about five feet eight inches high, with strongly developed muscles, an enormous head, and very small eyes, half closed, like those of an owl; his face, deeply marked with the small-pox, was extremely plain; and yet, from the quickness and vivacity of his expression, he

was by many persons considered pleasing. In describing his features, a strong resemblance would suggest itself to those of the hyena and the wolf, particularly if the attention were directed to his immensely wide jaws, furnished with large projecting fangs; his very organization partook of the animal instinct common to beasts of prey; he was passionately fond of hunting; the sight of blood exhilarated him: his other passions were gaming, women, and good eating and drinking. As he had acquired the air and manners of good society, he expressed himself, when he chose, with ease and fluency, and was almost always fashionably and elegantly dressed; he might be styled a "well-bred thief." When his interest required it, no person could better assume the pleasant mildness of an amiable man; at other times he was abrupt and brutal. His comrade Boudin was diminutive in stature, scarcely reaching five feet two inches; thin, with a livid complexion; his eyes dark and piercing and deeply sunk in his head. The habit of wielding the carving-knife, and of cutting up meat, had rendered him ferocious. He was bow-legged; a deformity I have observed among several systematic assassins, as well as among many other individuals distinguished by their crimes.

I cannot remember any event of my life which afforded me more real satisfaction than the taking

of these two villains. I applauded myself for having delivered society from two monsters, at the same time that I esteemed myself fortunate in having saved Debenne from the fate that would have befallen him, had he been taken with them. However, the share of self-satisfaction produced by the feeling of having been instrumental in rescuing a fellow-creature from destruction, was but a slight compensation for the misery I experienced at being in a manner compelled, by the stern duties of the post I filled, either to send a fresh succession of victims to ascend the scaffold, or to mount it myself. The quality of "secret agent" preserved, it is true, my liberty, and shielded me from the dangers to which, as a fugitive galley-slave, I was formerly exposed; true, I was no longer subjected to the many terrors which had once agitated me; but still I was not pardoned; and until that happy event took place, the liberty I enjoyed was but a precarious possession, which the caprice of my employers could deprive me of at any moment. Again, I was not insensible to the general odium attached to the department I filled. Still, revolting as were its functions to my own choice and mind, it was a necessary evil, and one from which there was no escape. I therefore strove to reconcile myself to it by arguments such as these: — Was I not daily

occupied in endeavoring to promote the welfare of society? Was I not espousing the part of the good and upright against the bad and vicious? And should I by these steps draw down upon me the contempt of mankind? I went about dragging guilt from its hidden recesses, and unmasking its many schemes of blood and murder: and should I for this be pointed out with the finger of scorn and hatred? Attacking thieves, even on the very theatre of their crimes, wresting from them the weapons with which they had armed themselves, I boldly dared their vengeance; and did I for this merit to be despised? My reason became convinced; and my mind, satisfied with the upright motives which guided me, regained its calmness and self-command; and thus armed, I felt that I had courage to dare the ingratitude and obloquy of an unjust opinion respecting me and my occupation.

The Devil's Disciple

BALZAC

*T*HERE is a detective motive of the sheerest in this story, which while far from conventional, nevertheless makes it one of the most unforgettable tales ever written. Balzac here handles a supernatural idea with all the skill of reality. He possessed the rare secret of a seeming utter faith in the unreal — he was indeed no mean mystic — which at once captures the imagination and leads the reader on to final conviction. A remarkable American example of this rare enough faculty is to be found in F. Marion Crawford's "The Upper Berth" in which the most impossible ghost conceivable nevertheless leaves the reader completely convinced and thrilled to the marrow.—EDITOR.

The Devil's Disciple

FROM "MELMOTH RECONCILED."

BALZAC

ABOUT five o'clock, on a dull autumn afternoon, the cashier of one of the largest banks in Paris was still at his desk, working by the light of a lamp that had been lit for some time. In accordance with the use and wont of commerce, the counting-house was in the darkest corner of the low-ceiled and far from spacious mezzanine floor, and at the very end of a passage lighted only by borrowed lights. The office doors along this corridor, each with its label, gave the place the look of a bath-house. At four o'clock the stolid porter had proclaimed, according to his orders, "The bank is closed." And by this time the departments were deserted, the letters dispatched, the clerks had taken their leave. The wives of the partners in the firm were expecting their lovers; the two bankers dining with their mistresses. Everything was in order.

The place where the strong boxes had been bedded in sheet iron was just behind the little sanctum, where the cashier was busy. Doubtless he was balancing his books. The open front gave a glimpse of a safe of hammered iron, so enormously heavy (thanks to the science of the modern inventor) that burglars could not carry it away. The door only opened at the pleasure of those who knew its password. The letter-lock was a warden that kept its own secret and could not be bribed; the mysterious word was an ingenious realization of the "Open sesame!" in the *Arabian Nights*. But even this was as nothing. A man might discover the password; but unless he knew the lock's final secret, the *ultima ratio* of this gold-guarding dragon of mechanical science, it discharged a blunderbuss at his head.

The door of the room, the walls of the room, the shutters of the windows in the room, the whole place, in fact, was lined with sheet iron a third of an inch in thickness, concealed behind the thin wooden paneling. The shutters had been closed, the door had been shut. If ever a man could feel confident that he was absolutely alone, and that there was no remote possibility of being watched by prying eyes, that man was the cashier of the house of Nucingen and Company in the Rue Saint-Lazare.

The cashier was a man of five and forty or thereabouts. As he sat at the table, the light from a moderator lamp shining full on his bald head and glistening fringe of iron-gray hair that surrounded it — this baldness and the round outlines of his face made his head look very like a ball. His complexion was brick-red, a few wrinkles had gathered about his eyes, but he had the smooth, plump hands of a stout man. His blue cloth coat, a little rubbed and worn, and the creases and shininess of his trousers, traces of hard wear that the clothes-brush fails to remove, would impress a superficial observer with the idea that here was a thrifty and upright human being, sufficient of the philosopher or of the aristocrat to wear shabby clothes. But, unluckily, it is easy to find penny-wise people who will prove weak, wasteful, or incompetent in the capital things of life.

The cashier wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, for he had been a major of dragoons in the time of the Emperor. M. de Nucingen, who had been a contractor before he became a banker, had had reason in those days to know the honorable disposition of his cashier, who then occupied a high position. Reverses of fortune had befallen the major, and the banker out of regard for him paid him five hundred

francs a month. The soldier had become a cashier in the year 1813, after his recovery from a wound received at Studzianka during the Retreat from Moscow, followed by six months of enforced idleness at Strasbourg, whither several officers had been transported by order of the Emperor, that they might receive skilled attention. This particular officer, Castanier by name, retired with the honorary grade of colonel, and a pension of two thousand four hundred francs.

In ten years' time the cashier had completely effaced the soldier, and Castanier inspired the banker with such trust in him, that he was associated in the transactions that went on in the private office behind his little counting-house. The baron himself had access to it by means of a secret staircase. There, matters of business were decided. It was the bolting room where proposals were sifted; the privy council chamber where the reports of the money market were analyzed; circular notes issued thence; and finally, the private ledger and the journal which summarized the work of all the departments were kept there.

Castanier had gone himself to shut the door which opened on to a staircase that led to the parlor occupied by the two bankers on the first floor of their hotel. This done, he had sat down at his desk again, and for a moment he gazed

at a little collection of letters of credit drawn on the firm of Watschildine of London. Then he had taken up the pen and imitated the banker's signature upon each. *Nucingen* he wrote, and eyed the forged signatures critically to see which seemed the most perfect copy.

Suddenly he looked up as if a needle had pricked him. "You are not alone!" a boding voice seemed to cry in his heart; and indeed the forger saw a man standing at the little grated window of the counting-house, a man whose breathing was so noiseless that he did not seem to breathe at all. Castanier looked, and saw that the door at the end of the passage was wide open; the stranger must have entered by that way.

For the first time in his life the old soldier felt a sensation of dread that made him stare open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the man before him; and for that matter, the appearance of the apparition was sufficiently alarming even if unaccompanied by the mysterious circumstances of so sudden an entry. The rounded forehead, the harsh coloring of the long oval face, indicated quite as plainly as the cut of his clothes that the man was an Englishman, reeking of his native isles. You had only to look at the collar of his overcoat, at the voluminous cravat which smothered the crushed frills of a shirt front so white that it

brought out the changeless leaden hue of an impassive face, and the thin red line of the lips that seemed made to suck the blood of corpses; and you could guess at once at the black gaiters buttoned up to the knee, and the half-puritanical costume of a wealthy Englishman dressed for a walking excursion. The intolerable glitter of the stranger's eyes produced a vivid and unpleasant impression, which was only deepened by the rigid outlines of his features. The dried-up, emaciated creature seemed to carry within him some gnawing thought that consumed him and could not be appeased.

He must have digested his food so rapidly that he could doubtless eat continually without bringing any trace of color into his face or features. A tun of Tokay *vin de succession* would not have caused any faltering in that piercing glance that read men's inmost thoughts, nor dethroned the merciless reasoning faculty that always seemed to go to the bottom of things. There was something of the fell and tranquil majesty of a tiger about him.

"I have come to cash this bill of exchange, sir," he said. Castanier felt the tones of his voice thrill through every nerve with a violent shock similar to that given by a discharge of electricity.

"The safe is closed," said Castanier.

"It is open," said the Englishman, looking round the counting-house. "To-morrow is Sunday, and I cannot wait. The amount is for five hundred thousand francs. You have the money there, and I must have it."

"But how did you come in, sir?"

The Englishman smiled. That smile frightened Castanier. No words could have replied more fully nor more peremptorily than that scornful and imperial curl of the stranger's lips. Castanier turned away, took up fifty packets, each containing ten thousand francs in bank notes, and held them out to the stranger, receiving in exchange for them a bill accepted by the Baron de Nucingen. A sort of convulsive tremor ran through him as he saw a red gleam in the stranger's eyes when they fell on the forged signature on the letter of credit.

"It . . . it wants your signature . . ." stammered Castanier, handing back the bill.

"Hand me your pen," answered the Englishman.

Castanier handed him the pen with which he had just committed forgery. The stranger wrote *John Melmoth*, then he returned the slip of paper and the pen to the cashier. Castanier looked at the handwriting, noticing that it sloped from right to left in the Eastern fashion, and Melmoth dis-

appeared so noiselessly that when Castanier looked up again an exclamation broke from him, partly because the man was no longer there, partly because he felt a strange painful sensation such as the imagination might take for an effect of poison.

The pen that Melmoth had handled sent the same sickening heat through him that an emetic produces. But it seemed impossible to Castanier that the Englishman should have guessed his crime. His inward qualms he attributed to the palpitation of the heart that, according to received ideas, was sure to follow at once on such a "turn" as the stranger had given him.

"The devil take it; I am very stupid. Providence is watching over me; for if that brute had come round to see my gentlemen to-morrow, my goose would have been cooked!" said Castanier, and he burned the unsuccessful attempts at forgery in the stove.

He put the bill that he meant to take with him in an envelope, and helped himself to five hundred thousand francs in French and English bank notes from the safe, which he locked. Then he put everything in order, lit a candle, blew out the lamp, took up his hat and umbrella, and went out sedately, as usual, to leave one of the two keys of the strong room with Madame de Nucingen, in the absence of her husband the baron.

"You are in luck, M. Castanier," said the banker's wife as he entered her room; "we have a holiday on Monday; you can go into the country, or to Soizy."

"Madame, will you be so good as to tell your husband that the bill of exchange on Watschildine, which was behind time, has just been presented? The five hundred thousand francs have been paid; so I shall not come back till noon on Tuesday."

"Good-by, monsieur; I hope you will have a pleasant time."

"The same to you madame," replied the old dragoon as he went out. He glanced as he spoke at a young man well known in fashionable society at that time, a M. de Rastignac, who was regarded as Madame de Nucingen's lover.

"Madame," remarked this latter, "the old boy looks to me as if he meant to play you some ill turn."

"Pshaw! impossible; he is too stupid."

"Piquoizeau," said the cashier, walking into the porter's room, "what made you let anybody come up after four o'clock?"

"I have been smoking a pipe here in the doorway ever since four o'clock," said the man, "and nobody has gone into the bank. Nobody has come out either except the gentlemen ——"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, upon my word and honor. Stay, though, at four o'clock M. Werbrust's friend came, a young fellow from Messrs. du Tillet & Co., in the Rue Joubert."

"All right," said Castanier, and he hurried away.

The sickening sensation of heat that he had felt when he took back the pen returned in greater intensity. "*Mille diables!*" thought he, as he threaded his way along the Boulevard de Gand, "haven't I taken proper precautions? Let me think! Two clear days, Sunday and Monday, then a day of uncertainty before they begin to look for me; altogether, three days and four nights' respite. I have a couple of passports and two different disguises; is not that enough to throw the cleverest detective off the scent? On Tuesday morning I shall draw a million francs in London before the slightest suspicion has been aroused. My debts I am leaving behind for the benefit of my creditors, who will put a 'P'¹ on the bills, and I shall live comfortably in Italy for the rest of my days as the Conte Ferraro. I was alone with him when he died, poor fellow, in the marsh of Zembin, and I shall slip into his skin. . . . *Mille diables!* the woman who is to follow after me might give them a clew! Think of an old

¹ Protested.

campaigner like me infatuated enough to tie myself to a petticoat! . . . Why take her? I must leave her behind. Yes, I could make up my mind to it; but — I know myself — I should be ass enough to go back for her. Still, nobody knows Aquilina. Shall I take her or leave her? ”

“ You will not take her! ” cried a voice that filled Castanier with sickening dread. He turned sharply, and saw the Englishman.

“ The devil is in it! ” cried the cashier aloud.

Melmoth had passed his victim by this time; and if Castanier's first impulse had been to fasten a quarrel on a man who read his own thoughts, he was so much torn by opposing feelings that the immediate result was a temporary paralysis. When he resumed his walk he fell once more into that fever of irresolution which besets those who are so carried away by passion that they are ready to commit a crime, but have not sufficient strength of character to keep it to themselves without suffering terribly in the process. So, although Castanier had made up his mind to reap the fruits of a crime which was already half executed, he hesitated to carry out his designs. For him, as for many men of mixed character in whom weakness and strength are equally blended, the least trifling consideration determines whether they shall continue to lead blameless lives or become actively

criminal. In the vast masses of men enrolled in Napoleon's armies there were many who, like Castanier, possessed the purely physical courage demanded on the battlefield, yet lacked the moral courage which makes a man as great in crime as he could have been in virtue.

The letter of credit was drafted in such terms that immediately on his arrival he might draw twenty-five thousand pounds on the firm of Watschildine, the London correspondents of the house of Nucingen. The London house had been already advised of the draft about to be made upon them; he had written to them himself. He had instructed an agent (chosen at random) to take his passage in a vessel which was to leave Portsmouth with a wealthy English family on board, who were going to Italy, and the passage money had been paid in the name of the Conte Ferraro. The smallest details of the scheme had been thought out. He had arranged matters so as to divert the search that would be made for him into Belgium and Switzerland, while he himself was at sea in the English vessel. Then, by the time that Nucingen might flatter himself that he was on the track of his late cashier, the said cashier, as the Conte Ferraro, hoped to be safe in Naples. He had determined to disfigure his face in order

to disguise himself the more completely, and by means of an acid to imitate the scars of smallpox. Yet, in spite of all these precautions, which surely seemed as if they must secure him complete immunity, his conscience tormented him; he was afraid. The even and peaceful life that he had led for so long had modified the morality of the camp. His life was stainless as yet; he could not sully it without a pang. So for the last time he abandoned himself to all the influences of the better self that strenuously resisted.

"Pshaw!" he said at last, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Montmartre, "I will take a cab after the play this evening and go out to Versailles. A post-chaise will be ready for me at my old quartermaster's place. He would keep my secret even if a dozen men were standing ready to shoot him down. The chances are all in my favor, so far as I see; so I shall take my little Naqui with me, and I will go."

"You will not go!" exclaimed the Englishman, and the strange tones of his voice drove all the cashier's blood back to his heart.

Melmoth stepped into a tilbury which was waiting for him, and was whirled away so quickly, that when Castanier looked up he saw his foe some hundred paces away from him, and before

it even crossed his mind to cut off the man's retreat the tilbury was far on its way up the Boulevard Montmartre.

"Well, upon my word, there is something supernatural about this!" said he to himself. "If I were fool enough to believe in God, I should think that He had set Saint Michael on my tracks. Suppose that the devil and the police should let me go on as I please, so as to nab me in the nick of time? Did anyone ever see the like! But there, this is folly. . . ."

Castanier went along the Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre, slackening his pace as he neared the Rue Richer. There, on the second floor of a block of buildings which looked out upon some gardens, lived the unconscious cause of Castanier's crime — a young woman known in the quarter as Mme. de la Garde. A concise history of certain events in the cashier's past life must be given in order to explain these facts, and to give a complete presentment of the crisis when he yielded to temptation.

Mme. de la Garde said that she was a Piedmontese. No one, not even Castanier, knew her real name. She was one of those young girls who are driven by dire misery, by inability to earn a living, or by fear of starvation, to have recourse to a trade which most of them loathe, many regard

with indifference, and some few follow in obedience to the laws of their constitution. But on the brink of the gulf of prostitution in Paris, the young girl of sixteen, beautiful and pure as the Madonna, had met with Castanier. The old dragoon was too rough and homely to make his way in society, and he was tired of tramping the boulevard at night and of the kind of conquests made there by gold. For some time past he had desired to bring a certain regularity into an irregular life. He was struck by the beauty of the poor child who had drifted by chance into his arms, and his determination to rescue her from the life of the streets was half benevolent, half selfish, as some of the thoughts of the best men are apt to be. Social conditions mingle elements of evil with the promptings of natural goodness of heart, and the mixture of motives underlying a man's intentions should be leniently judged. Castanier had just cleverness enough to be very shrewd where his own interests were concerned. So he concluded to be a philanthropist on either count, and at first made her his mistress.

"So you do not love me well enough to marry me?" she said.

Castanier did not answer; he was absorbed by his thoughts. The poor girl resigned herself to her fate. The ex-dragoon was in despair. Naqui's

heart softened toward him at the sight of his trouble; she tried to soothe him, but what could she do when she did not know what ailed him? When Naqui made up her mind to know the secret, although she never asked him a question, the cashier dolefully confessed to the existence of a Mme. Castanier. This lawful wife, a thousand times accursed, was living in a humble way in Strasbourg on a small property there; he wrote to her twice a year, and kept the secret of her existence so well, that no one suspected that he was married.

The dragoon, no longer recognizing the woman whom he had wedded, left her to live on a little property at Strasbourg, until the time when it should please God to remove her to adorn Paradise. She was one of those virtuous women who, for want of other occupation, would weary the life out of an angel with complainings, who pray till (if their prayers are heard in heaven) they must exhaust the patience of the Almighty, and say everything that is bad of their husbands in dove-like murmurs over a game of boston with their neighbors. When Aquilina learned all these troubles she clung still more affectionately to Castanier, and made him so happy, varying with woman's ingenuity the pleasures with which she

filled his life, that all unwittingly she was the cause of the cashier's downfall.

Like many women who seem by nature destined to sound all the depths of love, Mme. de la Garde was disinterested. She asked neither for gold nor for jewelry, gave no thought to the future, lived entirely for the present and for the pleasures of the present. She accepted expensive ornaments and dresses, the carriage so eagerly coveted by women of her class, as one harmony the more in the picture of life. There was absolutely no vanity in her desire not to appear at a better advantage but to look the fairer, and, moreover, no woman could live without luxuries more cheerfully. When a man of generous nature (and military men are mostly of this stamp) meets with such a woman, he feels a sort of exasperation at finding himself her debtor in generosity. He feels that he could stop a mail coach to obtain money for her if he has not sufficient for her whims. He will commit a crime if so he may be great and noble in the eyes of some woman or of his special public; such is the nature of the man. Such a lover is like a gambler who would be dishonored in his own eyes if he did not repay the sum he borrowed from a waiter in a gaming house; but will shrink from no crime, will leave his wife and

children without a penny, and rob and murder, if so he may come to the gaming table with a full purse, and his honor remain untarnished among the frequenters of that fatal abode. So it was with Castanier.

He had begun by installing Aquilina in a modest fourth-floor dwelling, the furniture being of the simplest kind. But when he saw the girl's beauty and great qualities, when he had known inexpressible and unlooked-for happiness with her, he began to dote upon her, and longed to adorn his idol. Then Aquilina's toilet was so comically out of keeping with her poor abode, that for both their sakes it was clearly incumbent on him to move. The change swallowed up almost all Castanier's savings, for he furnished his domestic paradise with all the prodigality that is lavished on a kept mistress. A pretty woman must have everything pretty about her.

When once the standard had been set up, there was nothing for it but everything in the household must be in conformity, from the linen, plate, and crystal through a thousand and one items of expenditure down to the pots and pans in the kitchen. Castanier had meant to "do things simply," as the saying goes, but he gradually found himself more and more in debt. One expense entailed another. The clock called for candle

sconces. Fires must be lighted in the ornamental grates, but the curtains and hangings were too fresh and delicate to be soiled by smuts, so they must be replaced by patent and elaborate fire-places, warranted to give out no smoke, recent inventions of the people who are clever at drawing up a prospectus. Then Aquilina found it so nice to run about barefooted on the carpet in her room that Castanier must have soft carpets laid everywhere for the pleasure of playing with Naqui. A bathroom was built for her, everything to the end that she might be more comfortable.

Before Castanier had any idea of how much he had spent he had arranged for Aquilina to have a carriage from a livery stable when she went out, instead of a cab. Castanier was a gourmand; he engaged an excellent cook; and Aquilina, to please him, had herself made the purchases of early fruit and vegetables, rare delicacies, and exquisite wines. But, as Aquilina had nothing of her own, these gifts of hers, so precious by reason of the thought and tact and graciousness that prompted them, were no less a drain upon Castanier's purse; he did not like his Naqui to be without money, and Naqui could not keep money in her pocket. So the table was a heavy item of expenditure for a man with Castanier's income. The ex-dragon was compelled to resort to various shifts for ob-

taining money, for he could not bring himself to renounce this delightful life.

When, therefore, Castanier saw that if he meant to emerge from the abyss of debt into which he had plunged, he must part with Aquilina and live upon bread and water, he was so unable to do without her or to change his habits of life, that daily he put off his plans of reform until the morrow. The debts were pressing, and he began by borrowing money. His position and previous character inspired confidence, and of this he took advantage to devise a system of borrowing money as he required it. Then, as the total amount of debt rapidly increased, he had recourse to those commercial inventions known as *accommodation bills*. This form of bill does not represent goods or other value received, and the first indorser pays the amount named for the obliging person who accepts it. This species of fraud is tolerated because it is impossible to detect it, and, moreover, it is an imaginary fraud which only becomes real if payment is ultimately refused.

When at length it was evidently impossible to borrow any longer, whether because the amount of the debt was now so greatly increased, or because Castanier was unable to pay the large amount of interest on the aforesaid sums of money, the cashier saw bankruptcy before him. On making this

discovery, he decided for a fraudulent bankruptcy rather than an ordinary failure, and preferred a crime to a misdemeanor. He determined, after the fashion of the celebrated cashier of the Royal Treasury, to abuse the trust deservedly won, and to increase the number of his creditors by making a final loan of the sum sufficient to keep him in comfort in a foreign country for the rest of his days. All this, as has been said, he had prepared to do.

Aquilina knew nothing of the irksome cares of this life; she enjoyed her existence, as many a woman does, making no inquiry as to where the money came from, even as sundry other folk will eat their buttered rolls untroubled by any restless spirit of curiosity as to the culture and growth of wheat; but as the labor and miscalculations of agriculture lie on the other side of the baker's oven, so, beneath the unappreciated luxury of many a Parisian household lie intolerable anxieties and exorbitant toil.

While Castanier was enduring the torture of the strain, and his thoughts were full of the deed that should change his whole life, Aquilina was lying luxuriously back in a great armchair by the fire-side, beguiling the time by chatting with her waiting-maid. As frequently happens in such cases, the maid had become the mistress's confidante,

Jenny having first assured herself that her mistress's ascendancy over Castanier was complete.

"What are we to do this evening? Léon seems determined to come," Mme. de la Garde was saying, as she read a passionate epistle indicted upon a faint gray note paper.

"Here is the master!" said Jenny.

Castanier came in. Aquilina, nowise disconcerted, crumpled up the letter, took it with the tongs, and held it in the flames.

"So that is what you do with your love letters, is it?" asked Castanier.

"Oh, goodness, yes," said Aquilina; "is it not the best way of keeping them safe? Besides, fire should go to the fire, as water makes for the river."

"You are talking as if it were a real love letter, Naqui —"

"Well, am I not handsome enough to receive them?" she said, holding up her forehead for a kiss. There was a carelessness in her manner that would have told any man less blind than Castanier that it was only a piece of conjugal duty, as it were, to give this joy to the cashier; but use and wont had brought Castanier to the point where clear-sightedness is no longer possible for love.

"I have taken a box at the Gymnase this evening," he said; "let us have dinner early, and then we need not dine in a hurry."

"Go, and take Jenny. I am tired of plays. I do not know what is the matter with me this evening; I would rather stay here by the fire."

"Come, all the same though, Naqui; I shall not be here to bore you much longer. Yes, Quiqui, I am going to start to-night, and it will be some time before I come back again. I am leaving everything in your charge. Will you keep your heart for me too?"

"Neither my heart nor anything else," she said; "but when you come back again, Naqui will still be Naqui for you."

"Well, this is frankness. So you would not follow me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Eh! why, how can I leave the lover who writes me such sweet little notes?" she asked, pointing to the blackened scrap of paper with a mocking smile.

"Is there any truth in it?" asked Castanier. "Have you really a lover?"

"Really!" cried Aquilina; "and have you never given it a serious thought, dear? To begin with, you are fifty years old. Then you have just the sort of face to put on a fruit stall; if the woman tried to sell you for a pumpkin, no one would contradict her. You puff and blow like a

seal when you come upstairs; your paunch rises and falls like the diamond on a woman's forehead! It is pretty plain that you served in the dragoons; you are a very ugly-looking old man. Fiddle-de-dee! If you have any mind to keep my respect, I recommend you not to add imbecility to these qualities by imagining that such a girl as I am will be content with your asthmatic love, and not look for youth and good looks and pleasure by way of variety — ”

“ Aquilina! you are laughing, of course? ”

“ Oh, very well; and you are not laughing too? Do you take me for a fool, telling me that you are going away? ‘ I am going to start to-night! ’ ” she said, mimicking his tones. “ Stuff and nonsense! Would you talk like that if you were really going away from your Naqui? You would cry, like the booby that you are! ”

“ After all, if I go, will you follow? ” he asked.

“ Tell me first whether this journey of yours is a bad joke or not.”

“ Yes, seriously, I am going.”

“ Well, then, seriously, I shall stay. A pleasant journey to you, my boy! I will wait till you come back. I would sooner take leave of life than take leave of my dear, cozy Paris — ”

“ Will you not come to Italy, to Naples, and lead a pleasant life there — a delicious, luxurious

life, with this stout old fogey of yours, who puffs and blows like a seal? ”

“No.”

“Ungrateful girl! ”

“Ungrateful? ” she cried, rising to her feet. “I might leave this house this moment and take nothing out of it but myself. I shall have given you all the treasures a young girl can give, and something that not every drop in your veins and mine can ever give me back. If, by any means whatever, by selling my hopes of eternity, for instance, I could recover my past self, body as soul (for I have, perhaps, redeemed my soul), and be pure as a lily for my lover, I would not hesitate a moment! What sort of devotion has rewarded mine? You have housed and fed me, just as you give a dog food and a kennel because he is a protection to the house, and he may take kicks when we are out of humor, and lick our hands as soon as we are pleased to call him. And which of us two will have been the more generous? ”

“Oh! dear child, do you not see that I am joking? ” returned Castanier. “I am going on a short journey; I shall not be away for very long. But come with me to the Gymnase; I shall start just before midnight, after I have had time to say good-by to you.”

“Poor pet! so you are really going, are you? ”

she said. She put her arms round his neck, and drew down his head against her bodice.

"You are smothering me!" cried Castanier, with his face buried in Aquilina's breast. That damsel turned to say in Jenny's ear, "Go to Léon, and tell him not to come till one o'clock. If you do not find him, and he comes here during the leave-taking, keep him in your room. — Well," she went on, setting free Castanier, and giving a tweak to the tip of his nose, "never mind, handsomest of seals that you are. I will go to the theater with you this evening. But all in good time; let us have dinner! There is a nice little dinner for you — just what you like."

"It is very hard to part from such a woman as you!" exclaimed Castanier.

"Very well then, why do you go?" asked she.

"Ah! why? why? If I were to begin to explain the reasons why, I must tell you things that would prove to you that I love you almost to madness. Ah! if you have sacrificed your honor for me, I have sold mine for you; we are quits. Is that love?"

"What is all this about?" said she. "Come, now, promise me that if I had a lover you would still love me as a father; that would be love! Come, now, promise it at once, and give us your fist upon it."

"I should kill you," and Castanier smiled as he spoke.

They sat down to the dinner table, and went thence to the Gymnase. When the first part of the performance was over, it occurred to Castanier to show himself to some of his acquaintances in the house, so as to turn away any suspicion of his departure. He left Mme. de la Garde in the corner box where she was seated, according to her modest wont, and went to walk up and down in the lobby. He had not gone many paces before he saw the Englishman, and with a sudden return of the sickening sensation of heat that once before had vibrated through him, and of the terror that he had felt already, he stood face to face with Melmoth.

"Forger!"

At the word, Castanier glanced round at the people who were moving about them. He fancied that he could see astonishment and curiosity in their eyes, and wishing to be rid of this Englishman at once, he raised his hand to strike him — and felt his arm paralyzed by some invisible power that sapped his strength and nailed him to the spot. He allowed the stranger to take him by the arm, and they walked together to the greenroom like two friends.

"Who is strong enough to resist me?" said the

Englishman, addressing him. "Do you not know that everything here on earth must obey me, that it is in my power to do everything? I read men's thoughts, I see the future, and I know the past. I am here, and I can be elsewhere also. Time and space and distance are nothing to me. The whole world is at my beck and call. I have the power of continual enjoyment and of giving joy. I can see through walls, discover hidden treasures, and fill my hands with them. Palaces arise at my nod, and my architect makes no mistakes. I can make all lands break forth into blossom, heap up their gold and precious stones, and surround myself with fair women and ever new faces; everything is yielded up to my will. I could gamble on the Stock Exchange, and my speculations would be infallible; but a man who can find the hoards that misers have hidden in the earth need not trouble himself about stocks. Feel the strength of the hand that grasps you; poor wretch, doomed to shame! Try to bend the arm of iron! try to soften the adamant heart! Fly from me if you dare! You would hear my voice in the depths of the caves that lie under the Seine; you might hide in the Catacombs, but would you not see me there? My voice could be heard through the sound of the thunder, my eyes shine as brightly as the sun, for I am the peer of Lucifer! "

Castanier heard the terrible words, and felt no protest nor contradiction within himself. He walked side by side with the Englishman, and had no power to leave him.

"You are mine; you have just committed a crime. I have found at last the mate whom I have sought. Have you a mind to learn your destiny? Aha! you came here to see a play, and you shall see a play — nay, two. Come. Present me to Mme. de la Garde as one of your best friends. Am I not your last hope of escape?"

Castanier, followed by the stranger, returned to his box; and in accordance with the order he had just received, he hastened to introduce Melmoth to Mme. de la Garde. Aquilina seemed to be not in the least surprised. The Englishman declined to take a seat in front, and Castanier was once more beside his mistress; the man's slightest wish must be obeyed. The last piece was about to begin, for, at that time, small theaters only gave three pieces. One of the actors had made the Gymnase the fashion, and that evening Perlet (the actor in question) was to play in a vaudeville called *Le Comédien d'Étampes*, in which he filled four different parts.

When the curtain rose, the stranger stretched out his hand over the crowded house. Castanier's cry of terror died away, for the walls of his throat

seemed glued together as Melmoth pointed to the stage, and the cashier knew that the play had been changed at the Englishman's desire.

He saw the strong room at the bank; he saw the Baron de Nucingen in conference with a police officer from the prefecture, who was informing him of Castanier's conduct, explaining that the cashier had absconded with money taken from the safe, giving the history of the forged signature. The information was put in writing; the document signed and duly dispatched to the public prosecutor.

"Are we in time, do you think?" asked Nucingen.

"Yes," said the agent of police; "he is at the Gymnase, and has no suspicion of anything."

Castanier fidgeted on his chair, and made as if he would leave the theater, but Melmoth's hand lay on his shoulder, and he was obliged to sit and watch; the hideous power of the man produced an effect like that of nightmare, and he could not move a limb. Nay, the man himself was the nightmare; his presence weighed heavily on his victim like a poisoned atmosphere. When the wretched cashier turned to implore the Englishman's mercy, he met those blazing eyes that discharged electric currents, which pierced through him and transfixed him like darts of steel.

"What have I done to you?" he said, in his prostrate helplessness, and he breathed hard like a stag at the water's edge. "What do you want of me?"

"Look!" cried Melmoth.

Castanier looked at the stage. The scene had been changed. The play seemed to be over, and Castanier beheld himself stepping from the carriage with Aquilina; but as he entered the courtyard of the house in the Rue Richer, the scene again was suddenly changed, and he saw his own house. Jenny was chatting by the fire in her mistress's room with a subaltern officer of a line regiment then stationed at Paris.

"He is going, is he?" said the sergeant, who seemed to belong to a family in easy circumstances; "I can be happy at my ease! I love Aquilina too well to allow her to belong to that old toad! I, myself, am going to marry Mme. de la Garde!" cried the sergeant.

"Old toad!" Castanier murmured piteously.

"Here comes the master and mistress; hide yourself! Stay, get in here, Monsieur Léon," said Jenny. "The master won't stay here for very long."

Castanier watched the sergeant hide himself among Aquilina's gowns in her dressing-room. Almost immediately he himself appeared upon the

scene, and took leave of his mistress, who made fun of him in "asides" to Jenny, while she uttered the sweetest and tenderest words in his ears. She wept with one side of her face, and laughed with the other. The audience called for an encore.

"Accursed creature!" cried Castanier from his box.

Aquilina was laughing till the tears came into her eyes.

"Goodness!" she cried, "how funny Perlet is as the Englishwoman! . . . Why don't you laugh? Everyone else in the house is laughing. Laugh, dear!" she said to Castanier.

Melmoth burst out laughing, and the unhappy cashier shuddered. The Englishman's laughter wrung his heart and tortured his brain; it was as if a surgeon had bored his skull with a red-hot iron.

"Laughing! are they laughing?" stammered Castanier.

He did not see the prim English lady whom Perlet was acting with such ludicrous effect, nor hear the English-French that had filled the house with roars of laughter; instead of all this, he beheld himself hurrying from the Rue Richer, hailing a cab on the Boulevard, bargaining with the man to take him to Versailles. Then once more the scene changed. He recognized the sorry inn

at the corner of the Rue de l'Orangerie and the Rue des Récollets, which was kept by his old quartermaster. It was two o'clock in the morning, the most perfect stillness prevailed, no one was there to watch his movements. The post-horses were put into the carriage (it came from a house in the Avenue de Paris in which an Englishman lived, and had been ordered in the foreigner's name to avoid raising suspicion). Castanier saw that he had his bills and his passports, stepped into the carriage, and set out. But at the barrier he saw two gendarmes lying in wait for the carriage. A cry of horror burst from him, but Melmoth gave him a glance, and again the sound died in his throat.

"Keep your eyes on the stage, and be quiet!" said the Englishman.

In another moment Castanier saw himself flung into prison at the Conciergerie; and in the fifth act of the drama, entitled *The Cashier*, he saw himself, in three months' time, condemned to twenty years of penal servitude. Again a cry broke from him. He was exposed upon the Place du Palais-de-Justice, and the executioner branded him with a red-hot iron. Then came the last scene of all; among some sixty convicts in the prison yard of the Bicêtre, he was awaiting his turn to have the irons riveted on his limbs.

"Dear me! I cannot laugh any more! . . ." said Aquilina. "You are very solemn, dear boy; what can be the matter? The gentleman has gone."

"A word with you, Castanier," said Melmoth when the piece was at an end, and the attendant was fastening Mme. de la Garde's cloak.

The corridor was crowded, and escape impossible.

"Very well, what is it?"

"No human power can hinder you from taking Aquilina home, and going next to Versailles, there to be arrested."

"How so?"

"Because you are in a hand that will never relax its grasp," returned the Englishman.

Castanier longed for the power to utter some word that should blot him out from among living men and hide him in the lowest depths of hell.

"Suppose that the devil were to make a bid for your soul, would you not give it to him now in exchange for the power of God? One single word, and those five hundred thousand francs shall be back in the Baron de Nucingen's safe; then you can tear up your letter of credit, and all traces of your crime will be obliterated. Moreover, you would have gold in torrents. You hardly believe in anything perhaps? Well, if all this comes to pass, you will believe at least in the devil."

"If it were only possible!" said Castanier joyfully.

"The man who can do it all gives you his word that it is possible," answered the Englishman.

Melmoth, Castanier, and Mme. de la Garde were standing out in the Boulevard when Melmoth raised his arm. A drizzling rain was falling, the streets were muddy, the air was close, there was thick darkness overhead; but in a moment, as the arm was outstretched, Paris was filled with sunlight; it was high noon on a bright July day. The trees were covered with leaves; a double stream of joyous holiday makers strolled beneath them. Sellers of licorice water shouted their cool drinks. Splendid carriages rolled past along the streets. A cry of terror broke from the cashier, and at that cry rain and darkness once more settled down upon the Boulevard.

Mme. de la Garde had stepped into the carriage. "Do be quick, dear!" she cried; "either come in or stay out. Really, you are as dull as ditch-water this evening —"

"What must I do?" Castanier asked of Melmoth.

"Would you like to take my place?" inquired the Englishman.

"Yes."

"Very well, then; I will be at your house in a few moments."

"By the bye, Castanier, you are rather off your balance," Aquilina remarked. "There is some mischief brewing; you were quite melancholy and thoughtful all through the play. Do you want anything that I can give you dear? Tell me."

"I am waiting till we are at home to know whether you love me."

"You need not wait till then," she said, throwing her arms round his neck. "There!" she said, as she embraced him, passionately to all appearance, and plied him with the coaxing caresses that are part of the business of such a life as hers, like stage action for an actress.

"Where is the music?" asked Castanier.

"What next? Only think of your hearing music now!"

"Heavenly music!" he went on. "The sounds seem to come from above."

"What? You have always refused to give me a box at the Italiens because you could not abide music, and are you turning music-mad at this time of day? Mad — that you are! The music is inside your own noddle, old addlepate!" she went on, as she took his head in her hands and rocked it to and fro on her shoulder. "Tell me now, old man; isn't it the creaking of the wheels that sings in your ears?"

"Just listen, Naqui! If the angels make music

for God Almighty, it must be such music as this that I am drinking in at every pore, rather than hearing. I do not know how to tell you about it; it is as sweet as honey water! ”

“ Why, of course, they have music in heaven, for the angels in all the pictures have harps in their hands. He is mad, upon my word! ” she said to herself, as she saw Castanier’s attitude; he looked like an opium eater in a blissful trance.

They reached the house. Castanier, absorbed by the thought of all that he had just heard and seen, knew not whether to believe it or no; he was like a drunken man, and utterly unable to think connectedly. He came to himself in Aquilina’s room, whither he had been supported by the united efforts of his mistress, the porter, and Jenny; for he had fainted as he stepped from the carriage.

“ *He* will be here directly! Oh, my friends, my friends! ” he cried, and he flung himself despairingly into the depths of a low chair beside the fire.

Jenny heard the bell as he spoke, and admitted the Englishman. She announced that “ a gentleman had come who had made an appointment with the master,” when Melmoth suddenly appeared, and deep silence followed. He looked at the porter — the porter went; he looked at Jenny — and Jenny went likewise.

"Madame," said Melmoth, turning to Aquilina, "with your permission, we will conclude a piece of urgent business."

He took Castanier's hand, and Castanier rose, and the two men went into the drawing-room. There was no light in the room, but Melmoth's eyes lit up the thickest darkness. The gaze of those strange eyes had left Aquilina like one spell-bound; she was helpless, unable to take any thought for her lover; moreover, she believed him to be safe in Jenny's room, whereas their early return had taken the waiting-woman by surprise, and she had hidden the officer in the dressing-room. It had all happened exactly as in the drama that Melmoth had displayed for his victim. Presently the house door was slammed violently, and Castanier reappeared.

"What ails you?" cried the horror-struck Aquilina.

There was a change in the cashier's appearance. A strange pallor overspread his once rubicund countenance; it wore the peculiarly sinister and stony look of the mysterious visitor. The sullen glare of his eyes was intolerable, the fierce light in them seemed to scorch. The man who had looked so good-humored and good-natured had suddenly grown tyrannical and proud. The cour-

tesan thought that Castanier had grown thinner; there was a terrible majesty in his brow; it was as if a dragon breathed forth a malignant influence that weighed upon the others like a close, heavy atmosphere. For a moment Aquilina knew not what to do.

"What passed between you and that diabolical-looking man in those few minutes?" she asked at length.

"I have sold my soul to him. I feel it; I am no longer the same. He has taken my *self*, and given me his soul in exchange."

"What?"

"You would not understand it at all. . . . Ah! he was right," Castanier went on, "the fiend was right! I see everything and know all things. — You have been deceiving me!"

Aquilina turned cold with terror. Castanier lighted a candle and went into the dressing-room. The unhappy girl followed him in dazed bewilderment, and great was her astonishment when Castanier drew the dresses that hung there aside and disclosed the sergeant.

"Come out, my boy," said the cashier; and, taking Léon by a button of his overcoat, he drew the officer into his room.

The Piedmontese, haggard and desperate, had

flung herself into her easy chair. Castanier seated himself on a sofa by the fire, and left Aquilina's lover in a standing position.

"You have been in the army," said Léon; "I am ready to give you satisfaction."

"You are a fool," said Castanier dryly. "I have no occasion to fight. I could kill you by a look if I had any mind to do it. I will tell you what it is, youngster; why should I kill you? I can see a red line round your neck — the guillotine is waiting for you. Yes, you will end in the Place de Grève. You are the headsman's property! there is no escape for you. You belong to a *vendita* of the Carbonari. You are plotting against the Government."

"You did not tell me that," cried the Piedmontese, turning to Léon.

"So you do not know that the Minister decided this morning to put down your Society?" the cashier continued. "The Procureur-Général has a list of your names. You have been betrayed. They are busy drawing up the indictment at this moment."

"Then was it you who betrayed him?" cried Aquilina, and with a hoarse sound in her throat like the growl of a tigress she rose to her feet; she seemed as if she would tear Castanier in pieces.

"You know me too well to believe it," Castanier retorted. Aquilina was benumbed by his coolness.

"Then how did you know it?" she murmured.

"I did not know it until I went into the drawing-room; now I know it — now I see and know all things, and can do all things."

The sergeant was overcome with amazement.

"Very well then, save him, save him, dear!" cried the girl flinging herself at Castanier's feet. "If nothing is impossible for you, save him! I will love you, I will adore you, I will be your *slave* and not your mistress. I will obey your wildest whims; you shall do as you will with me. Yes, yes, I will give you more than love; you shall have a daughter's devotion as well as . . . Rodolphe! why will you not understand! After all, however violent my passions may be, I shall be yours forever! What should I say to persuade you? I will invent pleasures . . . I . . . Great heavens! one moment! whatever you shall ask of me — to fling myself from the window, for instance — you will need to say but one word, 'Léon!' and I will plunge down into hell. I would bear any torture, any pain of body or soul, anything you might inflict upon me!"

Castanier heard her with indifference. For all answer, he indicated Léon to her with a fiendish laugh.

"The guillotine is waiting for him," he repeated.

"No, no, no! He shall not leave this house. I will save him!" she cried. "Yes; I will kill anyone who lays a finger upon him! Why will you not save him?" she shrieked aloud; her eyes were blazing, her hair unbound. "Can you save him?"

"I can do everything."

"Why do you not save him?"

"Why?" shouted Castanier, and his voice made the ceiling ring. — "Eh! it is my revenge! Doing evil is my trade!"

"Die?" said Aquilina; "must he die, my lover? Is it possible?"

She sprang up and snatched a stiletto from a basket that stood on the chest of drawers and went to Castanier, who began to laugh.

"You know very well that steel cannot hurt me now —"

Aquilina's arm suddenly dropped like a snapped harp string.

"Out with you, my good friend," said the cashier, turning to the sergeant, "and go about your business."

He held out his hand; the other felt Castanier's superior power, and could not choose but obey.

"This house is mine; I could send for the com-

missary of police if I chose, and give you up as a man who has hidden himself on my premises, but I would rather let you go; I am a fiend, I am not a spy."

"I shall follow him!" said Aquilina.

"Then follow him," returned Castanier. —
"Here, Jenny —"

Jenny appeared.

"Tell the porter to hail a cab for them. — Here, Naqui," said Castanier, drawing a bundle of banknotes from his pocket; "you shall not go away like a pauper from a man who loves you still."

He held out three hundred thousand francs. Aquilina took the notes, flung them on the floor, spat on them, and trampled upon them in a frenzy of despair.

"We will leave this house on foot," she cried, "without a farthing of your money. — Jenny, stay where you are."

"Good evening!" answered the cashier, as he gathered up the notes again. "I have come back from my journey. — Jenny," he added, looking at the bewildered waiting maid, "you seem to me to be a good sort of girl. You have no mistress now. Come here. This evening you shall have a master."

Aquilina, who felt safe nowhere, went at once

with the sergeant to the house of one of her friends. But all Léon's movements were suspiciously watched by the police, and after a time he and three of his friends were arrested. The whole story may be found in the newspapers of that day.

Castanier felt that he had undergone a mental as well as a physical transformation. The Castanier of old no longer existed—the boy, the young Lothario, the soldier who had proved his courage, who had been tricked into a marriage and disillusioned, the cashier, the passionate lover who had committed a crime for Aquilina's sake. His inmost nature had suddenly asserted itself. His brain had expanded, his senses had developed. His thoughts comprehended the whole world; he saw all the things of earth as if he had been raised to some high pinnacle above the world.

Until that evening at the play he had loved Aquilina to distraction. Rather than give her up he would have shut his eyes to her infidelities; and now all that blind passion had passed away as a cloud vanishes in the sunlight.

Jenny was delighted to succeed to her mistress's position and fortune, and did the cashier's will in all things; but Castanier, who could read the inmost thoughts of the soul, discovered the real motive underlying this purely physical devotion. He

amused himself with her, however, like a mischievous child who greedily sucks the juice of the cherry and flings away the stone. The next morning at breakfast time, when she was fully convinced that she was a lady and the mistress of the house, Castanier uttered one by one the thoughts that filled her mind as she drank her coffee.

"Do you know what you are thinking, child?" he said, smiling. "I will tell you: 'So all that lovely rosewood furniture that I coveted so much, and the pretty dresses that I used to try on, are mine now! All on easy terms that madame refused, I do not know why. My word! if I might drive about in a carriage, have jewels and pretty things, a box at the theater, and put something by! with me he should lead a life of pleasure fit to kill him if he were not as strong as a Turk! I never saw such a man!' — Was not that just what you were thinking?" he went on, and something in his voice made Jenny turn pale. "Well, yes, child; you could not stand it, and I am sending you away for your own good; you would perish in the attempt. Come, let us part good friends," and he coolly dismissed her with a very small sum of money.

The first use that Castanier had promised himself that he would make of the terrible power

bought at the price of his eternal happiness, was the full and complete indulgence of all his tastes.

He first put his affairs in order, readily settled his account with M. de Nucingen, who found a worthy German to succeed him, and then determined on a carouse worthy of the palmiest days of the Roman Empire. He plunged into dissipation as recklessly as Belshazzar of old went to that last feast in Babylon. Like Belshazzar, he saw clearly through his revels a gleaming hand that traced his doom in letters of flame, not on the narrow walls of the banqueting chamber, but over the vast spaces of heaven that the rainbow spans. His feast was not, indeed, an orgy confined within the limits of a banquet, for he squandered all the powers of soul and body in exhausting all the pleasures of earth. The table was in some sort of earth itself, the earth that trembled beneath his feet. His was the last festival of the reckless spendthrift who has thrown all prudence to the winds. The devil had given him the key of the storehouse of human pleasures; he had filled and refilled his hands, and he was fast nearing the bottom. In a moment he had felt all that that enormous power could accomplish; in a moment he had exercised it, proved it, wearied of it. What had hitherto been the sum of human desires became as nothing. So often it happens that with

possession the vast poetry of desire must end, and the thing possessed is seldom the thing that we dreamed of.

Beneath Melmoth's omnipotence lurked this tragical anti-climax of so many a passion, and now the inanity of human nature was revealed to his successor, to whom infinite power brought Nothingness as a dowry.

To come to a clear understanding of Castanier's strange position, it must be borne in mind how suddenly these revolutions of thought and feeling had been wrought; how quickly they had succeeded each other; and of these things it is hard to give any idea to those who have never broken the prison bonds of time, and space, and distance. His relation to the world without had been entirely changed with the expansion of his faculties.

Like Melmoth himself, Castanier could travel in a few moments over the fertile plains of India, could soar on the wings of demons above African desert spaces, or skim the surface of the seas. The same insight that could read the inmost thoughts of others, could apprehend at a glance the nature of any material object, just as he caught as it were all flavors at once upon his tongue. He took his pleasure like a despot; a blow of the ax felled the tree that he might eat its fruits. The transitions, the alterations that measure joy and pain,

and diversify human happiness, no longer existed for him. He had so completely glutted his appetites that pleasure must overpass the limits of pleasure to tickle a palate cloyed with satiety, and suddenly grown fastidious beyond all measure, so that ordinary pleasures became distasteful. Conscious that at will he was the master of all the women that he could desire, knowing that his power was irresistible, he did not care to exercise it; they were pliant to his unexpressed wishes, to his most extravagant caprices, until he felt a horrible thirst for love, and would have love beyond their power to give.

The world refused him nothing save faith and prayer, the soothing and consoling love that is not of this world. He was obeyed — it was a horrible position.

The torrents of pain, and pleasure, and thought that shook his soul and his bodily frame would have overwhelmed the strongest human being; but in him there was a power of vitality proportioned to the power of the sensations that assailed him. He felt within him a vague immensity of longing that earth could not satisfy. He spent his days on outspread wings, longing to traverse the luminous fields of space to other spheres that he knew afar by intuitive perception, a clear and hopeless knowledge. His soul dried up within

him, for he hungered and thirsted after things that can neither be drunk nor eaten, but for which he could not choose but crave. His lips, like Melmoth's, burned with desire; he panted for the unknown, for he knew all things.

The mechanism and the scheme of the world was apparent to him, and its working interested him no longer; he did not long disguise the profound scorn that makes of a man of extraordinary powers a sphinx who knows everything and says nothing, and sees all things with an unmoved countenance. He felt not the slightest wish to communicate his knowledge to other men. He was rich with all the wealth of the world, with one effort he could make the circle of the globe, and riches and power were meaningless for him. He felt the awful melancholy of omnipotence, a melancholy which Satan and God relieve by the exercise of infinite power in mysterious ways known to them alone. Castanier had not, like his Master, the inextinguishable energy of hate and malice; he felt that he was a devil, but a devil whose time was not yet come, while Satan is a devil through all eternity, and being damned beyond redemption, delights to stir up the world, like a dungheap, with his triple fork and to thwart therein the designs of God. But Castanier, for his misfortune, had one hope left.

If in a moment he could move from one pole to the other as a bird springs restlessly from side to side in its cage, when, like the bird, he had crossed his prison, he saw the vast immensity of space beyond it. That vision of the Infinite left him forever unable to see humanity and its affairs as other men saw them. The insensate fools who long for the power of the Devil gauge its desirability from a human standpoint; they do not see that with the Devil's power they will likewise assume his thoughts, and that they will be doomed to remain as men among creatures who will no longer understand them. The Nero unknown to history who dreams of setting Paris on fire for his private entertainment, like an exhibition of a burning house on the boards of a theater, does not suspect that if he had that power, Paris would become for him as little interesting as an ant-heap by the roadside to a hurrying passer-by. The circle of the sciences was for Castanier something like a logogriph for a man who does not know the key to it. Kings and Governments were despicable in his eyes. His great debauch had been in some sort a deplorable farewell to his life as a man. The earth had grown too narrow for him, for the infernal gifts laid bare for him the secrets of creation—he saw the cause and foresaw its end. He was shut out from all that men call

“heaven” in all languages under the sun; he could no longer think of heaven.

Then he came to understand the look on his predecessor's face and the drying up of the life within; then he knew all that was meant by the baffled hope that gleamed in Melmoth's eyes; he, too, knew the thirst that burned those red lips, and the agony of a continual struggle between two natures grown to giant size. Even yet he might be an angel, and he knew himself to be a fiend. His was the fate of a sweet and gentle creature that a wizard's malice has imprisoned in a misshapen form, entrapping it by a pact, so that another's will must set it free from its detested envelope.

As a deception only increases the ardor with which a man of really great nature explores the infinite of sentiment in a woman's heart, so Castanier awoke to find that one idea lay like a weight upon his soul, an idea which was perhaps the key to loftier spheres. The very fact that he had bartered away his eternal happiness led him to dwell in thought upon the future of those who pray and believe. On the morrow of his debauch, when he entered into the sober possession of his power, this idea made him feel himself a prisoner; he knew the burden of the woe that poets, and prophets, and great oracles of faith have set forth for us

in such mighty words; he felt the point of the Flaming Sword plunged into his side, and hurried in search of Melmoth. What had become of his predecessor?

The Englishman was living in a mansion in the Rue Férou, near Saint-Sulpice — a gloomy, dark, damp, and cold abode. The Rue Férou itself is one of the most dismal streets in Paris; it has a north aspect like all the streets that lie at right angles to the left bank of the Seine, and the houses are in keeping with the site. As Castanier stood on the threshold he found that the door itself, like the vaulted roof, was hung with black; rows of lighted tapers shone brilliantly as though some king were lying in state; and a priest stood on either side of a catafalque that had been raised there.

“There is no need to ask why you have come, sir,” the old hall porter said to Castanier; “you are so like our poor dear master that is gone. But if you are his brother, you have come too late to bid him good-by. The good gentleman died the night before last.”

“How did he die?” Castanier asked of one of the priests.

“Set your mind at rest,” said an old priest; he partly raised as he spoke the black pall that covered the catafalque.

Castanier, looking at him, saw one of those faces that faith has made sublime; the soul seemed to shine forth from every line of it, bringing light and warmth for other men, kindled by the un-failing charity within. This was Sir John Melmoth's confessor.

"Your brother made an end that men may envy, and that must rejoice the angels. Do you know what joy there is in heaven over a sinner that repents? His tears of penitence, excited by grace, flowed without ceasing; death alone checked them. The Holy Spirit dwelt in him. His burning words, full of lively faith, were worthy of the Prophet-King. If, in the course of my life, I have never heard a more dreadful confession than from the lips of this Irish gentleman, I have likewise never heard such fervent and passionate prayers. However great the measures of his sins may have been, his repentance has filled the abyss to overflowing. The hand of God was visibly stretched out above him, for he was completely changed, there was such heavenly beauty in his face. The hard eyes were softened by tears; the resonant voice that struck terror into those who heard it took the tender and compassionate tones of those who themselves have passed through deep humiliation. He so edified those who heard his words that some who had felt drawn to see the spectacle

of a Christian's death fell on their knees as he spoke of heavenly things, and of the infinite glory of God, and gave thanks and praise to Him. If he is leaving no worldly wealth to his family, no family can possess a greater blessing than this that he surely gained for them, a soul among the blessed, who will watch over you all and direct you in the path to heaven."

These words made such a vivid impression upon Castanier that he instantly hurried from the house to the Church of Saint-Sulpice, obeying what might be called a decree of fate. Melmoth's repentance had stupefied him.

At that time, on certain mornings in the week, a preacher, famed for his eloquence, was wont to hold conferences, in the course of which he demonstrated the truths of the Catholic faith for the youth of a generation proclaimed to be indifferent in matters of belief by another voice no less eloquent than his own. The conference had been put off to a later hour on account of Melmoth's funeral, so Castanier arrived just as the great preacher was epitomizing the proofs of a future existence of happiness with all the charm of eloquence and force of expression which have made him famous. The seeds of divine doctrine fell into a soil prepared for them in the old dragoon, into whom the Devil had glided. Indeed, if there is a

phenomenon well attested by experience, is it not the spiritual phenomenon commonly called "the faith of the peasant"? The strength of belief varies inversely with the amount of use that a man has made of his reasoning faculties. Simple people and soldiers belong to the unreasoning class. Those who have marched through life beneath the banner of instinct are far more ready to receive the light than minds and hearts overwearied with the world's sophistries.

Castanier had the southern temperament; he had joined the army as a lad of sixteen, and had followed the French flag till he was nearly forty years old. As a common trooper, he had fought day and night, and day after day, and, as in duty bound, had thought of his horse first, and of himself afterwards. While he served his military apprenticeship, therefore, he had but little leisure in which to reflect on the destiny of man, and when he became an officer he had his men to think of. He had been swept from battlefield to battlefield, but he had never thought of what comes after death. A soldier's life does not demand much thinking. Those who cannot understand the lofty political ends involved and the interests of nation and nation; who cannot grasp political schemes as well as plans of campaign and combine the science of the tactician with that of the ad-

ministrator, are bound to live in a state of ignorance; the most boorish peasant in the most backward district in France is scarcely in a worse case. Such men as these bear the brunt of war, yield passive obedience to the brain that directs them, and strike down the men opposed to them as the woodcutter fells timber in the forest. Violent physical exertion is succeeded by times of inertia, when they repair the waste. They fight and drink, fight and eat, fight and sleep, that they may the better deal hard blows; the powers of the mind are not greatly exercised in this turbulent round of existence, and the character is as simple as heretofore.

When the men who have shown such energy on the battlefield return to ordinary civilization, most of those who have not risen to high rank seem to have acquired no ideas, and to have no aptitude, no capacity, for grasping new ideas. To the utter amazement of a younger generation, those who made our armies so glorious and so terrible are as simple as children, and as slow-witted as a clerk at his worst, and the captain of a thundering squadron is scarcely fit to keep a merchant's day-book. Old soldiers of this stamp, therefore, being innocent of any attempt to use their reasoning faculties, act upon their strongest impulses. Cas-

tanier's crime was one of those matters that raise so many questions, that, in order to debate about it, a moralist might call for its "discussion by clauses," to make use of a parliamentary expression.

Passion had counseled the crime; the cruelly irresistible power of feminine witchery had driven him to commit it; no man can say of himself, "I will never do that," when a siren joins in the combat and throws her spells over him.

So the word of life fell upon a conscience newly awakened to the truths of religion which the French Revolution and a soldier's career had forced Castanier to neglect. The solemn words, "You will be happy or miserable for all eternity!" made but the more terrible impression upon him, because he had exhausted earth and shaken it like a barren tree; because his desires could effect all things, so that it was enough that any spot in earth or heaven should be forbidden him, and he forthwith thought of nothing else. If it were allowable to compare such great things with social follies, Castanier's position was not unlike that of a banker who, finding that his all-powerful millions cannot obtain for him an entrance into the society of the noblesse, must set his heart upon entering that circle, and all the social privileges that he has

already acquired are as nothing in his eyes from the moment when he discovers that a single one is lacking.

Here was a man more powerful than all the kings on earth put together; a man who, like Satan, could wrestle with God Himself; leaning against one of the pillars in the Church of Saint-Sulpice, weighed down by the feelings and thoughts that oppressed him, and absorbed in the thought of a Future, the same thought that had engulfed Melmoth.

"He was very happy, was Melmoth!" cried Castanier. "He died in the certain knowledge that he would go to heaven."

In a moment the greatest possible change had been wrought in the cashier's ideas. For several days he had been a devil, now he was nothing but a man; an image of the fallen Adam, of the sacred tradition embodied in all cosmogonies. But while he had thus shrunk to manhood, he retained a germ of greatness, he had been steeped in the Infinite. The power of hell had revealed the divine power. He thirsted for heaven as he had never thirsted after the pleasures of earth, that are so soon exhausted. The enjoyments which the fiend promises are but the enjoyments of earth on a larger scale, but to the joys of heaven there is no limit. He believed in God, and the spell that

gave him the treasures of the world was as nothing to him now; the treasures themselves seemed to him as contemptible as pebbles to an admirer of diamonds; they were but gewgaws compared with the eternal glories of the other life. A curse lay, he thought, on all things that came to him from this source. He sounded dark depths of painful thoughts as he listened to the service performed for Melmoth. The *Dies iræ* filled him with awe; he felt all the grandeur of that cry of a repentant soul trembling before the Throne of God. The Holy Spirit, like a devouring flame, passed through him as fire consumes straw.

The tears were falling from his eyes when —

“Are you any relation of the dead?” the beadle asked him.

“I am his heir,” Castanier answered.

“Give something for the expenses of the services!” cried the man.

“No,” said the cashier. (The Devil’s money should not go to the Church.)

“For the poor!”

“No.”

“For repairing the Church!”

“No.”

“The Lady Chapel!”

“No.”

“For the schools!”

"No."

Castanier went, not caring to expose himself to the sour looks that the irritated functionaries gave him.

Outside, in the street, he looked up at the Church of Saint-Sulpice. "What made people build the giant cathedrals I have seen in every country?" he asked himself. "The feeling shared so widely throughout all time must surely be based upon something."

"Something! Do you call God *something*?" cried his conscience. "God! God! God! . . ."

The word was echoed and reëchoed by an inner voice, till it overwhelmed him; but his feeling of terror subsided as he heard sweet distant sounds of music that he had caught faintly before. They were singing in the church, he thought, and his eyes scanned the great doorway. But as he listened more closely, the sounds poured upon him from all sides; he looked around the square, but there was no sign of any musicians. The melody brought visions of a distant heaven and far-off gleams of hope; but it also quickened the remorse that had set the lost soul in a ferment. He went on his way through Paris, walking as men walk who are crushed beneath the burden of their sorrow, seeing everything with unseeing eyes, loitering like an idler, stopping without cause, muttering

to himself, careless of the traffic, making no effort to avoid a blow from a plank of timber.

Imperceptibly repentance brought him under the influence of the divine grace that soothes while it bruises the heart so terribly. His face came to wear a look of Melmoth, something great, with a trace of madness in the greatness. A look of dull and hopeless distress, mingled with the excited eagerness of hope, and, beneath it all, a gnawing sense of loathing for all that the world can give. The humblest of prayers lurked in the eyes that saw with such dreadful clearness. His power was the measure of his anguish. His body was bowed down by the fearful storm that shook his soul, as the tall pines bend before the blast. Like his predecessor, he could not refuse to bear the burden of life; he was afraid to die while he bore the yoke of hell. The torment grew intolerable.

At last, one morning, he bethought himself how that Melmoth (now among the blessed) had made the proposal of an exchange, and how that he had accepted it; others, doubtless, would follow his example; for in an age proclaimed, by the inheritors of the eloquence of the Fathers of the Church, to be fatally indifferent to religion, it should be easy to find a man who would accept the conditions of the contract in order to prove its advantages.

“There is one place where you can learn what kings will fetch in the market; where nations are weighed in the balance and systems appraised; where the value of a government is stated in terms of the five-franc piece; where ideas and beliefs have their price, and everything is discounted; where God Himself, in a manner, borrows on the security of His revenue of souls, for the Pope has a running account there. Is it not there that I should go to traffic in souls?”

Castanier went quite joyously on 'Change, thinking that it would be as easy to buy a soul as to invest money in the Funds. Any ordinary person would have feared ridicule, but Castanier knew by experience that a desperate man takes everything seriously. A prisoner lying under sentence of death would listen to the madman who should tell him that by pronouncing some gibberish he could escape through the keyhole; for suffering is credulous, and clings to an idea until it fails, as the swimmer borne along by the current clings to the branch that snaps in his hand.

Toward four o'clock that afternoon Castanier appeared among the little knots of men who were transacting private business after 'Change. He was personally known to some of the brokers; and while affecting to be in search of an acquaintance,

he managed to pick up the current gossip and rumors of failure.

"Catch me negotiating bills for Claparon & Co., my boy. The bank collector went round to return their acceptances to them this morning," said a fat banker in his outspoken way. "If you have any of their paper, look out."

Claparon was in the building, in deep consultation with a man well known for the ruinous rate at which he lent money. Castanier went forthwith in search of the said Claparon, a merchant who had a reputation for taking heavy risks that meant wealth or utter ruin. The money lender walked away as Castanier came up. A gesture betrayed the speculator's despair.

"Well, Claparon, the bank wants a hundred thousand francs of you, and it is four o'clock; the thing is known, and it is too late to arrange your little failure comfortably," said Castanier.

"Sir! "

"Speak lower," the cashier went on. "How if I were to propose a piece of business that would bring you in as much money as you require? "

"It would not discharge my liabilities; every business that I ever heard of wants a little time to simmer in."

"I know of something that will set you straight

in a moment," answered Castanier; "but first you would have to —"

"Do what?"

"Sell your share of Paradise. It is a matter of business like anything else, isn't it? We all hold shares in the great Speculation of Eternity."

"I tell you this," said Claparon angrily, "that I am just the man to lend you a slap in the face. When a man is in trouble, it is no time to play silly jokes on him."

"I am talking seriously," said Castanier, and he drew a bundle of notes from his pocket.

"In the first place," said Claparon, "I am not going to sell my soul to the Devil for a trifle. I want five hundred thousand francs before I strike —"

"Who talks of stinting you?" asked Castanier, cutting him short. "You should have more gold than you can stow in the cellars of the Bank of France."

He held out a handful of notes. That decided Claparon.

"Done," he cried; "but how is the bargain to be made?"

"Let us go over yonder, no one is standing there," said Castanier, pointing to a corner of the court.

Claparon and his tempter exchanged a few

words, with their faces turned to the wall. None of the onlookers guessed the nature of this by-play, though their curiosity was keenly excited by the strange gestures of the two contracting parties. When Castanier returned, there was a sudden outburst of amazed exclamation. As in the Assembly where the least event immediately attracts attention, all faces were turned to the two men who had caused the sensation, and a shiver passed through all beholders at the change that had taken place in them.

The men who form the moving crowd that fills the Stock Exchange are soon known to each other by sight. They watch each other like players round a card table. Some shrewd observers can tell how a man will play and the condition of his exchequer from a survey of his face; and the Stock Exchange is simply a vast card-table. Everyone, therefore, had noticed Claparon and Castanier. The latter (like the Irishman before him) had been muscular and powerful, his eyes were full of light, his color high. The dignity and power in his face had struck awe into them all; they wondered how old Castanier had come by it; and now they beheld Castanier divested of his power, shrunken, wrinkled, aged, and feeble. He had drawn Claparon out of the crowd with the energy

of a sick man in a fever fit; he had looked like an opium eater during the brief period of excitement that the drug can give; now, on his return, he seemed to be in the condition of utter exhaustion in which the patient dies after the fever departs, or to be suffering from the horrible prostration that follows on excessive indulgence in the delights of narcotics. The infernal power that had upheld him through his debauches had left him, and the body was left unaided and alone to endure the agony of remorse and the heavy burden of sincere repentance. Claparon's troubles everyone could guess; but Claparon reappeared, on the other hand, with sparkling eyes, holding his head high with the pride of Lucifer. The crisis had passed from the one man to the other.

"Now you can drop off with an easy mind, old man," said Claparon to Castanier.

"For pity's sake, send for a cab and for a priest; send for the curate of Saint-Sulpice!" answered the old dragoon, sinking down upon the curbstone.

The words "a priest" reached the ears of several people, and produced uproarious jeering among the stockbrokers, for faith with these gentlemen means a belief that a scrap of paper called a mortgage represents an estate, and the List of Fundholders is their Bible.

"Shall I have time to repent?" said Castanier to himself, in a piteous voice, that impressed Claparon.

A cab carried away the dying man; the speculator went to the bank at once to meet his bills; and the momentary sensation produced upon the throng of business men by the sudden change on the two faces, vanished like the furrow cut by a ship's keel in the sea. News of the greatest importance kept the attention of the world of commerce on the alert; and when commercial interests are at stake, Moses might appear with his two luminous horns, and his coming would scarcely receive the honors of a pun; the gentlemen whose business it is to write the Market Reports would ignore his existence.

When Claparon had made his payments, fear seized upon him. There was no mistake about his power. He went on 'Change again, and offered his bargain to other men in embarrassed circumstances. The Devil's bond, "together with the rights, easements, and privileges appertaining thereunto," — to use the expression of the notary who succeeded Claparon, changed hands for the sum of seven hundred thousand francs. The notary in his turn parted with the agreement with the Devil for five hundred thousand francs to a building contractor in difficulties, who likewise was rid of it to an

iron merchant in consideration of a hundred thousand crowns. In fact by five o'clock people had ceased to believe in the strange contract, and purchasers were lacking for want of confidence.

At half-past five the holder of the bond was a house painter, who was lounging by the door of the building in the Rue Feydeau, where at that time stockbrokers temporarily congregated. The house painter, simple fellow, could not think what was the matter with him. He "felt all anyhow"; so he told his wife when he went home.

The Rue Feydeau, as idlers about town are aware, is a place of pilgrimage for youths who for lack of a mistress bestow their ardent affection upon the whole sex. On the first floor of the most rigidly respectable domicile therein dwelt one of those exquisite creatures whom it has pleased heaven to endow with the rarest and most surpassing beauty. As it is impossible that they should all be duchesses or queens (since there are many more pretty women in the world than titles and thrones for them to adorn), they are content to make a stockbroker or a banker happy at a fixed price. To this good-natured beauty, Euphrasia by name, an unbounded ambition had led a notary's clerk to aspire. In short, the second clerk in the office of Maître Crottat, notary, had fallen in love with her, as youth at two and twenty can fall

in love. The scrivener would have murdered the Pope and run amuck through the whole sacred college to procure the miserable sum of a hundred louis to pay for a shawl which had turned Euphrasia's head, at which price her waiting woman had promised that Euphrasia should be his. The infatuated youth walked to and fro under Madame Euphrasia's windows, like the polar bears in their cage at the Jardin des Plantes, with his right hand thrust beneath his waistcoat in the region of the heart, which he was fit to tear from his bosom, but as yet he had only wrenched at the elastic of his braces.

"What can one do to raise ten thousand francs?" he asked himself. "Shall I make off with the money that I must pay on the registration of that conveyance? Good heavens! my loan would not ruin the purchaser, a man with seven millions! And then next day I would fling myself at his feet and say, 'I have taken ten thousand francs belonging to you, sir; I am twenty-two years of age, and I am in love with Euphrasia — that is my story. My father is rich, he will pay you back; do not ruin me! Have not you yourself been twenty-two years old and madly in love?' But these beggarly landowners have no souls! He would be quite likely to give me up to the public prosecutor, instead of taking pity upon me. Good

God! if it were only possible to sell your soul to the Devil! But there is neither a God nor a Devil; it is all nonsense out of nursery tales and old wives' talk. What shall I do? "

" If you have a mind to sell your soul to the Devil, sir," said the house painter, who had overheard something that the clerk let fall, " you can have the ten thousand francs."

" And Euphrasia! " cried the clerk, as he struck a bargain with the devil that inhabited the house painter.

The pact concluded, the frantic clerk went to find the shawl, and mounted Madame Euphrasia's staircase; and as (literally) the devil was in him, he did not come down for twelve days, drowning the thought of hell and of his privileges in twelve days of love and riot and forgetfulness, for which he had bartered away all his hopes of a paradise to come.

And in this way the secret of the vast power discovered and acquired by the Irishman, was lost to mankind; and the various Orientalists, Mystics, and Archæologists who take an interest in these matters were unable to hand down to posterity the proper method of invoking the Devil, for the following sufficient reasons:

On the thirteenth day after these frenzied nuptials the wretched clerk lay on a pallet bed in a

garret in his master's house in the Rue Saint-Honoré. Shame, the stupid goddess who dares not behold herself, had taken possession of the young man. He had fallen ill; he would nurse himself; misjudged the quantity of a remedy devised by the skill of a practitioner well known on the walls of Paris, and succumbed to the effects of an overdose of mercury. His corpse was as black as a mole's back. A devil had left unmistakable traces of its passage there; could it have been Ashtaroth?

"The estimable youth to whom you refer has been carried away to the planet Mercury," said the head clerk to a German demonologist who came to investigate the matter at first hand.

"I am quite prepared to believe it," answered the Teuton.

"Oh! "

"Yes, sir," returned the other. "The opinion you advance coincides with the very words of Jacob Boehme. In the forty-eighth proposition of *The Threefold Life of Man* he says that 'if God hath brought all things to pass with a LET THERE BE, the *fiat* is the secret matrix which comprehends and apprehends the nature which is formed by the spirit born of Mercury and of God.' "

"What do you say, sir? "

The German delivered his quotation afresh.

"We do not know it," said the clerks.

"*Fiat? . . .*" said a clerk. "*Fiat lux!*"

"You can verify the citation for yourselves," said the German. "You will find the passage in the *Treatise of the Threefold Life of Man*, page 75; the edition was published by M. Migneret in 1809. It was translated into French by a philosopher who had a great admiration for the famous shoemaker."

"Oh! he was a shoemaker, was he?" said the head clerk.

"In Prussia," said the German.

"Did he work for the King of Prussia?" inquired a Bœotian of a second clerk.

"He must have vamped up his prose," said a third.

"That man is colossal!" cried the fourth, pointing to the Teuton.

That gentleman, though a demonologist of the first rank, did not know the amount of deviltry to be found in a notary's clerk. He went away without the least idea that they were making game of him, and fully under the impression that the young fellows regarded Boehme as a colossal genius.

"Education is making strides in France," said he to himself.

D' Artagnan — Sleuth-hound

DUMAS

DUMAS, that Pasha of many tales, who left no kind of scene untouched, could not resist the temptation to show off his best-beloved hero in the character of a detective. As it turns out his two immortal confrères happen to be in the same game, and aside from the breathless personal exploit of D'Artagnan, the scenes in which he matches wits with Porthos and Aramis, with a kingdom in the balance, will be found intensely interesting as well as highly diverting. — EDITOR.

D'Artagnan—Sleuth-hound

DUMAS

FROM "LE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE."

THE first moment of surprise over, D'Artagnan reperused Athos's note. "It is strange," said he, "that the king should send for me."

"Why so?" said Raoul; "do you not think, monsieur, that the king must regret such a servant as you?"

"You do not know what he wants to do with me, this worthy son of *Louis le Juste*! But, *Mordieux*! that is policy. He wishes to ensconce me snugly in the Bastile—purely and simply, see you!"

"What for?" cried Raoul, terrified at what he heard.

"On account of what I told him one day at Blois. I was warm; he remembers it."

"You told him what?"

"That he was mean, cowardly, and silly."

"Good God!" cried Raoul, "is it possible that such words should have issued from your mouth?"

"Perhaps I don't give the letter of my speech, but I give the sense of it."

"But did not the king have you arrested immediately?"

"By whom? It was I who commanded the musketeers; he must have commanded me to convey myself to prison; I would never have consented; I would have resisted myself. And then I went into England — no more D'Artagnan. Now, the cardinal is dead, or nearly so, they learn that I am in Paris, and they lay their hands on me."

"The cardinal was, then, your protector?"

"The cardinal knew me; he knew certain particularities of me; I also knew certain of him; we appreciated each other mutually. And then, on rendering his soul to the devil, he would recommend Anne of Austria to make me the inhabitant of a safe place. Go then and find your father, relate the fact to him — and, adieu!"

"My dear Monsieur d'Artagnan," said Raoul, very much agitated, after having looked out at the window, "you can not even fly!"

"Why not?"

"Because there is below an officer of the Swiss guards waiting for you."

"Well!"

"Well, he will arrest you."

D'Artagnan broke into a Homeric laugh.

He then took his belt from the hook, girded

on his sword, took a hat, the feather of which was fresh, and held his hand out to Raoul, who threw himself into his arms. When in the shop, he cast a quick glance at the shoplads, who looked upon the scene with a pride mingled with some inquietude; he went straight to the officer who was waiting for him at the door.

"Those features! Can it be you, Monsieur de Friedisch?" cried D'Artagnan gayly. "Eh! eh! what, do we arrest our friends?"

"Arrest!" whispered the lads among themselves.

"Yes, it is I, Monsieur d'Artagnan! Good-day to you!" said the Swiss, in his mountain *patois*.

"Must I give you my sword? I warn you, that it is long and heavy; you had better let me wear it to the Louvre; I feel quite lost in the streets without a sword, and you would be more at a loss than I should with two."

"The king has given no orders about it," replied the Swiss; "so keep your sword."

"Well, that is very polite on the part of the king. Let us go at once."

M. de Friedisch was not a talker, and D'Artagnan had too much to think about to be one. From Planchet's shop to the Louvre was not far; they arrived in ten minutes. It was a dark night. M. de Friedisch wanted to enter by the wicket.

"No," said D'Artagnan, "you would lose time by that; take the little staircase."

The Swiss did as D'Artagnan advised, and conducted him to the vestibule of the king's cabinet. When arrived there, he bowed to his prisoner, and, without saying anything, returned to his post. D'Artagnan had not had time to ask why his sword was not taken from him, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a *valet de chambre* called, "Monsieur d'Artagnan!" The musketeer assumed his parade carriage, and entered, with his large eyes wide open, his brow calm, his mustache stiff. The king was seated at a table writing. At this moment Louis turned round.

"Ah! are you there, Monsieur d'Artagnan?" said he.

D'Artagnan saw the movement and imitated it. "Yes, sire," said he.

"Very well; have the goodness to wait till I have cast this up."

D'Artagnan made no reply; he only bowed. "That is polite enough," thought he; "I have nothing to say."

Louis made a violent dash with his pen, and threw it angrily away.

"Ah! go on, work yourself up!" thought the musketeer; "you will put me at my ease, you shall

find I did not empty the bag, the other day, at Blois."

Louis rose from his seat, passed his hand over his brow; then, stopping opposite to D'Artagnan, he looked at him with an air at once imperious and kind. "What the devil does he want with me? I wish he would begin!" thought the musketeer.

"Monsieur," said the king, "you know, without doubt, that Monsieur le Cardinal is dead?"

"I suspected so, sire."

"You know that, consequently, I am master in my own kingdom?"

"That is not a thing that dates from the death of Monsieur le Cardinal, sire; a man is always master in his own house, when he wishes to be so."

"Yes; but do you remember all you said to me at Blois?"

"Now we come to it," thought D'Artagnan; "I was not deceived. Well, so much the better; it is a sign that my scent is tolerably keen yet."

"You do not answer me," said Louis.

"Sire, I think I recollect."

"If you do not remember, I do. You said to me — listen with attention."

Louis once more looked at the musketeer. The latter smoothed the feather of his hat, then his

mustache, and waited intrepidly. Louis XIV continued: "You quitted my service, monsieur, after having told me the whole truth?"

"Yes, sire."

"You did not flatter me when I was in distress," added Louis.

"But," said D'Artagnan, raising his head nobly, "if I did not flatter your majesty when poor, neither did I betray you. I have shed my blood for nothing; I have watched like a dog at a door, knowing full well that neither bread nor bone would be thrown to me. I, although poor likewise, asked nothing of your majesty but the discharge you speak of."

"I know you are a brave man, but I was a young man, and you ought to have had some indulgence for me. What had you to reproach the king with? that he left King Charles II without assistance? let us say further—that he did not marry Mademoiselle de Mancini?" When saying these words the king fixed upon the musketeer a searching look.

"Ah! ah!" thought the latter, "he is doing more than remembering, he is guessing. The devil!"

"Your sentence," continued Louis, "fell upon the king and fell upon the man. But, Monsieur d'Artagnan, that weakness, for you considered it

a weakness? ” — D'Artagnan made no reply. “ You reproached me also with regard to monsieur, the defunct cardinal. Now, Monsieur le Cardinal, did he not bring me up, did he not support me — elevating himself and supporting himself at the same time, I admit; but the benefit was discharged. As an ingrate or an egotist, would you, then, have better loved me or served me? ”

“ Sire! ”

“ We will say no more about it, monsieur; it would only create you too many regrets and me too much pain.”

D'Artagnan was not convinced. The young king, in adopting a tone of hauteur with him, did not forward his purpose.

“ You have since reflected? ” resumed Louis.

“ Upon what, sire? ” asked D'Artagnan politely.

“ Why, upon all that I have said to you, monsieur.”

“ Yes, sire, no doubt — ”

“ And you have only waited for an opportunity of retracting your words? ”

“ Sire! ”

“ You hesitate, it seems.”

“ I do not understand what your majesty did me the honor to say to me.”

Louis' brow became cloudy.

“ Have the goodness to excuse me, sire; my

understanding is particularly thick; things do not penetrate it without difficulty; but it is true, when once they get in, they remain there."

"Yes, yes; you appear to have a memory."

"Almost as good a one as your majesty's."

"Then give me quickly one solution. My time is valuable. What have you been doing since your discharge?"

"Making my fortune, sire."

"The expression is rude, Monsieur d'Artagnan."

"Your majesty takes it in bad part, certainly. I entertain nothing but the profoundest respect for the king; and if I have been impolite, which might be excused by my long sojourn in camps and barracks, your majesty is too much above me to be offended at a word innocently escaped from a soldier."

"In fact, I know that you have performed a brilliant action in England, monsieur. I only regret that you have broken your promise."

"I!" cried D'Artagnan.

"Doubtless. You engaged your word not to serve any other prince on quitting my services. Now, it was for King Charles II that you undertook the marvelous carrying off of Monsieur Monk."

"Pardon me, sire; it was for myself."

"And did you succeed?"

"Like the captains of the fifteenth century, *coups de main* and adventures."

"What do you call succeeding — a fortune?"

"A hundred thousand crowns, sire, which I possess — that is, in one week the triple of all I ever had in money in fifty years."

"It is a handsome sum. But you are ambitious, I believe?"

"I, sire? The quarter of it would be a treasure; and I swear to you I have no thought of augmenting it."

"What! do you contemplate remaining idle?"

"Yes, sire."

"To quit the sword?"

"That is done."

"Impossible, Monsieur d'Artagnan!" said Louis firmly.

"But, sire —"

"Well?"

"What for?"

"Because I will that you shall not!" said the young prince, in a voice so stern and imperious that D'Artagnan evinced surprise and even uneasiness.

"Sire," said the musketeer quietly, "as far as I see, freedom is not the order of the conversation, as it was on the day we came to an explanation at Blois."

"No, monsieur; everything is changed."

"I make your majesty my sincere compliments upon that."

"Now, monsieur," said the king, "let us hasten to terminate our affair. You told me the other day, at Blois, that you were not rich?"

"But I am now, sire."

"Yes; but that does not concern me; you have your own money, not mine, that does not enter into my account."

"I do not well understand what your majesty means."

"Then, instead of leaving you to draw out your words, speak spontaneously. Should you be satisfied with twenty thousand livres a year as a fixed income?"

"But, sire," said D'Artagnan, opening his eyes to the utmost.

"Would you be satisfied with four horses furnished and kept, and with a supplement of funds such as you should require, according to occasions and needs, or would you prefer a fixed sum which would be, for example, forty thousand livres? Answer."

"Sire, your majesty —"

"Yes, you are surprised; that is natural, and I expected it. Answer me, come! or I shall think you have no longer that rapidity of judgment I have so much admired in you."

"It is certain sire, that twenty thousand livres a year makes a handsome sum; but —"

"No buts! Yes or no! is it an honorable indemnity?"

"Oh! certes —"

"You will be satisfied with it? Well, that is well. It will be better to reckon the extra expenses separately; you can arrange that with Colbert. Now, let us pass to something more important."

"But, sire, I told your majesty —"

"That you wanted rest, I know you did; only I replied that I would not allow it — I am master, I suppose?"

"Yes, sire."

"That is well. You were formerly in the way of becoming captain of the musketeers?"

"Yes, sire."

"Well, here is your commision signed. I placed it in this drawer. The day on which you shall return from a certain expedition which I have to confide to you, on that day you may yourself take the commission from the drawer." D'Artagnan still hesitated, and hung down his head. "Come, monsieur," said the king, "one would believe, to look at you, that you did not know that at the court of the most Christian king, the captain general of the musketeers takes precedence of the *maréchals* of France.

"You will get booted, Monsieur d'Artagnan, and mount on horseback."

"Directly, sire?"

"Within two days."

"Where is your majesty going to send me?"

"Are you acquainted with Bretagne?"

"No, sire."

"Have you any friends there?"

"In Bretagne? No, *ma foi!*"

"So much the better. Do you know anything about fortifications?"

"I believe I do, sire," said D'Artagnan, smiling.

"That is to say, you can readily distinguish a fortress from a simple fortification, such as is allowed to *châtelains* or vassals?"

"I distinguish a fort from a rampart as I distinguish a cuirass from a raised pie-crust, sire. Is that sufficient?"

"Yes, monsieur. You will set out, then."

"For Bretagne?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Absolutely alone. That is to say, you must not even take a lackey with you."

"May I ask your majesty for what reason?"

"Because, monsieur, it will be necessary to disguise yourself sometimes, as the servant of a good

family. Your face is very well known in France, Monsieur d'Artagnan."

"And then, sire?"

"And you will travel slowly through Bretagne, and will examine carefully the fortifications of that country."

"The coasts?"

"Yes, and the isles; commencing by the Belle-Isle-en-Mer."

"Ah! which belongs to Monsieur Fouquet?" said D'Artagnan, in a serious tone, raising his intelligent eye to Louis XIV.

"I fancy you are right, monsieur, and that Belle-Isle does belong to Monsieur Fouquet, in fact."

"Then your majesty wishes me to ascertain if Belle-Isle is a good place?"

"Yes."

"If the fortifications of it are new or old?"

"Precisely."

"And if the vassals of Monsieur Fouquet are sufficiently numerous to form a garrison?"

"That is what I want to know; you have placed your finger on the question."

"And if they are not fortifying, sire?"

"You will travel about Bretagne, listening and judging."

"Then I am a king's spy?" said D'Artagnan bluntly, twisting his mustache.

"No, monsieur."

"Your pardon, sire; I spy on your majesty's account."

"You go on a discovery, monsieur. Would you march at the head of your musketeers, with your sword in your hand, to observe any spot whatever, or an enemy's position?"

At this word D'Artagnan started.

"Do you," continued the king, "imagine yourself to be a spy?"

"No, no," said D'Artagnan, but pensively; "the thing changes its face when one observes an enemy; one is but a soldier. And if they are fortifying Belle-Isle?" added he quickly.

"You will take an exact plan of the fortifications."

"Will they permit me to enter?"

"That does not concern me; that is your affair. Did you not understand that I reserved for you a supplement of twenty thousand livres per annum, if you wished for it?"

"Yes, sire; but if they are not fortifying?"

"You will return quietly, without fatiguing your horse."

"Sire, I am ready."

"As to your departure, it must take place at

night; you must set out without being seen by any one, or, if you are seen, it must not be known that you belong to me. A close mouth, monsieur."

"I ask you where you lodge, for I cannot always send to Monsieur le Comte de la Fère to seek you."

"I lodge with Monsieur Planchet, a grocer, Rue des Lombards, at the sign of the Pilon d'Or."

"Go out but little, show yourself still less, and await my orders."

"And yet, sire, I must go for the money."

"That is true; but when going to the *surintendance*, where so many people are constantly going, you must mingle with the crowd."

"I want the notes, sire, for the money."

"Here they are."

The king signed them, and D'Artagnan looked on, to assure himself of the regularity.

"That is money," said he, "and money is either read or counted."

"Adieu, Monsieur d'Artagnan," added the king; "I think you have perfectly understood me."

"I! I understood that your majesty sends me to Belle-Isle-en-Mer, that is all."

"To learn? "

"To learn how Monsieur Fouquet's works are going on; that is all."

"Very well; I admit you may be taken."

"And I do not admit it," replied the Gascon, boldly.

"I admit that you may be killed," continued the king.

"That is not probable, sire."

"In the first case, you must not speak; in the second, there must be no paper found upon you to speak."

D'Artagnan shrugged his shoulders without ceremony, and took leave of the king, saying to himself:

"The English shower continues — let us remain under the spout."

* * * * *

It was, perhaps, the fiftieth time since the day on which we opened this history, that this man, with a heart of bronze and muscles of steel, had left house and friends, everything in short, to go in search of fortune and death. The one — that is to say, death — had constantly retreated before him, as if afraid of him; the other — that is to say, fortune — for a month past only had really made an alliance with him. Although he was not a great philosopher, after the fashion of either Epicurus or Socrates, he was a powerful spirit, having knowledge of life, and endowed with thought. No one is as brave, as adventurous, or

as skillful as D'Artagnan, without being at the same time inclined to be a dreamer.

“Who the devil,” said he as he went forward, “ever said that money spoiled life! Upon my soul, it is no such thing; on the contrary, it seems as if I absorbed a double quantity of air and sun. *Mordioux!* what will it be then if I double that fortune; and if, instead of the switch I now hold in my hand, I should ever carry the bâton of a maréchal? Then, I really don't know if there will be, from that moment, enough of air and sun for me. In fact, this is not a dream. Who the devil would oppose it, if the king made me a maréchal, as his father, King Louis XIII, made a duke and constable of Albert de Luynes? Am I not as brave, and much more intelligent, than that imbecile De Vitry? Then, at the present, I am very well with a king, and with a king who has the appearance of determining to reign. May God keep him in that illustrious road! For, if he is resolved to reign, he will want me, and if he wants me, he will give me what he has promised me — warmth and light; so that I march, comparatively, now, as I marched formerly — from nothing to everything. Only the nothing of to-day is the all of former days; there has only this little change taken place in my life. And now let us see, let us take the part of the heart, as I just now was

speaking of it. But, in truth, I only spoke of it from memory." And the Gascon applied his hand to his breast, as if he were actually seeking the place where his heart was.

"Ah! wretch!" murmured he, smiling with bitterness. "Ah! poor mortal species! You hoped, for an instant, that you had not a heart, and now you find you have one — bad courtier as thou art — and even one of the most seditious. You have a heart which speaks to you in favor of Monsieur Fouquet.

"And what is Monsieur Fouquet, when the king is in question? A conspirator, a real conspirator, who did not even give himself the trouble to conceal his being a conspirator; therefore, what a weapon would you not have against him, if his good grace and his intelligence had not made a scabbard for that weapon. An armed revolt — for, in fact, Monsieur Fouquet has been guilty of an armed revolt. Thus, while the king vaguely suspects Monsieur Fouquet of rebellion, I know it — I could prove that Monsieur Fouquet had caused the shedding of the blood of his majesty's subjects. Now, then, let us see. Knowing all that, and holding my tongue, what further would this heart wish in return for a kind action of Monsieur Fouquet, for an advance of fifteen thousand livres, for a diamond worth a thousand pis-

toles, for a smile in which there was as much bitterness as kindness? I save his life.

"Now, then, I hope," continued the musketeer, "that this imbecile of a heart is going to preserve silence, and so be fairly quits with Monsieur Fouquet. Now, then, the king becomes my sun, and my heart is quits with M. Fouquet, let him beware who places himself between me and my sun! Forward, for His Majesty Louis XIV! Forward!"

These reflections were the only impediments which were able to retard the progress of D'Artagnan. These reflections once made, he increased the speed of his horse. But, however perfect his horse Zephyr might be, it could not hold out at such a pace forever. The day after his departure from Paris he was left at Chartres, at the house of an old friend D'Artagnan had met with in a *hôtellerie* of that city. From that moment, the musketeer traveled on post-horses. Thanks to this mode of locomotion, he traversed the space which separates Chartres from Châteaubriand. In the last of these two cities, far enough from the coast to prevent anyone guessing that D'Artagnan wished to reach the sea — far enough from Paris to prevent all suspicion of his being a messenger from Louis XIV, the messenger of Louis XIV quitted the post and purchased a *bidet* of the meanest appearance, one of those animals which

an officer of cavalry would never choose, for fear of being disgraced. Excepting the color, this new acquisition recalled to the mind of D'Artagnan the famous orange-colored horse with which, or, rather, upon which, he had made his first appearance in the world. Truth to say, from the moment he crossed this new steed, it was no longer D'Artagnan who was traveling, it was a good man clothed in an iron gray *juste-au-corps*, brown *haut-de-chausses*, holding the medium between a priest and a layman; that which brought him nearest to the churchman was that D'Artagnan had placed on his head a *calotte* of threadbare velvet, and over the *calotte* a larger black hat; no more sword; a stick, hung by a cord to his wrist, but to which, he promised himself, as an unexpected auxiliary, to join, upon occasion, a good dagger, ten inches long, concealed under his cloak. The *bidet*, purchased at Châteaubriand, completed the metamorphosis; it was called, or rather, D'Artagnan called it, Furet (ferret).

"If I have changed Zephyr into Furet," said D'Artagnan, "I must make some diminutive or other of my own name. So, instead of D'Artagnan, I will be Agnan, short; that is a concession which I naturally owe to my gray coat, my round hat, and my rusty *calotte*."

M. D'Artagnan traveled, then, pretty easily

upon Furet, who ambled like a true butter-woman's pad, and who, with his amble, managed cheerfully about twelve leagues a day upon four spindle-shanks of which the practiced eye of D'Artagnan had appreciated the strength and safety beneath the thick mass of hair which covered them. Jogging along, the traveler took notes, studied the country, which he traversed reserved and silent, ever seeking the pretext the most plausible to go to Belle-Isle-en-Mer, and to see everything without arousing suspicion. In this manner, he was enabled to convince himself of the importance the event assumed in proportion as he drew near to it. In this remote country, in this ancient Duchy of Bretagne, which was not France at that period, and is not even so now, the people knew nothing of the King of France. They not only did not know him, but were unwilling to know him. One fact — a single one — floated visibly for them upon the political current. Their ancient dukes no longer governed them; but it was void — nothing more. In the place of the sovereign duke, the seigneurs of parishes reigned without control; and, above these seigneurs, God, who has never been forgotten in Bretagne. Among these suzerains of châteaux and belfries, the most powerful, the most rich, and the most popular, was M. Fouquet, seigneur of Belle-Isle. Even in the country, even

within sight of that mysterious isle, legends and traditions consecrate its wonders. Everyone did not penetrate into it; the isle, of an extent of six leagues in length, and six in breadth, was a seignorial property, which the people had for a long time respected, covered as it was with the name of Retz, so much redoubted in the country. Shortly after the erection of this seigneurie into a marquissate, Belle-Isle passed to M. Fouquet. The celebrity of the isle did not date from yesterday; its name, or, rather, its qualifications, is traced back to the remotest antiquity; the ancients called it *Kalonèse*, from two Greek words, signifying beautiful isle. Thus, at a distance of eighteen hundred years, it had borne, in another idiom, the same name it still bears. There was, then, something in itself in this property of M. Fouquet's, besides its position of six leagues off the coast of France; a position which makes it a sovereign in its maritime solitude, like a majestic ship which should disdain roads, and would proudly cast its anchors in mid-ocean.

D'Artagnan learned all this without appearing the least in the world astonished. He also learned that the best way to get intelligence was to go to La Roche Bernard, a tolerably important city at the mouth of the Vilaine. Perhaps there he could embark; if not, crossing the salt marshes, he would

repair to Guérande en Croisic, to wait for an opportunity to cross over to Belle-Isle. He had discovered, besides, since his departure from Châteaubriand, that nothing would be impossible for Furet under the impulsion of M. Agnan, and nothing to M. Agnan upon the initiative of Furet. He prepared, then, to sup off a teal and a *tourteau*, in a hotel of La Roche Bernard, and ordered to be brought from the cellar, to wash down these two Breton dishes, some cider, which, the moment it touched his lips, he perceived to be more Breton still.

* * * * * * *

At daybreak D'Artagnan saddled Furet, who had fared sumptuously all the night and devoured the remainder of the corn left by his companions. The musketeer sifted all he could out of the host, whom he found cunning, mistrustful, and devoted, body and soul, to M. Fouquet. In order then not to awaken the suspicions of this man, he carried on his fable of being a probable purchaser of some salt mines. To have embarked for Belle-Isle at Roche Bernard would have been to expose himself to comments which had, perhaps, been already made, and would be carried to the castle. The musketeer then made some inquiries concerning the salt mines, and took the road to the marshes,

leaving the sea to his right, and penetrating into that vast and desolate plain which resembles a sea of mud, of which, here and there, a few crests of salt silver the undulations. Furet walked admirably, with his little nervous legs, along the foot-wide causeways which separate the salt mines. D'Artagnan, aware of the consequences of a fall, which would result in a cold bath, allowed him to go as he liked, contenting himself with looking at, on the horizon, the three rocks, which rose up like lance-blades from the bosom of the plain, destitute of verdure. Pirial, the bourgs of Batz and Le Croisic, exactly resembling each other, attracted and suspended his attention. Pirial was the first little port on his right. He went thither, with the names of the principal salters in his mouth. At the moment he visited the little port of Pirial, five large barges, laden with stone, were leaving it. It appeared strange to D'Artagnan that stones should be leaving a country where none are found. He had recourse to all the amenity of M. Agnan to learn from the people of the port the cause of this singularity. An old fisherman replied to M. Agnan, that the stones, very certainly, did not come from Pirial or the marshes.

"Where do they come from, then?" asked the musketeer.

"Monsieur, they come from Nantes and Paimbœuf."

"Where are they going, then?"

"Monsieur, to Belle-Isle."

"Ah! ah!" said D'Artagnan, "are they building at Belle-Isle, then?"

"Why, yes, monsieur, Monsieur Fouquet has the walls of the castle repaired every year."

"Is it in ruins, then?"

"It is old."

"Thank you. The fact is," said D'Artagnan to himself, "nothing is more natural; every proprietor has a right to repair his property. It would be like telling me I was fortifying the Image de Notre Dame, when I should be purely and simply obliged to make repairs. In good truth, I believe false reports have been made to his majesty, and he is very likely to be in the wrong.

"You must confess," continued he then, aloud, and addressing the fisherman — for his part of a suspicious man was imposed upon him by the object even of his mission — "you must confess, my dear monsieur, that these stones travel in a very curious fashion."

"How so?" said the fisherman.

"They come from Nantes or Paimbœuf by the Loire, do they not?"

"That descends."

"That is convenient, I don't say it is not; but why do they not go straight from St. Nazaire to Belle-Isle?"

"Eh! because the *chaland*s (barges) are bad boats, and keep the sea badly," replied the fisherman.

"That is not a reason."

"Pardon me, monsieur, one may see that you have never been a sailor," added the fisherman, not without a sort of disdain.

"Explain that to me, if you please, my good man. It appears to me that to come from Paimbœuf to Pirial, and go from Pirial to Belle-Isle, is as if we went from Roche Bernard to Nantes, and from Nantes to Pirial."

"By water that would be the nearest way," replied the fisherman imperturbably.

"But there is an elbow." The fisherman shook his head. "The shortest road from one place to another is a straight line," continued D'Artagnan.

"You forget the tide, monsieur."

"Well, take the tide."

"And the wind."

"Well, and the wind."

"Without doubt, the current of the Loire carries barks almost as far as Croisic. If they want to lie by a little, or to refresh the crew, they come

to Pirial along the coast; from Pirial they find another inverse current, which carries them to the Isle Dumal, two leagues and a half."

"Granted."

"There the current of the Vilaine throws them upon another isle, the isle of Hoedic."

"I agree to that."

"Well, monsieur, from that isle to Belle-Isle the way is quite straight. The sea, broken both above and below, passes like a canal — like a mirror between the two isles; the *chalands* glide along upon it like ducks upon the Loire; that is it."

"It does not signify," said the obstinate M. Agnan; "it is very far about."

"Ah, yes! Monsieur Fouquet will have it so," replied, as conclusive, the fisherman, taking off his woolen cap at the enunciation of that respected name.


A look from D'Artagnan, a look as keen and piercing as a sword-blade, found nothing in the heart of the old man but simple confidence on his features, nothing but satisfaction and indifference. He said, "Monsieur Fouquet will have it so," as he would have said, "God has willed it."

D'Artagnan had already advanced too far in this direction; besides, the *chalands* being gone, there remained nothing at Pirial but a single bark

— that of the old man, and it did not look fit for sea without great preparation. D'Artagnan therefore aroused Furet, who, as a new proof of his charming character, resumed his march with his feet in the salt mines, and his nose to the dry wind, which bends the furze and the broom of this country. He reached Croisic about five o'clock.

D'Artagnan found the sky blue, the breeze embalmed with saline perfumes, and he said: "I will embark with the first tide, if it be but in a nutshell."

At Croisic as at Pirial, he had remarked enormous heaps of stone lying along the shore. These gigantic walls, demolished every tide by the transport operated upon them for Belle-Isle, were, in the eyes of the musketeer, the consequence and the proof of what he had well divined at Pirial. Was it a wall that M. Fouquet was constructing? was it a fortification that he was erecting? To ascertain that he must see it. D'Artagnan put Furet into a stable, supped, went to bed, and on the morrow took a walk upon the port, or, rather, upon the shingle. Upon the shingle were three or four fishermen talking about sardines and shrimps. D'Artagnan, with his eye animated by rough gaiety and a smile upon his lips, approached these fishermen.



"Any fishing going on to-day?" said he.

"Yes, monsieur," replied one of them, "we are only waiting for the tide."

"Where do you fish, my friends?"

"Upon the coasts, monsieur."

"Which are the best coasts?"

"Ah, that is according. The tour of the isles, for example."

"Yes, but they are a long way off, those isles, are they not?"

"Not very; four leagues."

"Four leagues! That is a voyage."

The fisherman laughed out in M. Agnan's face.

"Hear me, then," said the latter, with an air of simple stupidity; "four leagues off you lose sight of land, do you not?"

"Why, not always."

"Ah, it is a long way — too long, or else I would have asked you to take me aboard, and to show me what I have never seen."

"What is that?"

"A live sea-fish."

"Monsieur comes from the province?" said a fisherman.

"Yes, I come from Paris."

The Breton shrugged his shoulders; then, "Have you ever seen Monsieur Fouquet in Paris?" asked he.

"Often," replied D'Artagnan.

"Often!" repeated the fishermen, closing their circle round the Parisian. "Do you know him?"

"A little; he is the intimate friend of my master."

"Ah!" said the fishermen in astonishment.

"And," said D'Artagnan, "I have seen all his châteaux of St. Mandé, of Vaux, and his hotel in Paris."

"Is that a fine place?"

"Superb."

"It is not so fine a place as Belle-Isle," said the fisherman.

"Bah!" cried M. d'Artagnan, breaking into a laugh so loud that he angered all his auditors.

"It is very plain you have never seen Belle-Isle," said the most curious of the fishermen. "Do you know that there are six leagues of it; and that there are such trees on it as cannot be equaled even at Nantes sur le Fossé?"

"Trees in the sea!" cried D'Artagnan; "well, I should like to see them."

"That can be easily done; we are fishing at the Isle de Hoedic — come with us. From that place you will see, as a paradise, the black trees of Belle-Isle against the sky; you will see the white line of the castle, which cuts the horizon of the sea like a blade."

"Oh!" said D'Artagnan, "that must be very beautiful. But do you know there are a hundred belfries at Monsieur Fouquet's château of Vaux?"

The Breton raised his head in profound admiration, but he was not convinced. "A hundred belfries! Ah, that may be; but Belle-Isle is finer than that. Should you like to see Belle-Isle?"

"Is that possible?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Yes, with permission of the governor."

"But I do not know the governor."

"As you know Monsieur Fouquet, you can tell your name."

"Oh, my friends, I am not a gentleman."

"Everybody enters Belle-Isle," continued the fisherman, in his strong, pure language, "provided he means no harm to Belle-Isle or its master."

A slight shudder crept over the body of the musketeer. "That is true," thought he. Then, recovering himself, "If I were sure," said he, "not to be seasick."

"What, upon her?" said the fisherman, pointing with pride to his pretty, round-bottomed bark.

"Well, you almost persuade me," cried M. Agnan; "I will go and see Belle-Isle, but they will not admit me."

"We shall enter safe enough."

"You! What for?"

"Why, *dame!* to sell fish to the corsairs."

"He! Corsairs — what do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that Monsieur Fouquet is having two corsairs built to chase the Dutch and the English, and we sell our fish to the crews of those little vessels."

"Come, come!" said D'Artagnan to himself; "better and better. A printing-press, bastions, and corsairs! Well, Monsieur Fouquet is not an enemy to be despised, as I presumed to fancy. He is worth the trouble of traveling to see him nearer."

"We set out at half-past five," said the fisherman gravely.

"I am quite ready, and I will not leave you now." So D'Artagnan saw the fishermen haul their barks to meet the tide with a windlass. The sea rose; M. Agnan allowed himself to be hoisted on board, not without sporting a little fear and awkwardness, to the amusement of the young sea urchins who watched him with their large, intelligent eyes. He laid himself down upon a folded sail, did not interfere with anything while the bark prepared for sea; and, with its large square sail, it was fairly out within two hours. The fishermen, who prosecuted their occupation as they proceeded, did not perceive that their passenger had not become pale, had neither groaned nor suffered; that, in spite of the horrible tossing and rolling of the

bark, to which no hand imparted direction, the novice passenger had preserved his presence of mind and appetite. They fished, and their fishing was sufficiently fortunate. To lines baited with prawn, soles came, with numerous gambols, to bite. Two nets had already been broken by the immense weight of congers and haddocks; three sea eels plowed the hold with their slimy folds and their dying contortions. D'Artagnan brought them good luck; they told him so. The soldier found the occupation so pleasant, that he put his hand to the work — that is to say, to the lines — and uttered roars of joy, and *mordieux* enough to have astonished musketeers themselves, every time that a shock given to his line by a captured prey required the play of the muscles of his arm and the employment of his skill and strength. The party of pleasure had made him forget his diplomatic mission. He was struggling with an awfully large conger, and holding fast with one hand to the side of the vessel, in order to seize with the other the gaping jowl of his antagonist, when the patron said to him: "Take care they don't see you from Belle-Isle!"

These words produced the same effect upon D'Artagnan as the hissing of the first bullet on a day of battle; he let go of both line and conger, which, one dragging the other, returned again to

the water. D'Artagnan perceived, within half a league at the most, a blue and marked profile of the rocks of Belle-Isle dominated by the white majestic line of the castle. In the distance, the land with its forests and verdant plains; cattle on the grass. This was what first attracted the attention of the musketeer. The sun darted its rays of gold upon the sea, raising a shining mist or dust around this enchanted isle. Nothing could be seen of it, owing to this dazzling light, but the flattened points; every shadow was strongly marked, and cut with a band of darkness the luminous sheet of the fields and the walls. "Eh! eh!" said D'Artagnan, at the aspect of those masses of black rocks, "these are fortifications which do not stand in need of any engineer to render a landing difficult. What the devil way could a landing be effected on that isle, which God has defended so completely?"

"This way," replied the patron of the bark, changing the sail, and impressing upon the rudder a twist which turned the boat in the direction of a pretty little port, quite coquettish, quite round, and quite newly battlemented.

"What the devil do I see yonder?" said D'Artagnan.

"You see Leomaria," replied the fisherman.

"Well, but there?"

"That is Bragos."

“And further on?”

“Sanger, and then the palace.”

“*Mordioux!* It is a world. Ah! there are some soldiers.”

“There are seventeen hundred men in Belle-Isle, monsieur,” replied the fisherman proudly. “Do you know that the least garrison is of twenty companies of infantry?”

“*Mordioux!*” cried D’Artagnan, stamping with his foot. “His majesty was right enough.” They landed.

It was not till after standing several minutes on the shore that D’Artagnan saw upon the port, but more particularly in the interior of the isle, an immense number of workmen in motion. At his feet D’Artagnan recognized the five *chalands* laden with rough stone which he had seen leave the port of Pirial. The stones were transported to the shore by means of a chain formed by twenty-five or thirty peasants. The large stones were loaded upon carriages which conveyed them in the same direction as the shards, that is to say, toward the works, of which D’Artagnan could as yet appreciate neither the strength nor the extent. Everywhere was to be seen an activity equal to that which Telemachus observed on his landing at Sarentum. D’Artagnan felt a strong inclination to penetrate into the in-

terior; but he could not, under the penalty of exciting mistrust, exhibit too much curiosity. He advanced then only little by little, scarcely going beyond the line formed by the fishermen on the beach, observing everything, saying nothing, and meeting all suspicions that might have been excited with a half-silly question or a polite bow. And yet, while his companions carried on their trade, giving or selling their fish to the workmen or the inhabitants of the city, D'Artagnan had gained ground by degrees, and, reassured by the little attention paid to him, he began to cast an intelligent and confident look upon the men and the things that appeared before his eyes. And his very first glance fell upon movements of earth in which the eye of a soldier could not be mistaken. At the two extremities of the port, in order that the fires should cross upon the great axis of the ellipsis formed by the basin, in the first place, two batteries had been raised, evidently destined to receive flank pieces, for D'Artagnan saw the workmen finishing the platforms and making ready the demi-circumference in wood upon which the wheel of the pieces might turn to embrace every direction over the epaulment. By the side of each of these batteries other workmen were strengthening gabions filled with earth, the lining of another battery. The latter had embrasures, and a con-

ductor of the works called successively men who with cords tied the *saucissons*, and those who cut the lozenges and right angles of turfs destined to retain the matting of the embrasures. By the activity displayed in these works, already so far advanced, they might be considered as terminated; they were not yet furnished with their cannon, but the platforms had their *gîtes* and their *madriers* all prepared; the earth, beaten carefully, had consolidated them; and, supposing the artillery to be on the island, in less than two or three days the port might be completely armed. That which astonished D'Artagnan, when he turned his eyes from the coast batteries to the fortifications of the city, was to see that Belle-Isle was defended by an entirely new system, of which he had often heard the Comte de la Fère speak as a great advancement, but of which he had never yet seen the application. These fortifications belonged neither to the Dutch method of Marollais, nor to the French method of the Chevalier Antoine de Ville, but to the system of Manesson Mallet, a skillful engineer, who, for about six or eight years, had quitted the service of Portugal to enter that of France. These works had the peculiarity that, instead of rising above the earth, as did the ancient ramparts destined to defend a city from escalades, they, on the contrary, sunk into it; and

what created the height of the walls was the depth of the ditches. It did not take long to make D'Artagnan perceive the superiority of such a system, which gives no advantage to cannon. Besides, as the *fossés* were lower than, or on a level with, the sea, these *fossés* might be inundated by subterranean sluices. Otherwise, the works were almost complete, and a group of workmen, receiving orders from a man who appeared to be conductor of the works, were occupied in placing the last stones. A bridge of planks, thrown over the *fossés* for the greater convenience of the maneuvers connected with the barrows, joined the interior to the exterior. With an air of simple curiosity, D'Artagnan asked if he might be permitted to cross the bridge, and he was told that no order prevented it. Consequently, he crossed the bridge, and advanced toward the group.

This group was superintended by the man whom D'Artagnan had already remarked, and who appeared to be the engineer-in-chief. A plan was lying open before him upon a large stone forming a table, and at some paces from him a crane was in action. This engineer, who, by his evident importance, first attracted the attention of D'Artagnan, wore a *juste-au-corps*, which, from its sumptuousness, was scarcely in harmony with the work he was employed in, which would rather have necessitated the costume of a master mason

than of a noble. He was, besides, a man of high stature and large square shoulders, wearing a hat covered with feathers. He gesticulated in the most majestic manner, and appeared, for D'Artagnan only saw his back, to be scolding the workmen for their idleness and want of strength.

D'Artagnan continued to draw nearer. At that moment the man with the feathers had ceased to gesticulate, and, with his hands placed upon his knees, was following, half bent, the effort of six workmen to raise a block of hewn stone on to a round piece of timber destined to support that stone, so that the cord of the crane might be passed under it. The six men, all on one side of the stone, united their efforts to raise it to eight or ten inches from the ground, sweating and blowing, while a seventh got ready, when there should be daylight enough beneath it, to slide in the roller that was to support it. But the stone had already twice escaped from their hands before gaining a sufficient height for the roller to be introduced. There can be no doubt that every time the stone escaped them they bounded quickly backward to keep their feet from being crushed by the refalling stone. Every time the stone, abandoned by them, sunk deeper into the damp earth, which rendered the operation more and more difficult. A third effort was followed by no better success, but with progressive discouragement. And yet, when the

six men were bent toward the stone, the man with the feathers had himself, with a powerful voice, given the word of command, "Firm!" which presides over all maneuvers of strength. Then he drew himself up.

"Oh! oh!" said he, "what is all this about? Have I to do with men of straw? *Corne de bœuf!* stand on one side, and you shall see how this is to be done."

"*Peste!*" said D'Artagnan, "will he pretend to raise that rock? That would be a sight worth looking at."

The workmen, as commanded by the engineer, drew back with their ears down, and, shaking their heads, with the exception of the one who held the plank, who prepared to perform the office. The man with the feathers went up to the stone, stooped, slipped his hands under the face lying upon the ground, stiffened his Herculean muscles, and, without a strain, with a slow motion, like that of a machine, he lifted the end of the rock a foot from the ground. The workman who held the plank profited by the space thus given him, and slipped the roller under the stone.

"That's the way," said the giant, not letting the rock fall again, but placing it upon its support.

"*Mordioux!*" cried D'Artagnan, "I know but one man capable of such a feat of strength."

“*Hein!*” cried the colossus turning round.

“Porthos!” murmured D’Artagnan, seized with stupor, “Porthos at Belle-Isle?”

On his part, the man with the feathers fixed his eyes upon the disguised lieutenant, and, in spite of his metamorphosis, recognized him.

“D’Artagnan!” cried he; and the color mounted to his face. “Hush!” said he to D’Artagnan.

“Hush!” in his turn said the musketeer. In fact, if Porthos had just been discovered by D’Artagnan, D’Artagnan had just been discovered by Porthos. The interest of the particular secret of each struck them both at the same time. Nevertheless, the first movement of the two men was to throw their arms round each other. What they wished to conceal from the by-standers was, not their friendship, but their names. But after the embrace came the reflection.

“What the devil brings Porthos to Belle-Isle, lifting stones?” said D’Artagnan; only D’Artagnan uttered that question in a low voice. Less strong in diplomacy than his friend, Porthos thought aloud.

“How the devil did you come to Belle-Isle?” asked he of D’Artagnan; “and what do you come to do here?”

It was necessary to reply without hesitation.

To hesitate in his answer to Porthos would have been a check, for which the self-love of D'Artagnan would never have consoled itself.

"*Pardieu!* my friend, I am at Belle-Isle because you are here."

"Ah, bah!" said Porthos, visibly stupefied with the argument, and seeking to account for it to himself with that lucidity of deduction which we know to be peculiar to him.

"Without doubt," continued D'Artagnan, unwilling to give his friend time to recollect himself, "I have been to see you at Pierrefonds."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"And you did not find me there?"

"No; but I found Mouston."

"Is he well?"

"*Peste!*"

"Well, but Mouston did not tell you I was here."

"Why should he not? Have I, perchance, deserved to lose his confidence?"

"No; but he did not know it."

"Well, that is a reason at least not offensive to my self-love."

"Then, how did you manage to find me?"

"My dear friend, a great noble, like you, al-

ways leaves traces behind him on his passage; and I should think but poorly of myself if I were not sharp enough to follow the traces of my friends."

This explanation, flattering as it was, did not entirely satisfy Porthos.

"But I left no traces behind me, as I came here disguised," said Porthos.

"Ah! You came disguised, did you?" said D'Artagnan.

"Yes."

"And how?"

"As a miller."

"And do you think a great noble like you, Porthos, can affect common manners so as to deceive people?"

"Well, I swear to you, my friend, that I played my part so well that everybody was deceived."

"Indeed! so well that I have not discovered and joined you?"

"Yes; but how have you discovered and joined me?"

"Stop a bit. I was going to tell you how. Do you imagine Mouston —"

"Ah! it was that fellow, Mouston," said Porthos, gathering together those two triumphant arches which served him for eyebrows.

"But stop, I tell you—it was no fault of Moustons's, because he was ignorant of where you were."

"I know he was; and that is why I am in such haste to understand —"

"Oh! how impatient you are, Porthos."

"When I do not comprehend, I am terrible."

"Well, you will understand. Aramis wrote to you at Pierrefonds, did he not? "

"Yes."

"And he told you to come before the equinox."

"That is true."

"Well, that is it," said D'Artagnan, hoping that this reason would satisfy Porthos. Porthos appeared to give himself up to a violent mental labor.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I understand. As Aramis told me to come before the equinox, you have understood that that was to join him. You then inquired where Aramis was, saying to yourself, 'Where Aramis is, there Porthos will be.' You having learned that Aramis was in Bretagne, and you said to yourself, 'Porthos is in Bretagne.'"

"Exactly. In good truth, Porthos, I cannot tell why you have not turned conjurer. So you understand that, arriving at Roche Bernard, I heard of the splendid fortifications going on at Belle-Isle. The account raised my curiosity. I embarked in a fishing-boat, without dreaming that

you were here; I came, and I saw a fine fellow lifting a stone which Ajax could not have stirred. I cried out, 'Nobody but the Baron de Bracieux could have performed such a feat of strength.' You heard me, you turned round, you recognized me, we embraced! and, *ma foi*: if you like, my dear friend, we will embrace again."

"Ah! now it is all explained," said Porthos; and he embraced D'Artagnan with so much friendship as to deprive the musketeer of his breath for five minutes.

"Why, you are stronger than ever," said D'Artagnan, "and still in your arms."

Porthos saluted D'Artagnan with a gracious smile. During the five minutes D'Artagnan was recovering his breath, he reflected that he had a very difficult part to play. It was necessary that he should question without ever replying. By the time his respiration returned, he had fixed his plan of the campaign.

D'Artagnan immediately took the offensive.

"Now that I have told you all, my dear friend, or, rather now you have guessed all, tell me what you are doing here, covered with dust and mud?"

Porthos wiped his brow, and looked around him with pride.

"Why, it appears," said he, "that you may see what I am doing here."

"No doubt, no doubt, you lift great stones."

"Oh! to show these idle fellows what a man is," said Porthos with contempt. "But you understand —"

"Yes, that it is not your place to lift stones, although there are many whose place it is, who cannot lift them as you do. It was that which made me ask you just now, 'What are you doing here, baron?'"

"I am studying topography, chevalier."

"You are studying topography?"

"Yes; but you — what are you doing in that common dress?"

D'Artagnan perceived he had committed a fault in giving expression to his astonishment. Porthos had taken advantage of it to retort with a question.

"Why," said he, "you know I am a bourgeois, in fact; my dress, then, has nothing astonishing in it, since it conforms with my condition."

"Nonsense! you are a musketeer."

"You are wrong, my friend; I have given in my resignation."

"Bah! "

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* yes."

"And have you abandoned the service?"

"I have quitted it."

"You have abandoned the king?"

"Quite."

Porthos raised his arms toward heaven, like a man who has heard extraordinary news.

"Well, that does confound me!" said he.

"It is, nevertheless, true."

"And what led you to form such a resolution?"

"The king displeased me. Mazarin had disgusted me for a long time, as you know; so I threw my cassock to the nettles."

"But Mazarin is dead."

"I know that well enough, *parbleu!* Only, at the period of his death, my resignation had been given in and accepted two months. Then, feeling myself free, I set off for Pierrefonds, to see my friend Porthos. I had heard talk of the happy division you had made of your time, and I wished, for a fortnight, to divide mine after your fashion."

"My friend, you know that it is not for a fortnight the house is open to you; it is for a year — for ten years — for life."

"Thank you, Porthos."

"Ah! but perhaps you want money — do you?" said Porthos, making something like fifty louis chink in his pocket. "In that case, you know —"

"No, thank you; I am not in want of anything. I placed my savings with Planchet, who pays me the interest of them."

"Your savings?"

"Yes, to be sure," said D'Artagnan. "Why should I not put by savings, as well as another, Porthos?"

"Oh, there is no reason why; on the contrary, I always suspected you — that is to say, Aramis always suspected you to have savings. For my own part, d'ye see, I take no concern about the management of my household; but I presume the savings of a musketeer must be small."

"No doubt, relative to yourself, Porthos, who are a millionaire; but you shall judge. I had laid by twenty-five thousand livres."

"That's pretty well," said Porthos, with an affable air.

"And," continued D'Artagnan, "on the 28th of last month I added to it two hundred thousand livres more."

Porthos opened his large eyes, which eloquently demanded of the musketeer, "Where the devil did you steal such a sum as that, my dear friend?"

"Two hundred thousand livres!" cried he, at length.

"Yes; which, with the twenty-five I had, and twenty thousand I have about me, complete the sum of two hundred and forty-five thousand livres."

"But tell me, whence comes this fortune?"

"I will tell you all about it presently, dear

friend; but as you have, in the first place, many things to tell me yourself, let us place my recital in its proper rank."

"Bravo!" said Porthos; "then we are both rich. But what can I have to relate to you?"

"You have to relate to me how Aramis came to be named —"

"Ah! Bishop of Vannes."

"That's it," said D'Artagnan, "Bishop of Vannes. Dear Aramis! do you know how he succeeded so well?"

"Yes, yes; without reckoning that he does not mean to stop there."

"What! do you mean that he will not be contented with violet stockings, and that he wants a red hat?"

"Hush! that is promised him."

"Bah! by the king."

"By somebody more powerful than the king."

"Ah! the devil! Porthos, what incredible things you tell me, my friend! There is somebody in France more powerful than the king?"

"Why incredible? Is there not always somebody?"

"Oh, yes; in the time of King Louis XIII it was Cardinal Richelieu; in the time of the regency it was Cardinal Mazarin. In the time of Louis XIV it is Monsieur —"

"Go on."

"It is Monsieur Fouquet."

"Jove! you have hit it the first time."

"So, then, I suppose it is Monsieur Fouquet who has promised Aramis the red hat?"

Porthos assumed an air of reserve.

"Dear friend," said he, "God preserve me from meddling with the affairs of others, above all, from revealing secrets it may be to their interest to be kept. When you see Aramis, he will tell you all he thinks he ought to tell you."

"You are right, Porthos; and you are quite a padlock for safety. But to revert to yourself."

"Yes," said Porthos.

"You said just now you came hither to study topography?"

"I did so."

"*Tu Dieu!* my friend, what fine things you will do!"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, these fortifications are admirable."

"Is that your opinion?"

"Doubtless it is. In truth, to anything but a regular siege, Belle-Isle is impregnable."

Porthos rubbed his hands.

"That is my opinion," said he.

"But who the devil has fortified this paltry little place in this manner?"

Porthos drew himself up proudly:

"Did not I tell you who?"

"No."

"Do you not suspect?"

"No; all that I can say is that he is a man who has studied all the systems, and who appears to me to have stopped at the best."

"Hush!" said Porthos; "consider my modesty, my dear D'Artagnan."

"In truth," replied the musketeer, "can it be you — who — oh — !"

"Pray — my dear friend —"

"You, who have imagined, traced, and combined between these bastions, these redans, these curtains, these half-moons, and are preparing that covered way?"

"I beg you —"

"You who have built that lunette with its retiring angles and its salient angles."

"My friend —"

"You who have given that inclination to the openings of your embrasures, by means of which you so effectively protect the men who serve the guns."

"Eh! *mon Dieu!* yes."

"Oh! Porthos, Porthos! I must bow down before you — I must admire you! But you have always concealed from us this superior genius. I

hope, my dear friend, you will show me all this in detail? ”

“ Nothing more easy. There is my plan.”

“ Show it me.”

Porthos led D'Artagnan toward the stone which served him for a table, and upon which the plan was spread. At the foot of the plan was written, in the formidable writing of Porthos, writing of which we have already had occasion to speak:

“ Instead of making use of the square or rectangle, as has been done to this time, you will suppose your place inclosed in a regular hexagon, this polygon having the advantage of offering more angles than the quadrilateral one. Every side of your hexagon, of which you will determine the length in proportion of the dimensions taken upon the place, will be divided into two parts, and upon the middle point you will elevate a perpendicular toward the center of the polygon, which will equal in length the sixth part of the side. By the extremities of each side of the polygon, you will trace two diagonals, which will cut the perpendicular. These two rights will form the lines of defense.”

“ The devil! ” said D'Artagnan, stopping at this point of the demonstration. “ Why, this is a complete system, Porthos.”

"Entirely," said Porthos. "Will you continue?"

"No; I have read enough of it; but, since it is you, my dear Porthos, who direct the works, what need have you of setting down your system so formally in writing?"

"Oh! my dear friend, death!"

"How, death?"

"Why, we are all mortal, are we not?"

"That is true," said D'Artagnan; "you have a reply for everything, my friend."

And he replaced the plan upon the stone.

But however short a time he had the plan in his hands, D'Artagnan had been able to distinguish, under the enormous writing of Porthos, a much more delicate hand, which reminded him of certain letters to Marie Michon, with which he had been acquainted in his youth. Only the India-rubber had passed and repassed so often over this writing that it might have escaped a less practiced eye than that of our musketeer.

"Bravo! my friend, bravo!" said D'Artagnan.

"And now you know all that you want to know, do you not?" said Porthos, wheeling about.

"*Mordioux!* yes, only do me one last favor, dear friend."

"Speak; I am master here."

"Do me the pleasure to tell me the name of that gentleman who is walking yonder."

"Where — there? "

"Behind the soldiers."

"Followed by a lackey? "

"Exactly."

"In company with a mean sort of fellow dressed in black? "

"Yes, I mean him."

"That is Monsieur Gétard."

"And who is Gétard, my friend? "

"He is the architect of the house."

"Of what house? "

"Of Monsieur Fouquet's house."

"Ah! ah! " cried D'Artagnan, "you are of the household of Monsieur Fouquet, then, Porthos? "

"I! what do you mean by that? " said the topographer, blushing to the top of his ears.

"Why, you say the house, when speaking of Belle-Isle, as if you were speaking of the château of Pierrefonds."

Porthos bit his lips.

"Belle-Isle, my friend," said he, "belongs to Monsieur Fouquet, does it not? "

"Yes, I believe so."

"As Pierrefonds belongs to me? "

"I told you I believed so; there are not two words to that."

"Did you ever see a man there who is accustomed to walk about with a ruler in his hand?"

"No; but I might have seen him there, if he really walked there."

"Well, that gentleman is Monsieur Boulingrin."

"Who is Monsieur Boulingrin?"

"Now we come to it. If, when this gentleman is walking with a ruler in his hand, anyone should ask me, 'Who is Monsieur Boulingrin?' I should reply, 'He is the architect of the house.' Well, Monsieur Gétard is the Boulingrin of Monsieur Fouquet. But he has nothing to do with the fortifications, which are my department alone. Do you understand? — mine, absolutely mine."

"Ah! Porthos," cried D'Artagnan, letting his arms fall as a conquered man gives up his sword; "ah! my friend, you are not only a Herculean topographer, you are, still further, a dialectician of the first water."

"Is it not powerfully reasoned?" said Porthos; and he puffed and blew like the conger which D'Artagnan had let slip from his hand.

"And now," said D'Artagnan, "that shabby-looking man, who accompanies Monsieur Gétard, is he also of the household of Monsieur Fouquet?"

"Oh, yes!" said Porthos, with contempt; "it is one Monsieur Jupenet or Juponet, a sort of poet."

"Who is come to establish himself here? "

"I believe so."

"I thought Monsieur Fouquet had poets enough yonder — Scudéry, Loret, Pelisson, La Fontaine? If I must tell you the truth, Porthos, that poet disgraces you."

"Eh! my friend, but what saves us is that he is not here as a poet."

"As what, then, is he? "

"As printer. And you make me remember I have a word to say to the *cuisse*."

"Say it, then."

Porthos made a sign to Jupenet. As he approached:

"Come, hither," said Porthos. "You only landed yesterday, and you have begun your tricks already."

"How so, Monsieur le Baron? " asked Jupenet, trembling.

"Your press was groaning all night, monsieur," said Porthos, "and you prevented my sleeping, *corne de bœuf*! "

"Monsieur — " objected Jupenet timidly.

"You have nothing yet to print; therefore, you have no occasion to set your press going. What did you print last night? "

"Monsieur a light poem of my own composition."

"Light! No, no, monsieur; the press groaned pitifully with it. Let that not happen again. Do you understand? "

"Yes, monsieur."

"You promise me? "

"I do, monsieur."

"Very well; this time I pardon you. Adieu."

"Well, now we have combed that fellow's head, let us breakfast."

"Yes," replied D'Artagnan; "let us breakfast."

"Only," said Porthos, "I beg you to observe, my friend, that we have only two hours for our repast."

"What would you have? We will try to make enough of it. But why have you only two hours? "

"Because it is high tide at one o'clock, and, with the tide, I am going to Vannes. But, as I shall return to-morrow, my dear friend, you can stay here; you shall be master; I have a good cook, and a good cellar."

"No," interrupted D'Artagnan, "better than that."

"What? "

"You are going to Vannes, you say? "

"To a certainty."

"To see Aramis? "

"Yes."

"Well, I came to Paris on purpose to see Aramis."

"That is true."

"I will go with you, then."

"Do; that's the thing."

"Only, I ought to have seen Aramis first, and you after. But man proposes, and God disposes. I have begun with you, and will finish with Aramis."

"Very well."

"And in how many hours can you go from hence to Vannes?"

"Oh! *pardieux!* in six hours. Three hours by sea to Sarzeau, three hours by road from Sarzeau to Vannes."

"How convenient that is! Being so near to the bishopric, do you often go to Vannes?"

"Yes; once a week. But, stop till I get my plan."

Porthos picked up his plan, folded it carefully, and engulfed it in his large pocket.

"Good!" said D'Artagnan, aside; "I think I now know the true engineer who is fortifying Belle-Isle."

Two hours after, at high tide, Porthos and D'Artagnan set out for Sarzeau.

The passage from Belle-Isle to Sarzeau was made rapidly enough, thanks to one of those little

corsairs of which D'Artagnan had been told during his voyage, and which, shaped for fast sailing and destined for the chase, were sheltered at that time in the road of Loc-Maria, where one of them, with a quarter of its war-crew, performed the duty between Belle-Isle and the continent. D'Artagnan had an opportunity of convincing himself that Porthos, though engineer and topographer, was not deeply versed in affairs of state. His perfect ignorance, with any other, might have passed for well-informed dissimulation. But D'Artagnan knew too well all the folds and refolds of his Porthos not to find a secret if there were one there; like those regular, minute old bachelors, who know how to find, with their eyes shut, each book on the shelves of their library, and each piece of linen in their wardrobe. Then, if he had found nothing, that cunning D'Artagnan, in rolling and unrolling his Porthos, it was because, in truth, there was nothing to be found.

"Be it so," said D'Artagnan; "I shall know more at Vannes in half an hour than Porthos has known at Belle-Isle in two months. Only, in order that I may know something, it is important that Porthos does not make use of the only stratagem I leave at his disposal. He must not warn Aramis of my arrival."

All the cares of the musketeer were then, for

the moment, confined to the watching of Porthos. And let us hasten to say, Porthos did not deserve all this mistrust. Porthos thought of no evil. Perhaps on first seeing him, D'Artagnan had inspired him with a little suspicion; but almost immediately D'Artagnan had reconquered in that good and brave heart the place he had always occupied, and not the least cloud darkened the large eye of Porthos, fixed from time to time with tenderness on his friend.

On landing, Porthos inquired if his horses were waiting, and he soon perceived them at the crossing of the road which turns round Sarzeau, and which without passing through that little city leads toward Vannes.

"Eh! but you are quite a man of precaution, my dear Porthos," said D'Artagnan to his friend, when he found himself in the saddle upon the equerry's horse.

"This is a kindness on the part of Aramis," said Porthos. "I have not my stud here, and Aramis has placed his stables at my disposal."

"Good horses for bishop's horses, *mordioux!*" said D'Artagnan. "It is true, Aramis is a bishop of a peculiar kind."

"He is a holy man," replied Porthos, in a tone almost nasal, and with his eyes raised toward heaven.

"Then he is much changed," said D'Artagnan; "you and I have known him passably profane."

"Grace has touched him," said Porthos.

"Bravo!" said D'Artagnan. "That redoubles my desire to see my dear old friend."

And he spurred his horse, which sprang off into a more rapid pace.

"Were you ever at Vannes, D'Artagnan?"

"Never."

"Then you know nothing of the city?"

"Nothing."

"Well, look!" said Porthos, raising himself in his stirrups, which made the fore-quarters of his horse bend sadly. "Do you see, close to the college, a large house with steeples, turrets, and built in a handsome Gothic style, as that brute, Monsieur Gétard, says?"

"Yes, that is plainly to be seen. Well?"

"Well, that is where Aramis resides."

"Here we are arrived," he added.

"And high time we were," thought D'Artagnan, "for Aramis's horse is melting away like a horse of ice."

They entered almost at the same instant into the faubourg.

Ten minutes after the two friends had passed the threshold of the palace, Aramis returned; the soldiers presented arms to him as to a superior;

the citizens bowed to him as to a friend and a patron, rather than as a head of the Church. There was something in Aramis resembling those Roman senators who had their doors always surrounded by clients. At the foot of the prison, he had a conference of half a minute with a Jesuit, who, in order to speak to him more secretly, passed his head under the daïs. He then re-entered his palace; the doors closed slowly, and the crowd melted away.

Porthos and D'Artagnan had entered the bishop's residence by a private door, as his personal friends. They learned that his greatness had just returned to his apartment, and was preparing to appear in familiar intimacy, less majestic than he had appeared with his flock. After a quarter of an hour, which D'Artagnan and Porthos passed in looking mutually at each other with the whites of their eyes, and turning their thumbs in all the different evolutions which go from north to south, a door of the chamber opened and his greatness appeared, dressed in the undress, complete, of a prelate. Aramis carried his head high, like a man accustomed to command; his violet robe was tucked up on one side, and his white hand was on his hip. He had retained the fine mustache and the lengthened *royale* of the time of Louis XIII. He exhaled, on entering, that delicate perfume

which, among elegant men and women of high fashion, never changes, and appears to be incorporated in the person, of whom it has become the natural emanation. In this case only, the perfume had retained something of the religious sublimity of incense. It no longer intoxicated, it penetrated; it no longer inspired desire, it inspired respect. Aramis, on entering the chamber, did not hesitate an instant; and without pronouncing one word, which, whatever it might be, would have been cold on such an occasion, he went straight up to the musketeer, so well disguised under the costume of M. Agnan, and pressed him in his arms with a tenderness which the most distrustful could not have suspected of coldness or affectation.

D'Artagnan, on his part, embraced him with equal ardor. Porthos pressed the delicate hand of Aramis in his immense hands.

Between two embraces, Aramis looked D'Artagnan in the face, offered him a chair, sitting down himself in the shade, observing that the light fell full upon the face of his interlocutor. This maneuver, familiar to diplomatists and women, resembles much the advantage of the guard which, according to their skill or habit, combatants endeavor to take on the ground at a duel. D'Artagnan was not the dupe of this manœuvre; but he did not appear to perceive it. He felt himself

caught; but, precisely because he was caught, he felt himself on the road to discovery, and it little imported to him, old *condottiere* as he was, to be beaten in appearance, provided he drew from his pretended defeat the advantages of victory. Aramis began the conversation.

"Ah! dear friend, my good D'Artagnan," said he, "what an excellent chance! "

"It is a chance, my reverend companion," said D'Artagnan, "that I will call friendship. I seek you, as I always have sought you, when I had any grand enterprise to propose to you, or some hours of liberty to give you."

"Ah, indeed," said Aramis, without explosion, "you have been seeking me? "

"Eh, yes! he has been seeking you, Aramis," said Porthos, "and the proof is that he has unharbored me at Belle-Isle. That is amiable, is it not? "

"Ah, yes! " said Aramis, "at Belle-Isle! Certainly."

"Good! " said D'Artagnan; "there my booby Porthos, without thinking of it, has fired the first cannon of attack."

"At Belle-Isle! " said Aramis. "In that hole, in that desert! That is kind, indeed! "

"And it was I who told him you were at Vannes," continued Porthos, in the same tone.

D'Artagnan armed his mouth with a finesse almost ironical.

"Yes, I knew, but I was willing to see," replied he.

"To see what?"

"If our old friendship still held out; if, on seeing each other, our heart, hardened as it is by age, would still let the old cry of joy escape which salutes the coming of a friend."

"Well, and you have been satisfied," said Aramis.

"But," said Aramis, smiling, "speak: what brings you hither? May it be that, in some fashion or other, you want me?"

"Thank God, no, my friend," said D'Artagnan; "it is nothing of that kind. I am rich and free."

"Rich!" exclaimed Aramis.

"Yes, rich for me; not for you, or Porthos, understand. I have an income of about fifteen thousand livres."

Aramis looked at him suspiciously. He could not believe — particularly on seeing his friend in such humble guise — that he had made so fine a fortune. Then D'Artagnan, seeing that the hour for explanations was come, related the history of his English adventures. During the recital he saw ten times the eyes of the prelate sparkle and his slender fingers work convulsively. As to Porthos,

it was not admiration he manifested for D'Artagnan; it was enthusiasm, it was delirium. When D'Artagnan had finished:

"Well!" said Aramis.

"Well," said D'Artagnan, "you see, then, I have in England friends and property, in France a treasure. If your heart tells you so, I offer them to you. That is what I came here for."

However firm was his look, he could not this time support the look of Aramis. He allowed, therefore, his eye to stray upon Porthos — like the sword which yields to too powerful a pressure, and seeks another road.

"At all events," said the bishop, "you have assumed a singular traveling costume, old friend."

"Frightful! I know it is. You may understand why I would not travel as a cavalier or a noble; since I became rich, I am miserly."

"And you say, then, you came to Belle-Isle?" said Aramis, without transition.

"Yes," replied D'Artagnan; "I knew I should find you and Porthos there."

"Find me!" cried Aramis. "Me! For the last year past I have not once crossed the sea."

"Oh!" said D'Artagnan, "I should never have supposed you such a housekeeper."

"Ah, dear friend, I must tell you that I am no longer the man of former times. Riding on horse-

back is unpleasant to me; the sea fatigues me; I am a poor, ailing priest, always complaining, always grumbling, and inclined to the austerities which appear to accord with old age — parleys with death. I abide, my dear D'Artagnan, I abide."

"Well, that is all the better, my friend, for we shall probably become neighbors soon."

"Bah!" said Aramis, with a degree of surprise he did not even seek to dissemble. "You my neighbor?"

"*Mordieux!* yes."

"How so?"

"I am about to purchase some very profitable salt mines, which are situated between Pirial and Croisic. Imagine, my friend, a clear profit of twelve per cent. Never any deficiency, never any idle expenses, the ocean, faithful and regular, brings every six hours its contingent to my coffers. I am the first Parisian who has dreamed of such a speculation. Do not say anything about it, I beg of you, and in a short time we will communicate on the matter. I am to have three leagues of country for thirty thousand livres."

Aramis darted a look at Porthos, as if to ask if all this were true, if some snare were not concealed beneath this outward indifference. But soon, as if ashamed of having consulted this poor

auxiliary, he collected all his forces for a fresh assault and a fresh defense.

"I heard that you had some difference with the court, but that you had come out of it, as you know how to come out of everything, D'Artagnan, with the honors of war."

"I!" said the musketeer, with a burst of laughter that could not conceal his embarrassment; for, from these words, Aramis was not unlikely to be acquainted with his last relations with the king. "I! Oh, tell me all about that, pray, Aramis."

"Yes, it was related to me, a poor bishop lost in the middle of the Landes, that the king had taken you as the confidant of his amours."

"With whom?"

"With Mademoiselle de Mancini."

D'Artagnan breathed freely again.

"Ah! I don't say no to that," replied he.

"It appears that the king took you, one morning, over the bridge at Blois to talk with his lady-love."

"That's true," said D'Artagnan. "And you know that, do you? Well, then, you must know that the same day I gave in my resignation?"

"What, sincerely?"

"Nothing could be more sincere."

"It was after that, then, that you went to the Comte de la Fère's?"

"Yes."

"Afterward to me?"

"Yes."

"And then Porthos?"

"Yes."

"Was it in order to pay us a simple visit?"

"No; I did not know you were engaged, and I wished to take you with me into England."

"Yes, I understand; and then you executed alone, wonderful man as you are, what you wanted to propose to us all four to do. I suspected you had had something to do in that famous restoration when I learned that you had been seen at King Charles's receptions, and that he appeared to treat you like a friend, or, rather, like a person to whom he was under an obligation."

"But how the devil could you learn all that?" asked D'Artagnan, who began to fear that the investigation of Aramis would extend further than he wished."

"Dear D'Artagnan," said the prelate, "my friendship resembles, in a degree, the solicitude of that night-watch whom we have in the little tower of the mole at the extremity of the quay. That brave man, every night, lights a lantern to direct the barks which come from sea. He is concealed in his sentry-box, and the fishermen do not see him; but he follows them with interest; he divines

them; he calls them; he attracts them into the way to the port. I resemble this watcher. From time to time some news reaches me, and recalls to my remembrance all that I loved. Then I follow the friends of old days over the stormy ocean of the world, I, a poor watcher, to whom God has kindly given the shelter of a sentry-box."

"Well, what did I do when I came to England?"

"Ah! there," replied Aramis, "you get out of my sight. I know nothing of you since your return, D'Artagnan; my sight grows thick. I regretted you did not think of me. I wept over your forgetfulness. I was wrong. I see you again, and it is a festival, a great festival, I swear to you! How is Athos?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And now, let me hear a little about you, Aramis."

"I have told you, my friend. There is nothing of Aramis left in me."

"Nor of the Abbé d'Herblay even?"

"No, not even of him. You see a man whom God has taken by the hand, whom He has conducted to a position that he could never have dared even to hope for."

"God?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Yes."

"Well, that is strange! I have been told it was Monsieur Fouquet."

"Who told you that?" cried Aramis, without being able, with all the power of his will, to prevent the color rising to his cheeks.

"*Ma foi!* why, Bazin."

"The fool!"

"I do not say he is a man of genius, it is true; but he told me so; and after him I repeat it to you."

"I have never seen Monsieur Fouquet," replied Aramis, with a look as pure and calm as that of a virgin who has never told a lie.

"Well, but if you have seen him and known him, there is no harm in that," replied D'Artagnan. "Monsieur Fouquet is a very good sort of a man."

"Humph!"

"A great politician."

Aramis made a gesture of indifference.

"An all-powerful minister."

"I only hold of the king and the pope."

"*Damme!* listen, then," said D'Artagnan, in the most natural tone imaginable. "I said that because everybody here swears by Monsieur Fouquet. The plain is Monsieur Fouquet's; the salt mines I am about to buy are Monsieur Fouquet's; the island in which Porthos studies topography is

Monsieur Fouquet's; the garrison is Monsieur Fouquet's; the galleys are Monsieur Fouquet's. I confess, then, that nothing would have surprised me in your enfeoffment, or, rather, that of your diocese, to Monsieur Fouquet. He is another master than the king, that is all, and quite as powerful as the king."

"Thank God, I am not enfeoffed to anybody; I belong to nobody, and am entirely my own," replied Aramis, who, during this conversation, followed with his eye every gesture of D'Artagnan, every glance of Porthos. But D'Artagnan was impassible and Porthos motionless; the thrusts aimed so skillfully were parried by an able adversary; not one hit the mark. Nevertheless, both began to feel the fatigue of such a contest, and the announcement of supper was well received by everybody. Supper changed the course of conversation. Besides, they felt that, upon their guard, as each one had been, they could neither of them boast of having the advantage. Porthos had understood nothing of what had been meant. He had held himself motionless, because Aramis had made him a sign not to stir. Supper, for him, was nothing but supper; but that was quite enough for Porthos. The supper, then, went off very well. D'Artagnan was in high spirits. Aramis

exceeded himself in kind affability. Porthos ate like old Pelops. Their talk was of war, finance, the arts, and love. Aramis played astonishment at every word of politics D'Artagnan risked. This long series of surprises increased the mistrust of D'Artagnan, as the eternal indifference of D'Artagnan provoked the suspicions of Aramis.

The supper, or, rather, the conversation, was prolonged till one o'clock in the morning between D'Artagnan and Aramis. At ten o'clock precisely Porthos had fallen asleep in his chair, and snored like an organ. At midnight he woke up, and they sent him to bed.

"Hum!" said he, "I was near falling asleep; but that was all very interesting you were talking about."

At one o'clock Aramis conducted D'Artagnan to the chamber destined for him, which was the best in the episcopal residence. Two servants were placed at his command.

"To-morrow, at eight o'clock," said he, taking leave of D'Artagnan, "we will take, if agreeable to you, a ride on horseback with Porthos."

"At eight o'clock!" said D'Artagnan. "So late?"

"You know that I require seven hours' sleep," said Aramis.

"That is true."

"Good-night, dear friend." And he embraced the musketeer cordially.

D'Artagnan allowed him to depart; then, as soon as the door was closed:

"Good!" cried he, "at five o'clock I will be on foot."

This determination being made, he went to bed, and "folded the pieces together," as people say.

* * * * *

Scarcely had D'Artagnan extinguished his taper, when Aramis, who had watched through his curtains the last glimmer of light in his friend's apartment, traversed the corridor on tiptoe, and went to Porthos's room. The giant, who had been in bed nearly an hour and a half, lay grandly stretched out upon the down bed. He was in that happy calm of the first sleep, which, with Porthos, resisted the noise of bells or the report of cannon. The bishop approached the sleeper. He laid one hand on his shoulder:

"Rouse," said he; "wake up, my dear Porthos."

The voice of Aramis was soft and kind, but it conveyed more than a notice—it conveyed an order. His hand was light, but it indicated a danger. Porthos heard the voice and felt the

hand of Aramis, even in the profoundness of his sleep. He started up.

"Who goes there?" said he, in his giant's voice.

"Hush! hush! It is I," said Aramis.

"You, my friend? And what the devil do you wake me for?"

"To tell you that you must set off directly."

"Set off?"

"Yes."

"Where for?"

"For Paris."

Porthos bounded up in his bed, and then sunk back again, fixing his great eyes in terror upon Aramis.

"For Paris?"

"Yes."

"A hundred leagues?" said he.

"A hundred and four," said the bishop.

"Oh! *mon Dieu!*" sighed Porthos, lying down again, like those children who contend with their *bonnes* to gain an hour or two more sleep.

"Thirty hours' riding," said Aramis firmly.

"You know there are good relays."

Porthos pushed out one leg, allowing a groan to escape him.

"Come, come, my friend," insisted the prelate, with a sort of impatience.

Porthos drew the other leg out of the bed.

"And it is absolutely necessary that I should go?" said he.

"Urgently necessary."

Porthos got upon his feet, and began to shake both walls and floors with his steps of a marble statue.

"This seems to be something in haste?"

"It is more than that, it is serious, Porthos."

"Oh, oh!"

"D'Artagnan has questioned you, has he not?"

"Questioned me?"

"Yes, at Belle-Isle."

"Not the least in the world."

"Are you sure of that, Porthos?"

"*Parbleu!* It is impossible."

"Recollect yourself."

"He asked me what I was doing, and I told him — studying topography. I would have made use of another word which you employed one day."

"Of castrametation?"

"Yes, that's it; but I never could recollect it."

"All the better. What more did he ask you?"

"Who Monsieur Gétard was."

"Next?"

"Who Monsieur Jupenet was."

"He did not happen to see our plan of fortifications, did he?"

"Yes."

“The devil he did!”

“But don’t be alarmed, I had rubbed out your writing with India-rubber. It was impossible for him to suppose you had given me any advice in those works.”

“Ay; but our friend has very keen eyes.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“I fear that everything is discovered, Porthos; the matter is, then, to prevent a great misfortune. I have given orders to my people to close all the gates and doors. D’Artagnan will not be able to get out before daybreak. Your horse is ready saddled; you will gain the first relay; by five o’clock in the morning you will have gone fifteen leagues. Come!”

Aramis then assisted Porthos to dress, piece by piece, with as much celerity as the most skillful *valet de chambre* could have done. Porthos, half confused, half stupefied, let him do as he liked, and confounded himself in excuses. When he was ready, Aramis took him by the hand, and led him, making him place his foot with precaution on every step of the stairs, preventing him running against door-frames, turning him this way and that, as if Aramis had been the giant and Porthos the dwarf. Soul set fire to and elevated matter. A horse was waiting, ready saddled, in the courtyard. Porthos mounted. Then Aramis himself

took the horse by the bridle, and led him over some dung spread in the yard, with the evident intention of suppressing noise. He, at the same time, pinched the horse's nose, to prevent him neighing. When arrived at the outward gate, drawing Porthos towards him, who was going off without even asking him what for:

"Now, friend Porthos, now, without drawing bridle till you get to Paris," whispered he in his ear; "eat on horseback, drink on horseback, sleep on horseback, but lose not a minute."

"That's enough; I will not stop."

"This letter to Monsieur Fouquet; cost what it may, he must have it to-morrow before midday."

"He shall have it."

"And do not forget one thing, my friend."

"What is that?"

"That you are riding after your *brevet* of *duc* and *peer*."

"Oh! oh!" said Porthos, with his eyes sparkling; "I will do it in twenty-four hours, in that case."

"Try to do so."

"Then let go the bridle—and forward, Goliath!"

Aramis did let go, not the bridle, but the horse's nose. Porthos released his hand, clapped spurs to his horse, which set off at a gallop. As long as he

could distinguish Porthos through the darkness, Aramis followed him with his eyes; when he was completely out of sight, he re-entered the yard. Nothing had stirred in D'Artagnan's apartment. The valet placed on watch at the door had neither seen any light nor heard any noise. Aramis closed his door carefully, sent the lackey to bed, and quickly sought his own. D'Artagnan really suspected nothing, therefore thought he had gained everything when he awoke in the morning about half-past four. He ran to the window in his shirt. The window looked out upon the court. Day was dawning. The court was deserted; the fowls, even, had not left their roosts. Not a servant appeared. All the doors were closed.

"Good! perfect calm," said D'Artagnan to himself. "Never mind; I am up first in the house. Let us dress; that will be so much done."

And D'Artagnan dressed himself. But, this time, he endeavored not to give to the costume of M. Agnan that *bourgeois* and almost ecclesiastical rigidity he had affected before; he managed, by drawing his belt tighter, by buttoning his clothes in a different fashion, and by putting on his hat a little on one side, to restore to his person a little of that military character, the absence of which had surprised Aramis. This being done, he made free, or affected to make free, with his host, and entered

his chamber without ceremony. Aramis was asleep, or feigned to be asleep. A large book lay open upon his night-desk, a wax-light was still burning above its silver plateau. This was more than enough to prove to D'Artagnan the innocence of the night of the prelate and the good intentions of his waking. The musketeer did to the bishop precisely as the bishop had done to Porthos—he tapped him on the shoulder. Evidently Aramis pretended to sleep; for, instead of waking suddenly, he who slept so lightly, he required a repetition of the summons.

“Ah! ah! is that you?” said he, stretching his arms. “What an agreeable surprise! *Ma foi!* Sleep had made me forget I had the happiness to possess you. What o'clock is it?”

“I do not know,” said D'Artagnan, a little embarrassed. “Early, I believe. But you know, that devil of a habit of waking with the day sticks to me still.”

“Do you wish that we should go out so soon?” asked Aramis. “It appears to me to be very early.”

“Just as you like.”

“I thought we had agreed not to get on horseback before eight.”

“Possibly; but I have so great a wish to see that I said to myself, the sooner the better.”

"And my seven hours' sleep," said Aramis; "take care, I had reckoned upon them, and what I lose of them I must make up."

"But it seems to me that, formerly, you were less of a sleeper than that, dear friend; your blood was alive, and you were never to be found in bed."

"And it is exactly on account of what you tell me that I am so fond of being there now."

"Then you confess that it is not for the sake of sleeping that you have put me off till eight o'clock?"

"I have been afraid you would laugh at me if I told you the truth."

"Tell me, notwithstanding."

"Well, from six to eight I am accustomed to perform my devotions."

"Your devotions?"

"Yes."

"I did not believe a bishop's exercises were so severe."

"A bishop, my friend, must sacrifice more to appearances than a simple clerk."

"*Mordieux!* Aramis, that is a word which reconciles me with your greatness. To appearances! That is a musketeer's word, in good truth. *Vivent les apparences!* Aramis."

"Instead of felicitating me upon it, pardon me,

D'Artagnan. It is a very mundane word which I had allowed to escape me."

"Must I leave you, then? "

"I want time to collect my thoughts, my friend, and for my usual prayers."

"Well, I leave you to them; but on account of that poor pagan, D'Artagnan, abridge them for once, I beg; I thirst for speech of you."

"Well, D'Artagnan, I promise you that within an hour and a half —— "

"An hour and half of devotions! Ah! my friend, be as reasonable with me as you can. Let me have the best bargain possible."

Aramis began to laugh.

"Still agreeable, still young, still gay," said he. "You have come into my diocese to set me quarreling with grace."

"Bah! "

"And you know well that I was never able to resist your seductions; you will cost me my salvation, D'Artagnan."

D'Artagnan bit his lips.

"Well," said he, "I will take the sin on my own head; favor me with one simple Christian sign of the cross, favor me with one Pater, and we will part."

"Hush! " said Aramis, "we are already no longer alone; I hear strangers coming up."

"Well, dismiss them."

"Impossible; I made an appointment with them yesterday; it is the principal of the college of the Jesuits and the superior of the Dominicans."

"Your staff? Well, so be it! "

"What are you going to do? "

"I will go wake Porthos, and remain in his company till you have finished the conference."

Aramis did not stir, his brow remained unbent, he betrayed himself by no gesture or word. "Go," said he, as D'Artagnan advanced to the door.

"Apropos, do you know where Porthos sleeps? "

"No; but I can inquire."

"Take the corridor, and open the second door on the left."

"Thank you! *au revoir*." And D'Artagnan departed in the direction pointed out by Aramis.

Ten minutes had not passed away when he came back. He found Aramis seated between the superior of the Dominicans and the principal of the college of the Jesuits, exactly in the same situation as he had found him formerly in the auberge at Crèveœur. This company did not at all terrify the musketeer.

"What is it? " said Aramis quietly. "You have, apparently, something to say to me, my friend."

"It is," replied D'Artagnan, fixing his eyes upon

Aramis, "it is that Porthos is not in his apartment."

"Indeed," said Aramis calmly; "are you sure?"

"*Pardieu!* I came from his chamber."

"Where can he be, then?"

"That is what I ask you."

"And have not you inquired?"

"Yes, I have."

"And what answer did you get?"

"That Porthos, often going out in a morning, without saying anything, was probably gone out."

"What did you do, then?"

"I went to the stables," replied D'Artagnan carelessly.

"What to do?"

"To see if Porthos was gone out on horseback."

"And?" interrogated the bishop.

"Well, there is a horse missing; stall No. 3, Goliath."

All this dialogue, it may be easily understood, was not exempt from a certain affectation on the part of the musketeer and a perfect complaisance on the part of Aramis.

"Oh! I guess how it is," said Aramis, after having considered for a moment; "Porthos is gone out to give us a surprise."

"A surprise?"

"Yes; the canal which goes from Vannes to the

sea abounds in teal and snipe; that is Porthos's favorite sport, and he will bring us back a dozen for breakfast."

"Do you think so?" said D'Artagnan.

"I am sure of it. Where else can he be? I would lay a wager he took a gun with him."

"Well, that is possible," said D'Artagnan.

"Do one thing, my friend. Get on horseback and join him."

"You are right," said D'Artagnan, "I will."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, thank you; Porthos is rather remarkable; I will inquire as I go along."

"Will you take an arquebuse?"

"Thank you."

"Order what horse you like to be saddled."

"The one I rode yesterday, on coming from Belle-Isle."

"So be it; use the horse as your own."

Aramis rang, and gave orders to have the horse M. D'Artagnan had chosen saddled.

D'Artagnan followed the servant charged with the execution of this order. When arrived at the door, the servant drew on one side to allow M. D'Artagnan to pass, and at that moment he caught the eye of his master. A knitting of the brow gave the intelligent spy to understand that all should be given to D'Artagnan he wished. D'Artagnan got

into the saddle, and Aramis heard the steps of his horse on the pavement. An instant after, the servant returned.

"Well?" asked the bishop.

"Monseigneur, he has followed the course of the canal, and is going toward the sea," said the servant.

"Very well!" said Aramis.

In fact, D'Artagnan, dismissing all suspicion, hastened toward the ocean, constantly hoping to see in the Landes, or on the beach, the colossal profile of Porthos. He persisted in fancying he could trace a horse's steps in every puddle. Sometimes he imagined he heard the report of a gun. This illusion lasted three hours; during two of them he went forward in search of his friend, in the last he returned to the house.

"We must have crossed," said he, "and I shall find them waiting for me at table."

D'Artagnan was mistaken. He no more found Porthos at the palace than he had found him on the seashore. Aramis was waiting for him at the top of the stairs, looking very much concerned.

"Did my people not find you, my dear D'Artagnan?" cried he, as soon as he caught sight of the musketeer.

"No; did you send anyone after me?"

"I am deeply concerned, my friend, deeply, to

have induced you to make such a useless search; but about seven o'clock the almoner of St. Paterne came here. He had met Porthos, who was going away, and who, being unwilling to disturb anybody at the palace, had charged him to tell me that, fearing Monsieur Gétard would play him some ill turn in his absence, he was going to take advantage of the morning tide to make a tour to Belle-Isle."

"But tell me; Goliath has not crossed the four leagues of the sea, I should think."

"There are full six," said Aramis.

"That makes it less probable still."

"Therefore, my friend," said Aramis, with one of his most bland smiles, "Goliath is in the stable, well pleased, I will answer for it, that Porthos is no longer on his back." In fact, the horse had been brought back from the relay by the direction of the prelate, from whom no detail escaped. D'Artagnan appeared as well satisfied as possible with the explanation. He entered upon a part of dissimulation which agreed perfectly with the suspicions that arose more and more strongly in his mind. He breakfasted between the Jesuit and Aramis, having the Dominican in front of him, and smiling particularly at the Dominican, whose jolly fat face pleased him much. The repast was long and sumptuous; excellent Spanish wine, fine Morbitran oysters, exquisite fish from the mouth of the Loire,

enormous prawns from Paimbœuf, and delicious game from the moors, constituted the principal part of it. D'Artagnan ate much and drank but little. Aramis drank nothing, unless it was water. After the repast:

"You offered me an arquebuse," said D'Artagnan.

"I did."

"Lend it me, then."

"Are you going shooting?"

"While waiting for Porthos, it is the best thing I can do, I think."

"Take which you like from the trophy."

"Will you not come with me?"

"I would with great pleasure; but, alas! my friend, sporting is forbidden to bishops."

"Ah!" said D'Artagnan, "I did not know that."

"Besides," continued Aramis, "I shall be busy till midday."

"I shall go alone, then?" said D'Artagnan.

"I am sorry to say you must; but come back to dinner."

"*Pardieu!* the eating at your house is too grand to make me think of not coming back." And thereupon D'Artagnan quieted his host, bowed to the guests, and took his arquebuse; but, instead of shooting, went straight to the little port of Vannes. He looked in vain to observe if anybody saw him;

he could discern neither thing nor person. He engaged a little fishing-boat for twenty-five livres, and set off at half past eleven, convinced that he had not been followed; and that was true, he had not been; only a Jesuit brother, placed in the top of the steeple of his church, had not, since the morning, by the help of an excellent glass, lost sight of one of his steps. At three-quarters past eleven, Aramis was informed that D'Artagnan was sailing toward Belle-Isle. The voyage was rapid; a good north-northeast wind drove him toward the isle. As he approached, his eyes were constantly fixed upon the coast. He looked to see if, upon the shore or upon the fortifications, the brilliant dress and vast stature of Porthos should stand out against a slightly clouded sky; but his search was in vain. He landed without having seen anything, and learned from the first soldier interrogated by him that M. du Valon was not yet returned from Vannes. Then, without losing an instant, D'Artagnan ordered his little bark to put its head toward Sarzeau. We know that the wind changes with the different hours of the day. The wind had gone round from the north-northeast to the southeast; the wind, then, was almost as good for the return to Sarzeau as it had been for the voyage to Belle-Isle. In three hours D'Artagnan had touched the continent; two hours more sufficed for his ride to

Vannes. In spite of the rapidity of his passage, what D'Artagnan endured of impatience and anger during that short passage, the deck alone of the vessel, upon which he stamped backward and forward for three hours, could relate to history. He made but one bound from the quay whereon he landed to the episcopal palace. He thought to terrify Aramis by the promptitude of his return; he wished to reproach him with his duplicity, and yet with reserve, but with sufficient spirit, nevertheless, to make him feel all the consequences of it, and force from him a part of his secret. He hoped, in short — thanks to that heat of expression which is to mysteries what the charge with the bayonet is to redoubts — to bring the mysterious Aramis to some manifestation or other. But he found, in the vestibule of the palace, the *valet de chambre*, who closed the passage, while smiling upon him with a stupid air.

“ Monseigneur? ” cried D'Artagnan, endeavoring to put him aside with his hand. Moved for an instant, the valet resumed his station.

“ Monseigneur? ” said he.

“ Yes, to be sure; do you know me, *imbécile*? ”

“ Yes, you are the Chevalier D'Artagnan.”

“ Then let me pass.”

“ It is of no use.”

"Why of no use?"

"Because his greatness is not at home."

"What! his greatness is not at home? Where is he, then?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Whither?"

"I don't know; but perhaps he tells Monsieur le Chevalier."

"And how? where? in what fashion?"

"In this letter, which he gave me for Monsieur le Chevalier." And the *valet de chambre* drew a letter from his pocket.

"Give it me, then, you rascal," said D'Artagnan, snatching it from his hand. "Oh, yes," continued he, at the first line, "yes, I understand;" and he read:

"DEAR FRIEND: An affair of the most urgent nature calls me to a distant parish of my diocese. I hoped to see you again before I set out; but I lose that hope in thinking that you are going, no doubt, to remain two or three days at Belle-Isle, with our dear Porthos. Amuse yourself as well as you can; but do not attempt to hold out against him at table. This is a counsel I might have given even to Athos, in his most brilliant and best days.

Adieu, dear friend; believe that I regret greatly not having better, and for a longer time, profited by your excellent company."

"*Mordioux!*" cried D'Artagnan. "I am tricked. Ah! blockhead, brute, triple fool that I am! But let them laugh who laugh last. Oh, duped, duped, like a monkey cheated with an empty nutshell!" And with a hearty blow bestowed upon the nose of the still grinning *valet de chambre*, he made all haste out of the episcopal palace. D'Artagnan took the post, and chose a horse, which he made to understand, with good spurs and a light hand, that stags are not the most agile creatures in nature.

* * * * *

From thirty to thirty-five hours after the events we have just related, as M. Fouquet, according to his custom, having interdicted his door, was working in the cabinet of his house at St. Mandé, with which we are already acquainted, a carriage, drawn by four horses streaming with sweat, entered the court at full gallop. This carriage was probably expected; for three lackeys hastened to the door, which they opened. While M. Fouquet rose from his bureau and ran to the window, a man got painfully out of the carriage, descending with difficulty the three steps of the door, leaning upon the shoul-

ders of his lackeys. He had scarcely uttered his name, when the valet upon whom he was not leaning sprang up the *perron*, and disappeared in the vestibule. This man went to inform his master; but he had no occasion to knock at the door; Fouquet was standing on the threshold.

"Monseigneur, the Bishop of Vannes," said he.

"Very well!" replied his master.

Then, leaning over the baluster of the staircase, of which Aramis was beginning to ascend the first steps:

"You, dear friend!" said he, "you, so soon!"

"Yes; I myself, monsieur; but bruised, battered, as you see."

"Oh! my poor dear friend," said Fouquet, presenting him his arm, upon which Aramis leaned, while the servants drew back with respect.

"Bah!" replied Aramis, "it is nothing, since I am here; the principal thing was that I should get here, and here I am."

"Speak quickly," said Fouquet, closing the door of the cabinet behind Aramis and himself.

"Are we alone?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"No one can listen to us? no one can hear us?"

"Be satisfied; nobody."

"Is Monsieur du Valon arrived?"

"Yes."

"And you have received my letter? "

"Yes. The affair is serious, apparently, since it necessitates your presence in Paris, at a moment when your presence was so urgent elsewhere."

"You are right; it cannot be more serious."

"Thank you! thank you! What is it about? But, for God's sake! before anything else, take time to breathe, dear friend. You are so pale, you frighten me."

"I am really in great pain. But, for Heaven's sake, think nothing about me. Did Monsieur du Valon tell you nothing when he delivered the letter to you? "

"No. I heard a great noise; I went to the window; I saw at the foot of the *perron* a sort of horseman of marble; I went down, he held the letter out to me, and his horse fell down dead."

"But he? "

"He fell with the horse; he was lifted up, and carried to an apartment. Having read the letter, I went up to him, in hopes of obtaining more ample information; but he was asleep, and, after such a fashion, that it was impossible to wake him. I took pity on him; I gave orders that his boots should be taken off, and that he should be left quite undisturbed."

"So far well; now, this is the question in hand,

monseigneur. You have seen Monsieur D'Artagnan in Paris, have you not? ”

“ *Certes*, and think him a man of intelligence, and even a man of heart, although he did bring about the death of our dear friends, Lyodot and D'Eymeris.”

“ Alas! yes, I heard of that. At Tours I met the courier who was bringing me the letter from Gourville and the dispatches from Pallisson. Have you seriously reflected on that event, monsieur? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And in it you perceived a direct attack upon your sovereignty? ”

“ And do you believe it to be so? ”

“ Oh, yes, I think so.”

“ Well, I must confess, that sad idea occurred to me likewise.”

“ Do not blind yourself, monsieur, in the name of Heaven! Listen attentively to me. I return to D'Artagnan.”

“ I am all attention.”

“ Under what circumstances did you see him? ”

“ He came here for money.”

“ With what kind of order? ”

“ With an order from the king.”

“ Direct? ”

“ Signed by his majesty.”

"There, then! Well, D'Artagnan has been to Belle-Isle; he was disguised; he came in the character of some sort of an intendant, charged by his master to purchase salt mines. Now D'Artagnan has no other master but the king; he came, then, sent by the king. He saw Porthos."

"Who is Porthos?"

"I beg your pardon, I made a mistake. He saw Monsieur du Valon at Belle-Isle; and he knows as well as you and I do, that Belle-Isle is fortified."

"And you think that the king sent him there?" said Fouquet pensively.

"I certainly do."

"And D'Artagnan, in the hands of the king, is a dangerous instrument?"

"The most dangerous imaginable."

"Then I formed a correct opinion of him at the first glance."

"How so?"

"I wished to attach him to myself."

"If you judged him to be the bravest, the most acute, and the most adroit man in France, you have judged correctly."

"He must be had, then, at any price."

"D'Artagnan?"

"Is not that your opinion?"

"It may be my opinion, but you will never have him."

"Why?"

"Because we have allowed the time to go by. He was dissatisfied with the court, we should have profited by that; since that, he has passed into England; there he powerfully assisted in the Restoration, there he gained a fortune, and, after all, he returned to the service of the king. Well, if he has returned to the service of the king, it is because he has been well paid in that service."

"We will pay him still better, that is all."

"Oh, monsieur! excuse me; D'Artagnan has a high sense of his word, and where that word is once engaged, that word remains where it is."

"What do you conclude, then?" said Fouquet, with great inquietude.

"At present, the principal thing is to parry a dangerous blow."

"And how is it to be parried?"

"Listen."

"But D'Artagnan will come and render an account to the king of his mission."

"Oh, we have time enough to think about that."

"How so? You are much in advance of him, I presume?"

"Nearly ten hours."

"Well, in ten hours ——"

Aramis shook his pale head. "Look at these clouds which flit across the heavens, at these swal-

lows which cut the air. D'Artagnan moves more quickly than the clouds or the birds; D'Artagnan is the wind which carries them."

"A strange man! "

"I tell you, he is something superhuman, monsieur. He is of my age, and I have known him these five-and-thirty years."

"Well? "

"Well, listen to my calculation, monsieur. I sent Monsieur du Valon off to you two hours after midnight. Monsieur du Valon was eight hours in advance of me; when did Monsieur du Valon arrive? "

"About four hours ago."

"You see, then, that I gained four upon him; and yet Porthos is a stanch horseman, and he has left on the road eight dead horses, whose bodies I came to successively. I rode post fifty leagues; but I have the gout, the gravel, and what else I know not; so that fatigue kills me. I was obliged to dismount at Tours; since that, rolling along in a carriage, half dead, sometimes overturned, often drawn upon the sides, and sometimes on the back of a carriage, always with four spirited horses at full gallop, I have arrived — arrived, gaining four hours upon Porthos; but, see you, D'Artagnan does not weigh three hundred-weight, as Porthos does; D'Artagnan has not the gout and the gravel,

as I have; he is not a horseman, he is a centaur. D'Artagnan, see you, set out for Belle-Isle when I set out for Paris; and D'Artagnan will arrive within two hours after me."

"But, then, accidents?"

"He never meets with any accidents."

"Horses may fail him."

"He will run as fast as a horse."

"Good God! what a man!"

"Yes, he is a man whom I love and admire. I love him because he is good, great, and loyal; I admire him because he represents with me the culminating point of human powers; but, while loving and admiring him, I fear him, and am on my guard against him. Now, then, I resume, monsieur; in two hours D'Artagnan will be here; be beforehand with him. Go to the Louvre, and see the king before he sees D'Artagnan."

"What shall I say to the king?"

"Nothing; give him Belle-Isle."

"Oh! Monsieur d'Herblay! Monsieur d'Herblay!" cried Fouquet, "what projects crushed all at once!"

"After one project that has failed, there is always another project which may lead to good; we should never despair. Go, monsieur, and go quickly."

"But that garrison, so carefully chosen, the king will change it directly."

“That garrison, monsieur, was the king’s when it entered Belle-Isle; it is yours now; it will be the same with all garrisons after a fortnight’s occupation. Let things go on, monsieur. Do you see any inconvenience in having an army at the end of a year, instead of two regiments? Do you not see that your garrison of to-day will make you partisans at La Rochelle, Nantes, Bordeaux, Toulouse — in short, wherever they may be sent? Go to the king, monsieur, go; time flies, and D’Artagnan, while we are losing time, is flying like an arrow along the highroad.”

“Monsieur d’Herblay, you know that each word from you is a germ which fructifies in my thoughts. I will go to the Louvre.”

“Instantly, will you not? ”

“I only ask time to change my dress.”

“Remember that D’Artagnan has no need to pass through St. Mandé, but will go straight to the Louvre; that is cutting off an hour from the advance which remains to us.”

“D’Artagnan may have everything except my English horses. I shall be at the Louvre in twenty-five minutes.” And, without losing a second, Fouquet gave orders for his departure.

Aramis had only time to say to him, “Return as quickly as you go; for I shall await you impatiently.”

Five minutes after, the surintendant was flying along the road to Paris.

In the meantime, while Fouquet was hastening to the Louvre at the best speed of his English horses the king was at work with Colbert. All at once the king became thoughtful. The two sentences of death he had signed on mounting his throne sometimes recurred to his memory; they were two black spots which he saw with his eyes open; two spots of blood which he saw when his eyes were closed. "Monsieur," said he, rather sharply, to the intendant; "it sometimes seems to me that those two men you made me condemn were not very great culprits."

"Sire, they were picked out from the herd of the farmers of the financiers, which wanted decimating."

"Picked out by whom?"

"By necessity, sire," replied Colbert coldly.

"Necessity! a great word," murmured the young king.

"A great goddess, sire."

"They were devoted friends of the surintendant, were they not?"

"Yes, sire; friends who would have given their lives to Monsieur Fouquet."

"They have given them, monsieur," said the king.

"That is true; but uselessly, by good luck, which was not their intention."

"How much money had these men fraudulently obtained? "

"Ten millions, perhaps; of which six have been confiscated."

"And is that money in my coffers?" said the king, with a certain air of repugnance.

"It is there, sire; but this confiscation, while threatening Monsieur Fouquet, has not touched him."

"You conclude, then, Monsieur Colbert —— "

"That if Monsieur Fouquet has raised against your majesty a troop of factious rioters to extricate his friends from punishment, he will raise an army when he shall have to extricate himself from punishment."

The king darted at his confidant one of those looks which resemble the red fire of a stormy flash of lightning, one of those looks which illuminate the darkness of the deepest consciences. "I am astonished," said he, "that, thinking such things of Monsieur Fouquet, you did not come to give me your counsels thereupon."

"Counsels upon what, sire? "

"Tell me, in the first place, clearly and precisely, what you think, Monsieur Colbert."

"Upon what subject, sire? "

“ Upon the conduct of Monsieur Fouquet.”

“ I think, sire, that Monsieur Fouquet, not satisfied with attracting all the money to himself, as Monsieur Mazarin did, and by that means depriving your majesty of one part of your power, still wishes to attract to himself all the friends of easy life and pleasures — of what idlers call poetry, and politicians, corruption. I think that, by holding the subjects of your majesty in pay, he trespasses upon the royal prerogative, and cannot, if this continues so, be long in placing your majesty among the weak and obscure.”

“ How would you qualify all these projects, Monsieur Colbert? ”

“ The projects of Monsieur Fouquet, sire? ”

“ Yes.”

“ They are called crimes of *lèse majesté*.”

“ And what is done to criminals guilty of *lèse majesté*? ”

“ They are arrested, tried, and punished.”

“ You are quite sure that Monsieur Fouquet has conceived the idea of the crime you impute to him? ”

“ I can say more, sire; there is even a commencement of the execution of it.”

“ Well, then, I return to that which I was saying, Monsieur Colbert.”

“ And you were saying, sire? ”

"Give me counsel."

"Pardon me, sire; but, in the first place, I have something to add."

"Say — what? "

"An evident, palpable, material proof of treason."

"And what is that? "

"I have just learned that Monsieur Fouquet is fortifying Belle-Isle."

"Ah, indeed! "

"Yes, sire."

"Are you sure? "

"Perfectly. Do you know, sire, what soldiers there are at Belle-Isle? "

"No, *ma foi!* Do you? "

"I am ignorant likewise, sire; I should therefore propose to your majesty to send somebody to Belle-Isle."

"Who? "

"Me, for instance."

"And what would you do at Belle-Isle? "

"Inform myself whether, after the example of the ancient feudal lords, Monsieur Fouquet was embattlementing his walls."

"And with what purpose could he do that? "

"With the purpose of defending himself some day against his king."

"But, if it be thus, Monsieur Colbert," said

Louis, "we must immediately do as you say: Monsieur must be arrested."

"That is impossible."

"I thought I had already told you, monsieur, that I suppressed that word in my service."

"The service of your majesty cannot prevent Monsieur Fouquet from being *surintendant-general*."

"Well? "

"That, in consequence of holding that post, he has for him all the parliament, as he has all the army by his largesses, all literature by his favors, and all the *noblesse* by his presents."

"That is to say, then, that I can do nothing against Monsieur Fouquet? "

"Absolutely nothing — at least, at present, sire."

"You are a sterile counselor, Monsieur Colbert."

"Oh, no, sire; for I will not confine myself to pointing out the peril to your majesty."

"Come, then, where shall we begin to undermine the Colossus; let us see;" and his majesty began to laugh with bitterness.

"He has grown great by money; kill him by money, sire."

"If I were to deprive him of his charge? "

"A bad means, sire."

"The good — the good, then? "

"Ruin him, sire; that is the way."

"But how?"

"Occasions will not be wanting; take advantage of all occasions."

"Point them out to me."

"Here is one at once. His Royal Highness Monsieur is about to be married; his nuptials must be magnificent. That is a good occasion for your majesty to demand a million of Monsieur Fouquet. Monsieur Fouquet, who pays twenty thousand livres down, when he need not pay more than five thousand, will easily find that million when your majesty shall demand it."

"That is all very well; I will demand it," said Louis.

"If your majesty will sign the *ordonnance*, I will have the money taken myself." And Colbert pushed a paper before the king, and presented a pen to him.

At that moment the usher opened the door and announced Monsieur le Surintendant. Louis turned pale. Colbert let the pen fall, and drew back from the king, over whom he extended his black wings of a bad angel. The surintendant made his entrance like a man of the court, to whom a single glance was sufficient to make him appreciate his situation. That situation was not very encouraging for Fouquet, whatever might be the conscious-

ness of his strength. The small black eye of Colbert, dilated by envy, and the limpid eye of Louis XIV, inflamed by anger, signaled a pressing danger. Fouquet had, then, only to interrogate the silence which his arrival had produced; he found it big with menacing revelations. The king allowed him quite time enough to advance as far as the middle of the chamber. His adolescent modesty commanded this forbearance of the moment. Fouquet boldly seized the opportunity.

"Sire," said he, "I was impatient to see your majesty."

"What for?" asked Louis.

"To announce some good news to you."

Colbert, in grandeur of person, less largeness of heart, resembled Fouquet in many points. The same penetration, the same knowledge of men. Moreover, that great power of contraction which gives to hypocrites time to reflect, and gather themselves up to take a spring. He guessed that Fouquet was going to meet the blow he was about to deal him. His eyes sparkled.

"What news?" asked the king. Fouquet placed a roll of papers on the table.

"Let your majesty have the goodness to cast your eyes over this work," said he. The king slowly unfolded the paper.

"Plans?" said he.

" Yes, sire."

" And what are these plans? "

" A new fortification, sire."

" Ah, ah! " said the king. " You amuse yourself with tactics and strategies then, Monsieur Fouquet? "

" I occupy myself with everything that may be useful to the reign of your majesty," replied Fouquet.

" Beautiful descriptions! " said the king, looking at the design.

" Your majesty comprehends, without doubt," said Fouquet, bending over the paper; " here is the circle of the walls, here are the forts, there the advanced works."

" And what do I see here, Monsieur? "

" The sea."

" The sea all around? "

" Yes, sire."

" And what is, then, this place of which you show me the plan? "

" Sire, it is Belle-Isle-en-Mer," replied Fouquet, with simplicity.

At this word, at this name, Colbert made so marked a movement that the king turned round to enforce the necessity for reserve. Fouquet did not appear to be the least in the world concerned by the movement of Colbert or the king's signal.

"Monsieur," continued Louis, "you have then fortified Belle-Isle?"

"Yes, sire; and I brought the plan and the accounts to your majesty," replied Fouquet. "I have expended sixteen hundred thousand livres in this operation."

"What to do?" replied Louis coldly, having taken the initiative from a malicious look of the intendant.

"For an aim very easy to seize," replied Fouquet. "Your majesty was on cool terms with Great Britain."

"Yes; but since the restoration of King Charles II, I have formed an alliance with him."

"A month since, sire, your majesty has truly said; but it is more than six months since the fortifications of Belle-Isle have been begun."

"Then they have become useless."

"Sire, fortifications are never useless. I fortified Belle-Isle against Messieurs Monk and Lambert, and all those London citizens who were playing at soldiers. Belle-Isle will be ready fortified against the Dutch, against whom either England or your majesty cannot fail to make war."

The king was again silent, and looked under at Colbert.

"Belle-Isle, I believe," added Louis, "is yours, Monsieur Fouquet?"

"No, sire."

"Whose then?"

"Your majesty's."

Colbert was seized with as much terror as if a gulf had opened beneath his feet. Louis started with admiration, either at the genius or the devotion of Fouquet.

"Explain yourself, monsieur," said he.

"Nothing more easy, sire. Belle-Isle is one of my estates. I have fortified it at my own expense. But as nothing in the world can oppose a subject making an humble present to his king, I offer your majesty the proprietorship of the estate, of which you will leave me the usufruct. Belle-Isle, as a place of war, ought to be occupied by the king. Your majesty will be able, henceforth, to keep a safe garrison there."

Colbert felt almost sinking down upon the floor. To keep himself from falling, he was obliged to hold by the columns of the wainscoting.

"This is a piece of great skill in the art of war that you have exhibited here, monsieur," said Louis.

"Sire, the initiative did not come from me," replied Fouquet; "many officers have inspired me with it. The plans themselves have been made by one of the most distinguished engineers."

"His name."

“Monsieur du Valon.”

“Monsieur du Valon?” resumed Louis. “I do not know him. It is much to be lamented, Monsieur Colbert,” continued he, “that I do not know the names of the men of talent who do honor to my reign.” And while saying these words, he turned toward Colbert. The latter felt himself crushed, the sweat flowed from his brow, no word presented itself to his lips, he suffered an inexpressible martyrdom. “You will recollect that name,” added Louis XIV.

Colbert bowed, but was paler than his ruffles of Flemish lace. Fouquet continued:

“The masonries are of Roman mastic; the architects have composed it for me after the best accounts of antiquity.”

“And the cannons?” asked Louis.

“Oh, sire! that concerns your majesty; it did not become me to place cannon in my own house, unless your majesty had told me it was yours.”

Louis began to float, undetermined, between the hatred which this so powerful man inspired him with and the pity he felt for that other man, so cast down, who seemed to him the counterfeit of the former. But the consciousness of his kingly duty prevailed over the feelings of the man, and he stretched out his finger to the paper.

"It must have cost you a great deal of money to carry these plans into execution," said he.

"I believe I had the honor of telling your majesty the amount?"

"Repeat it, if you please; I have forgotten it."

"Sixteen hundred thousand livres."

"Sixteen hundred thousand livres; you are enormously rich, monsieur."

"It is your majesty who is rich, since Belle-Isle is yours."

"Yes, thank you; but however rich I may be, Monsieur Fouquet——" The king stopped.

"Well, sire?" asked the surintendant.

"I foresee the moment when I shall want money."

"You, sire? And at what moment, then?"

"To-morrow, for example."

"Will your majesty do me the honor to explain yourself?"

"My brother is going to marry the princess of England."

"Well, sire?"

"Well, I ought to give the young princess a reception worthy of the granddaughter of Henry IV."

"That is but just, sire."

"Then I shall want money."

"No doubt."

"I shall want ——" Louis hesitated. The sum he was going to demand was the same that he had been obliged to refuse Charles II. He turned toward Colbert, that he might give the blow.

"I shall want to-morrow ——" repeated he, looking at Colbert.

"A million," said the latter bluntly, delighted to take his revenge. Fouquet turned his back upon the intendant to listen to the king. He did not at all turn round, but waited till the king repeated, or rather murmured, "a million."

"Oh, sire!" replied Fouquet disdainfully, "a million! What will your majesty do with a million?"

"It appears to me, nevertheless ——" said Louis
XIV.

"That is not more than is spent at the nuptials of one of the most petty princes of Germany."

"Monsieur!"

"Your majesty must have two millions at least. The horses alone would run away with five hundred thousand livres. I shall have the honor of sending your majesty sixteen hundred thousand livres this evening."

"How," said the king, "sixteen hundred thousand livres?"

"Look, sire," replied Fouquet, without even turning toward Colbert, "I know that that wants

four hundred thousand livres of the two millions. But this Monsieur l'Intendant " — pointing over his shoulder to Colbert, who, if possible, became paler, behind him — " has in his coffers nine hundred thousand livres of mine."

The king turned round to look at Colbert.

" But ——— " said the latter.

" Monsieur," continued Fouquet, still speaking indirectly to Colbert, " monsieur has received, a week ago, sixteen hundred thousand livres; he has paid a hundred thousand livres to the guards, sixty-four thousand livres to the hospitals, twenty-five thousand to the Swiss, a hundred and thirty thousand for provisions, a thousand for arms, ten thousand for incidental expenses; I do not err, then, in reckoning upon nine hundred thousand livres that are left." Then turning toward Colbert, like a disdainful head of office toward his inferior, " Take care, monsieur," said he, " that those nine hundred thousand livres be remitted to his majesty this evening, in gold."

" But," said the king, " that will make two millions five hundred thousand livres."

" Sire, the five hundred thousand livres over may serve as pocket money for his royal highness. You understand, Monsieur Colbert, this evening before eight o'clock."

And with these words, bowing respectfully to

the king, the surintendant made his exit backward, without honoring with a single look the envious man whose head he had just half shaved.

Colbert tore his ruffles to pieces in his rage, and bit his lips till they bled.

Fouquet had not passed the door of the cabinet, when an usher, pushing by him, exclaimed: "A courier from Bretagne for his majesty."

"Monsieur d'Herblay was right," murmured Fouquet, pulling out his watch; "an hour and fifty-five minutes. It was quite true!"

The
Murders in the Rue Morgue

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE much-gifted Edgar Allan Poe seems to have been a born metaphysician as well as a poet, and a romancer of the first order. The story presented herewith is the first example in any language of a fictive narrative containing a plot — in other words a complete story — in which deductive analysis is fully developed. Published in 1841 when Poe was thirty-two, it attracted immediate attention on both sides of the Atlantic and its influence in connection with his two other masterpieces, “The Purloined Letter,” and “The Mystery of Marie Roget,” published within the next few years, in creating a school of detective fiction was profound. Poe really founded the detective-story with an art that some of our highest authorities affirm has not been surpassed to this day. — EDITOR.

The Murders in the Rue Morgue

EDGAR ALLAN POE

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture.

Sir Thomas Browne

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disentangles. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen

which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of resolution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyze. A chess-player, for example, does the one, without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observation very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex, is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold, but involute, the chances

of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten, it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract, let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been known for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly

tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold, but multi-form, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of what to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is

the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the manner with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness, or trepidation — all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. The young gentleman was of an excellent, indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care

for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his readings; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style

which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen — although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the night for her own sake; and into this bizarrerie, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams — reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of

the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise — if not exactly in its display — and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulant but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin — the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning

any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased, intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the Théâtre Variétés."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied, unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know that I was thinking of — ?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"—— of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a quondam cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method — if method there is — by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact, I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer! — you astonish me — I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street — it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of charlatanerie about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you

may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the rencontre with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus — Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and coherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement, when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C ——. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, mut-

tered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

“You kept your eyes upon the ground — glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word ‘stereotomy,’ a term very affectedly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself ‘stereotomy’ without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter tirade upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday’s ‘Musée,’ the satirist, making some

disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungen-
cies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow — that Chantilly — he would do better at the Théâtre des Variétés."

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention:

"*Extraordinary Murder.* — This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St.

Roch were roused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two gendarmes. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

“The apartment was in the wildest disorder — the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor,

besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled with blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of métal d'Alger, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bureau, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

“Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of

finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

“After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated — the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

“To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue.”

The next day's paper had these additional particulars:

“*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.* — Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair” [the word “affaire” has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us], “but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

“*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms — very affectionate toward each other. They were

excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any person in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

“*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L’Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweler, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life — were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes — did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady

and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house — not very old.

"*Isidore Muset*, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet — not with a crowbar. Had little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced — and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony — were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way upstairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention — the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller — a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a French-

man. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacre*' and '*diable*.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by the witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"—— *Odenheimer, restaurateur*. — This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native

of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes — probably ten. They were long and loud — very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man — of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick — unequal — spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh — not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly, ‘*sacre*,’ ‘*diable*,’ and once ‘*mon Dieu*.’

“*Jules Mignaud*, banker, of the firm of *Mignaud et Fils*, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder *Mignaud*. Madame L’Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year — (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

“*Adolphe Le Bon*, clerk to *Mignaud et Fils*, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L’Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. ap-

peared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street — very lonely.

“*William Bird*, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but can not now remember all. Heard distinctly ‘*sacre*’ and ‘*mon Dieu.*’ There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling — a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud — louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman’s voice. Does not understand German.

“Four of the above-named witnesses being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent — no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed

but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-story one, with garrets (*mansardes*). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely — did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes — some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

“*Alfonzo Garco*, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed upstairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman — is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

“*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

“Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By ‘sweeps,’ were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded upstairs. The body of *Mademoiselle L’Espanaye* was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

“*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where *Mademoiselle L.* was

found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left tibia much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron — a chair — any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly

shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument — probably with a razor.

“*Alexandre Etienne*, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions of M. Dumas.

“Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris — if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault — an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent.”

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch — that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned — although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair — at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been

imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not infrequently, these are so ill-adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his robe-de-chambre — *pour mieux entendre la musique*. The results attained by them are not infrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity at his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he, necessarily, lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not

always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glance—to view it in a sidelong way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the retina (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision fully upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former, there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

“As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement” [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing], “and besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with

our own eyes. I know G —, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a loge de concierge. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down the alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building — Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs — into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The dis-

orders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "*Gazette des Tribunaux*." Dupin scrutinized everything — not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a gendarme accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les menagais*: — for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything peculiar at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing peculiar," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The '*Gazette*,'" he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution — I mean for the *outré* char-

acter of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive — not for the murder itself — but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Esplanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary, that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred?' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before?' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment — "I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here — in this room — every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the

question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely precludes the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert — not to the whole testimony respecting these voices — but to what was peculiar in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it? ”

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

“That was the evidence itself,” said Dupin, “but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there was something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is — not that they disagreed — but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a

Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a foreigner. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it — not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant — but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and ‘might have distinguished some words had he been acquainted with the Spanish.’ The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that ‘not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter.’ The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and ‘does not understand German.’ The Spaniard ‘is sure’ that it was that of an Englishman, but ‘judges by the intonation’ altogether, ‘as he has no knowledge of the English.’ The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but ‘has never conversed with a native of Russia.’ A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, not being cognizant of that tongue, is, like the Spaniard, ‘convinced by the intonation.’ Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this could have been elicited! — in whose tones, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it

might have been the voice of an Asiatic — of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness ‘harsh rather than shrill.’ It is represented by two others to have been ‘quick and unequal.’ No words — no sounds resembling words — were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

“I know not,” continued Dupin, “what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony — the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices — are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said ‘legitimate deductions,’ but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the sole proper ones, and that the suspicion arises inevitably from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form — a certain tendency — to my inquiries in the chamber.

“Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The

means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believes in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode must lead us to a definite decision. Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is, then, only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceiling, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No secret issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, no secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could

have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers must have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent ‘impossibilities’ are, in reality, not such.

“There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, therefore, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

“My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given — because here it was, I knew, that all apparent

impossibilities must be proved to be not such in reality.

“ I proceeded to think thus — *a posteriori*. The murderers did escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened — the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes were fastened. They must, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

“ I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught — but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The

assassins must have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there must be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead. I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner — driven in nearly up to the head.

“You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once ‘at fault.’ The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result — and that result was the nail. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clue. ‘There must be something wrong,’ I said, ‘about the nail.’ I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers.

The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustated with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially embedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete — the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

“The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail — further inquiry being considered unnecessary.

“The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the

window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades* — a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis — thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open — that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity

and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

“I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a very unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished: — but, secondly and chiefly, I wish to impress upon your understanding the very extraordinary — the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

“You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that ‘to make out my case,’ I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practise in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition, that very unusual activity of which

I have just spoken, with that very peculiar shrill (or harsh) and unequal voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend — as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess — a very silly one — and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life — saw no company — seldom went out — had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those

found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best — why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of motive, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities — that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the

case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

“ Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention — that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this — let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such mode of murder as this. Least of all do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something excessively *outré* — something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it down!

“ Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous. On the hearth were thick tresses — very thick tresses — of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary

in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp — sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the brutal ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of shutters escaped them — because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

“If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the

ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a grotesquerie in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy? ”

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. “ A madman,” I said, “ has done this deed — some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé*. ”

“ In some respects,” he replied, “ your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L’Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it.”

“ Dupin! ” I said, completely unnerved; “ this hair is most unusual — this is no human hair.”

“ I have not asserted that it is,” said he; “ but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this

paper. It is a facsimile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises and deep indentations of finger nails' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained — possibly until the death of the victim — the fearful grasp by which it originally embedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Orang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

“The description of the digits,” said I, as I made an end of the reading, “is in exact accordance with his drawing. I see that no animal but an Orang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were two voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman.”

“True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice — the expression, ‘*mon Dieu!*’ This under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognizant of the

murder. It is possible — indeed it is far more than probable — that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transaction which took place. The Orang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses — for I have no right to call them more — since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses, then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of ‘Le Monde’ (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors), will bring him to our residence.”

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

“CAUGHT — *In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst. (the morning of the murder), a very large, tawny Orang-Outang of the Borneese species. The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satis-*

factorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. — Rue — , Faubourg St. Germain — au troisième."

"How was it possible," I asked "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "I am not sure of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and it is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognizant although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement — about demanding the Orang-Outang. He will reason thus: — 'I am innocent; I am poor; my

Orang-Outang is of great value — to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself — why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne — at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault — they have failed to procure the slightest clue. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, I am known. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, it will render the animal at least liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Orang-Outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.’ ”

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

“ Be ready,” said Dupin, “ with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself.”

The front door of the house had been left open,

and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently — a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburned, was more than half-hidden by whisker and mustachio. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good-evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchâtelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Orang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling — but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here? "

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property? "

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal — that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think! — what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom

and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily — you are, indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter — means of which you could never have dreamed. Now, the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided — nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with

that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God!" said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair; — but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say — I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Orang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After a great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailor's frolic on the night, or rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Orang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light

gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue

Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang-Outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until

she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Orang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Orang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed

through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the Jardin des Plantes. Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery, is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen*. It is all head no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna — or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity; I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'"¹

¹ Of denying that which is, and explaining that which is not.

PART II

FOREWORD TO PART II

IN pursuance of our original plan to present the detective-story, either as fact or fiction, in due chronological sequence, we offer in our second part a condensed version of three great masterpieces: "Bleak House" by Charles Dickens, "The Moonstone" by Wilkie Collins, and "File No. 113" by Gaboriau.

Even the reader who is more or less familiar with Dickens' perhaps greatest work, will find the sheer detective motive which is the plot — stripped of all extraneous details — absorbing reading. The same holds equally true regarding Wilkie Collins' long novel "The Moonstone." "File No. 113," a masterpiece of sheer detective story-telling, is not necessarily so highly condensed in the present version. Gaboriau devoted a short but very laborious life to the long detective-story and has been called in consequence "the father of the detective-novel." Certainly in the present instance he divides his honors with two of the greatest masters of English fiction.

J. L. F.

Inspector Bucket

CHARLES DICKENS

*B*LEAK House which according to some authorities shares with David Copperfield the honor of being Dickens' masterpiece is, so far as the plot is concerned, purely a detective-story. An atmosphere which enshrouds some great mystery haunts the reader from the moment Lady Dedlock, one of the three principal characters, appears on the scene. The shadow grows and deepens as the narrative unfolds with all the art of which Dickens was so supreme a master. Finally at just the proper moment of suspense Inspector Bucket is introduced — and the thrilling dénouement — one of the most remarkable in all literature, — begins. The creation of Inspector Bucket was a labor of love in the hands of Dickens, who drew the portrait from a very intimate friend with whom he often explored Darkest London — Inspector Field of the Metropolitan Police Force. What an admirable union of qualities meets in Inspector Bucket! Coolness, sagacity, shrewd reasoning powers, unique deductive genius, combined with a courtesy that could captivate a lord, and the courage of a whole squadron of tried veterans. It is entirely conceivable that these were the personal traits of the original. We have as a result on the whole a living picture of a very human and likable person, — perhaps the most so in all detective literature. — EDITOR.

Inspector Bucket

FROM "BLEAK HOUSE."

CHARLES DICKENS

VOLUMNIA, LADY DEDLOCK, has returned to her house in town for a few days previous to her departure for Paris, where her ladyship intends to stay some weeks; after which her movements are uncertain. The fashionable intelligence says so, for the comfort of the Parisians, and it knows all fashionable things. To know things otherwise, were to be unfashionable. My Lady Dedlock has been down at what she calls, in familiar conversation, her "place" in Lincolnshire.

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet, but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. He would on the whole admit Nature to be a good idea (a little low, perhaps, when not inclosed with a park-fence), but an idea dependent for its execution on your great county

families. He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meanness, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you may please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honorable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of worthy presence, with his light gray hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my Lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest estimation. His gallantry to my Lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him.

Indeed, he married her for love. A whisper still goes about, that she had not even family; howbeit, Sir Leicester had so much family that perhaps he had enough, and could dispense with any more. But she had beauty, pride, ambition, insolent resolve, and sense enough to portion out a legion of fine ladies. Wealth and station, added to these, soon floated her upward; and for years, now, my

Lady Dedlock has been at the center of the fashionable intelligence, and at the top of the fashionable tree.

How Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, everybody knows — or has some reason to know by this time, the matter having been rather frequently mentioned. My Lady Dedlock, having conquered *her* world, fell, not into the melting, but rather into the freezing mood. An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue not to be ruffled by interest or satisfaction, are the trophies of her victory. She is perfectly well-bred. If she could be translated to Heaven to-morrow, she might be expected to ascend without any rapture.

She has beauty still, and if it be not in its heyday, it is not yet in its autumn. She has a fine face — originally of a character that would be rather called very pretty than handsome, but improved into classicality by the acquired expression of her fashionable state. Her figure is elegant, and has the effect of being tall. Not that she is so, but that “the most is made,” as the Honorable Bob Stables has frequently asserted upon oath, “of all her points.” The same authority observes, that she is perfectly got up; and remarks, in commendation of her hair especially, that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud.

With all her perfections on her head, my Lady Dedlock has come up from her place in Lincolnshire (hotly pursued by the fashionable intelligence), to pass a few days at her house in town previous to her departure for Paris, where her ladyship intends to stay some weeks, after which her movements are uncertain. And at her house in town, upon this muddy, murky afternoon, presents himself an old-fashioned old gentleman, attorney-at-law, and eke solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, who has the honor of acting as legal adviser of the Dedlocks and has as many cast-iron boxes in his office with that name outside, as if the present baronet were the coin of the conjuror's trick, and were constantly being juggled through the whole set. Across the hall, and up the stairs, and along the passages, and through the rooms, which are very brilliant in the season and very dismal out of it — Fairy-land to visit, but a desert to live in — the old gentleman is conducted, by a Mercury in powder, to my Lady's presence.

The old gentleman is rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious halo of family confidences; of which he is known to be the silent depository. There are noble

Mausoleums rooted for centuries in retired glades of parks, among the growing timber and the fern, which perhaps hold fewer noble secrets than walk abroad among men, shut up in the breast of Mr. Tulkinghorn. He is of what is called the old school — a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young — and wears knee breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes, and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsible to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses, when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent: where everybody knows him, and where half the Peerage stops to say “How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?” He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Sir Leicester Dedlock is with my Lady, and is happy to see Mr. Tulkinghorn.

“My Lady’s cause has been again before the Chancellor, has it, Mr. Tulkinghorn?” says Sir Leicester, giving him his hand.

“Yes. It has been on again to-day,” Mr. Tul-

kinghorn replies, making one of his quiet bows to my Lady who is on a sofa near the fire, shading her face with a hand-screen.

"It would be useless to ask," says my Lady, "whether anything has been done."

"Nothing that *you* would call anything, has been done to-day," replies Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nor ever will be," says my Lady.

Sir Leicester has no objection to an interminable Chancery suit. It is a slow, expensive, British, constitutional kind of thing. To be sure, he has not a vital interest in the suit in question, her part in which was the only property my Lady brought him; and he has a shadowy impression that for his name — the name of Dedlock — to be in a cause, and not in the title of that cause is a most ridiculous accident. But he regards the Court of Chancery, even if it should involve an occasional delay of justice and a trifling amount of confusion, as a something, devised in conjunction with a variety of other somethings, by the perfection of human wisdom, for the eternal settlement (humanly speaking) of everything.

"As a few fresh affidavits have been put upon the file," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "and as they are short, and as I proceed upon the troublesome principle of begging leave to possess my clients

with any new proceedings in a cause;” cautious man Mr. Tulkinghorn, taking no more responsibility than necessary; “and further, as I see you are going to Paris; I have brought them in my pocket.”

(Sir Leicester was going to Paris too, by-the-bye, but the delight of the fashionable intelligence was in his Lady.)

Mr. Tulkinghorn takes out his papers, asks permission to place them on a golden talisman of a table at my Lady’s elbow, puts on his spectacles, and begins to read by the light of a shaded lamp.

“ ‘ In Chancery. Between John Jarndyce ——’ ”

My Lady interrupts, requesting him to miss as many of the formal horrors as he can.

Mr. Tulkinghorn glances over his spectacles, and begins again lower down. My Lady carelessly and scornfully abstracts her attention. Sir Leicester in a great chair looks at the fire, and appears to have a stately liking for the legal repetitions and prolixities, as ranging among the national bulwarks. It happens that the fire is hot, where my Lady sits; and that the hand-screen is more beautiful than useful, being priceless but small. My Lady, changing her position, sees the papers on the table — looks at them nearer — looks at them nearer still — asks impulsively:

“Who copied that?”

Mr. Tulkinghorn stops short, surprised by my Lady's animation and her unusual tone.

“Is it what you people call law-hand?” she asks, looking full at him in her careless way again, and toying with her screen.

“Not quite. Probably”—Mr. Tulkinghorn examines it as he speaks—“the legal character which it has, was acquired after the original hand was formed. Why do you ask?”

“Anything to vary this detestable monotony. O, go on, do!”

Mr. Tulkinghorn reads again. The heat is greater, my Lady screens her face. Sir Leicester dozes, starts up suddenly, and cries “Eh? what do you say?”

“I say I am afraid,” says Mr. Tulkinghorn, who had risen hastily, “that Lady Dedlock is ill.”

“Faint,” my Lady murmurs, with white lips, “only that; but it is like the faintness of death. Don't speak to me. Ring, and take me to my room!”

Mr. Tulkinghorn retires into another chamber, bells ring, feet shuffle and patter, silence ensues. Mercury at last begs Mr. Tulkinghorn to return.

“Better now,” quoth Sir Leicester, motioning the lawyer to sit down and read to him alone.

"I have been quite alarmed. I never knew my Lady to swoon before. But the weather is extremely trying — and she really has been bored to death down at our place in Lincolnshire."

* * * * *

In the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, that is to say, more particularly in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, Law-Stationer, pursues his lawful calling.

Mr. Snagsby refers everything not in the practical mysteries of the business to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the tax-gatherers, appoints the times and places of devotion on Sunday, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner; in-somuch that she is the high standard of comparison among the neighboring wives, a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides, and even out in Holborn, who, in any domestic passages of arms, habitually call upon their husbands to look at the difference between their (wives') position and Mrs. Snagsby's, and their (the husbands') behavior and Mr. Snagsby's.

The day is closing in and the gas is lighted, but is not yet fully effective, for it is not quite dark. Mr. Snagsby standing at his shop-door,

looking up at the clouds, sees a crow, who is out late, skim westward over the slice of sky belonging to Cook's Court. The crow flies straight across Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Garden, into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Here, in a large house, formerly of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. Here, among his many boxes labeled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn, when not speechlessly at home in country-houses where the great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day, quiet at his table. An Oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.

Like as he is to look at, so is his apartment in the dusk of the present afternoon. Rusty, out of date, withdrawing from attention, able to afford it. Heavy broad-backed, old-fashioned mahogany and horsehair chairs, not easily lifted, obsolete tables with spindle-legs and dusty baize covers, presentation prints of the holders of great titles in the last generation, or the last but one, environ him. A thick and dingy Turkey-carpet muffles the floor where he sits, attended by two candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, that give a very insufficient light to his large room. The titles on the backs of his books have retired into the binding; everything that can have a lock has got one; no key is visible. Very few loose

papers are about. He has some manuscript near him, but is not referring to it. With the round top of an inkstand, and two broken bits of sealing-wax, he is silently and slowly working out whatever train of indecision is in his mind. Now, the inkstand top is in the middle: now, the red bit of sealing-wax, now the black bit. That's not it. Mr. Tulkinghorn must gather them all up and begin again.

He keeps no staff; only one middle-aged man, usually a little out at elbows, who sits in a high pew in the hall, and is rarely overburdened with business. Mr. Tulkinghorn is not in a common way. He wants no clerks. He is a great reservoir of confidences, not to be so tapped. His clients want *him*; he is all in all. Drafts that he requires to be drawn, are drawn by special pleaders in the Temple on mysterious instructions; fair copies that he requires to be made, are made at the stationers', expense being no consideration. The middle-aged man in the pew knows scarcely more of the affairs of the Peerage than any crossing-sweeper in Holborn.

The red bit, the black bit, the inkstand top, the other inkstand top, the little sand-box. So! You to the middle, you to the right, you to the left. This train of indecision must surely be worked out now or never.—Now! Mr. Tulking-

horn gets up, adjusts his spectacles, puts on his hat, puts the manuscript in his pocket, goes out, tells the middle-aged man out at elbows, "I shall be back presently." Very rarely tells him anything more explicit.

Mr. Tulkinghorn goes, as the crow came — not quite so straight, but nearly — to Cook's Court, Cursitor Street. To Snagsby's, Law Stationer's, Deeds engrossed and copied, Law-writing executed in all its branches, etc., etc., etc.

It is somewhere about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and a balmy fragrance of warm tea hovers in Cook's Court. Mr. Snagsby was about to descend into the subterranean regions to take tea, when he looked out of his door just now, and saw the crow who was out late.

"Master at home?"

Guster, maid-of-all-work, is minding the shop.

Mr. Snagsby appears: greasy, warm, herbaceous, and chewing. Bolts a bit of bread and butter. Says, "Bless my soul, sir! Mr. Tulkinghorn!"

"I want half a word with you, Snagsby."

"Certainly, sir! Dear me, sir, why didn't you send your young man round for me? Pray walk in to the back shop, sir." Snagsby has brightened in a moment.

The confined room, strong of parchment-grease, is ware-house, counting-house, and copying-office.

Mr. Tulkinghorn sits, facing round, on a stool at the desk.

“Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Snagsby.”

“Yes, sir.” Mr. Snagsby turns up the gas, and coughs behind his hand, modestly anticipating profit. Mr. Snagsby, as a timid man, is accustomed to cough with a variety of expression, and so to save words.

“You copied some affidavits in that cause for me lately.”

“Yes, sir, we did.”

“There was one of them,” said Mr. Tulkinghorn, carelessly feeling — tight, unopenable Oyster of the old school! — in the wrong coat-pocket, “the hand-writing of which is peculiar, and I rather like it. As I happened to be passing, and thought I had it about me, I looked in to ask you — but I haven’t got it. No matter, any other time will do — Ah! here it is! — I looked in to ask you who copied this?”

“Who copied this, sir?” says Mr. Snagsby, taking it, laying it flat on the desk, and separating all the sheets at once with a twirl and a twist of the left hand peculiar to law-stationers. “We gave this out, sir. We were giving out rather a large quantity of work just at that time. I can tell you in a moment who copied it, sir, by referring to my book.”

Mr. Snagsby takes his book down from the safe, eyes the affidavit aside, and brings his right forefinger traveling down a page of the book. "Jewby — Packer — Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce! Here we are, sir," says Mr. Snagsby. "To be sure! I might have remembered it. This was given out, sir, to a writer who lodges just over on the opposite side of the lane."

Mr. Tulkinghorn has seen the entry, found it before the law-stationer, read it while the forefinger was coming down the hill.

"*What* do you call him? Nemo?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nemo, sir. Here it is.

"Nemo!" repeats Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Nemo is Latin for no one."

"It must be English for some one, sir, I think," Mr. Snagsby submits, with his deferential cough. "It is a person's name. Here it is, you see, sir! Forty-two folio. Given out Wednesday night, eight o'clock; brought in Thursday morning, half after nine."

"Half after nine, sir," repeats Mr. Snagsby. "Our law-writers, who live by job-work, are a queer lot; and this may not be his name, but it's the name he goes by. I remember now, sir, that he gives it in a written advertisement he sticks up down at the Rule Office, and the King's Bench

Office, and the Judges' Chambers, and so forth. You know the kind of document, sir — wanting employ? ”

“ Have you given this man work before? ” asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

“ O dear, yes, sir! Work of yours.”

“ Thinking of more important matters, I forget where you said he lived? ”

“ Across the lane, sir. In fact, he lodges at a — at a rag and bottle shop.”

“ Can you show me the place as I go back? ”

“ With the greatest pleasure, sir! ”

Mr. Snagsby pulls off his sleeves and his gray coat, pulls on his black coat, takes his hat from its peg. “ Oh! here is my little woman! ” he says aloud. “ My dear, will you be so kind as to tell one of the lads to look after the shop, while I step across the lane with Mr. Tulkinghorn? Mrs. Snagsby, sir — I shan't be two minutes, my love! ”

Mrs. Snagsby bends to the lawyer, retires behind the counter, peeps at them through the window-blind, goes softly into the back office, refers to the entries in the book still lying open. Is evidently curious.

“ You will find that the place is rough, sir,” says Mr. Snagsby, walking deferentially in the road, and leaving the narrow pavement to the lawyer; “ and the party is very rough. But

they're a wild lot in general, sir. The advantage of this particular man is, that he never wants sleep. He'll go at it right on end, if you want him to, as long as ever you like."

It is quite dark, now, and the gas-lamps have acquired their full effect. The lawyer and the law-stationer come to a rag and bottle shop, and general emporium of much disregarded merchandise, lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and kept, as is announced in paint, to all whom it may concern, by one Krook.

"This is where he lives, sir," says the law-stationer.

"This is where he lives, is it?" says the lawyer unconcernedly. "Thank you."

"Are you not going in, sir?"

"No, thank you, no; I am going on to the Fields at present. Good-evening. Thank you!" Mr. Snagsby lifts his hat, and returns to his little woman and his tea.

But Mr. Tulkinghorn does not go on to the Fields at present. He goes a short way, turns back, comes again to the shop of Mr. Krook, and enters it straight. It is dim enough, with a blot-headed candle or so in the windows, and an old man and a cat sitting in the back part by a fire. The old man rises and comes forward, with another blot-headed candle in his hand.

"Pray is your lodger within?"

"Male or female, sir?" says Mr. Krook.

"Male. The person who does copying."

Mr. Krook has eyed his man narrowly. Knows him by sight. Has an indistinct impression of his aristocratic repute.

"Did you wish to see him, sir?"

"Yes."

"It's what I seldom do myself," says Mr. Krook with a grin. "Shall I call him down? But it's a weak chance if he'd come, sir!"

"I'll go up to him, then," says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Second floor, sir. Take the candle. Up there!" Mr. Krook, with his cat beside him, stands at the bottom of the staircase, looking after Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Hi — hi!" he says, when Mr. Tulkinghorn has nearly disappeared. The lawyer looks down over the hand-rail. The cat expands her wicked mouth, and snarls at him.

"Order, Lady Jane! Behave yourself to visitors, my lady! You know what they say of my lodger?" whispers Krook, going up a step or two.

"What do they say of him?"

"They say he has sold himself to the Enemy; but you and I know better — he don't buy. I'll tell you what, though; my lodger is so black-

humored and gloomy, that I believe he'd as soon make that bargain as any other. Don't put him out, sir. That's my advice! "

Mr. Tulkinghorn with a nod goes on his way. He comes to the dark door on the second floor. He knocks, receives no answer, opens it, and accidentally extinguishes his candle in doing so.

The air of the room is almost bad enough to have extinguished it, if he had not. It is a small room, nearly black with soot, and grease, and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner by the chimney, stand a deal table and a broken desk; a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner, a ragged old portmanteau on one of the two chairs, serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no larger one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare; except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope-yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth. No curtain veils the darkness of the night, but the discolored shutters are drawn together; and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them, famine might be staring in — the Banshee of the man upon the bed.

For, on a low bed opposite the fire, a confusion of dirty patchwork, lean-ribbed ticking, and coarse sacking, the lawyer, hesitating just within the door-

way, sees a man. He lies there dressed in shirt and trousers, with bare feet. He has a yellow look in the spectral darkness of a candle that has guttered down, until the whole length of its wick (still burning) has doubled over, and left a tower of winding-sheet above it. His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard — the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. Foul and filthy as the room is, foul and filthy as the air is, it is not easy to perceive what fumes those are which most oppress the senses in it; but through the general sickliness and faintness, and the odor of stale tobacco, there comes into the lawyer's mouth the bitter, vapid taste of opium.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries, and strikes his iron candlestick against the door.

He thinks he has awakened his friend. He lies a little turned away, but his eyes are surely open.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries again. "Hallo! Hallo!"

As he rattles on the door, the candle, which has drooped so long, goes out, and leaves him in the dark; with the gaunt eyes in the shutters staring down upon the bed. A touch on the lawyer's wrinkled hand, as he stands in the dark room, irresolute, makes him start and say "What's that?"

"It's me," returns the old man of the house, whose breath is in his ear. "Can't you wake him?"

"No."

"What have you done with your candle?"

"It's gone out. Here it is."

Krook takes it, goes to the fire, stoops over the red embers, and tries to get a light. The dying ashes have no light to spare, and his endeavors are vain. Muttering, after an ineffectual call to his lodger, that he will go downstairs and bring a lighted candle from the shop, the old man departs. Mr. Tulkinghorn, for some new reason that he has, does not await his return in the room, but on the stairs outside.

The welcome light soon shines upon the wall, as Krook comes slowly up, with his green-eyed cat following at his heels. "Does the man generally sleep like this?" inquires the lawyer, in a low voice. "Hi! I don't know," says Krook, shaking his head and lifting his eyebrows. "I know next to nothing of his habits, except that he keeps himself very close."

Thus whispering, they both go in together. As the light goes in, the great eyes in the shutters, darkening, seem to close. Not so the eyes upon the bed.

"God save us!" exclaimed Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"He is dead!"

Krook drops the heavy hand he has taken up, so suddenly that the arm swings over the bedside.

They look at one another for a moment.

"Send for some doctor! Call for Miss Flite up the stairs, sir. Here's poison by the bed! Call out for Flite, will you?" says Krook, with his lean hands spread out above the body like a vampire's wings.

Mr. Tulkinghorn hurries to the landing, and calls "Miss Flite! Flite! Make haste, here, whoever you are! Flite!" Krook follows him with his eyes, and, while he is calling, finds opportunity to steal to the old portmanteau, and steal back again.

"Run, Flite, run! The nearest doctor! Run!" So Mr. Krook addresses a crazy little woman, who is his female lodger: who appears and vanishes in a breath: who soon returns, accompanied by a testy medical man, brought from his dinner — with a broad snuffy lip, and a broad Scotch tongue.

"Ey! Bless the hearts o'ye," says the medical man, looking up at them after a moment's examination. "He's just as dead as Phairy!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn (standing by the old portmanteau) inquires if he has been dead any time?

"Any time, sir?" says the medical gentleman.

"It's probable he wull have been dead about three hours."

"About that time, I should say," observes a dark young man, on the other side of the bed.

"Air you in the maydickle prayfession yourself, sir?" inquires the first.

The dark young man says yes.

"Then I'll just tak' my depairture," replies the other; "for I'm nae gude here!" With which remark, he finishes his brief attendance, and returns to finish his dinner.

The dark young surgeon passes the candle across and across the face, and carefully examines the law-writer, who has established his pretentions to his name by becoming indeed No one.

"I knew this person by sight, very well," says he. "He has purchased opium of me, for the last year and a half. Was anybody present related to him?" glancing round upon the three bystanders.

"I was his landlord," grimly answers Krook, taking the candle from the surgeon's outstretched hand. "He told me once, I was the nearest relation he had."

"He has died," says the surgeon, "of an overdose of opium, there is no doubt. The room is strongly flavored with it. There is enough here

now," taking an old tea-pot from Mr. Krook, "to kill a dozen people."

"Do you think he did it on purpose?" asks Krook.

"Took the over-dose?"

"Yes!" Krook almost smacks his lips with the unction of a horrible interest.

"I can't say. I should think it unlikely, as he has been in the habit of taking so much. But nobody can tell. He was very poor, I suppose?"

"I suppose he was. His room—don't look rich," says Krook, who might have changed eyes with his cat, as he casts his sharp glance around. "But I have never been in it since he had it, and he was too close to name his circumstances to me."

"Did he owe you any rent?"

"Six weeks."

"He will never pay it!" says the young man, resuming his examination. "It is beyond a doubt that he is indeed as dead as Pharaoh; and to judge from his appearance and condition, I should think it a happy release. Yet he must have been a good figure when a youth, and I dare say, good-looking." He says this, not unfeelingly, while sitting on the bedstead's edge, with his face towards that other face, and his hand upon the region of the heart. "I recollect once thinking there was

something in his manner, uncouth as it was, that denoted a fall in life. Was that so? " he continues, looking round.

Krook replies, " You might as well ask me to describe the ladies whose heads of hair I have got in sacks downstairs. Than that he was my lodger for a year and a half, and lived — or didn't live — by law-writing, I know no more of him."

During this dialogue, Mr. Tulkinghorn has stood aloof by the old portmanteau, with his hands behind him, equally removed, to all appearance, from all three kinds of interest exhibited near the bed — from the young surgeon's professional interest in death, noticeable as being quite apart from his remarks on the deceased as an individual; from the old man's unction; and the little crazy woman's awe. His imperturbable face has been as inexpressive as his rusty clothes. One could not even say he has been thinking all this while.

He now interposes; addressing the young surgeon, in his unmoved, professional way.

" I looked in here," he observes, " just before you, with the intention of giving this deceased man, whom I never saw alive, some employment at his trade of copying. I had heard of him from my stationer — Snagsby of Cook's Court. Since no one here knows anything about him, it might be as well to send for Snagsby. Ah! " to the little

crazy woman, who has often seen him in court, and whom he has often seen, and who proposes, in frightened dumb-show, to go for the law-stationer. "Suppose you do!"

While she is gone, the surgeon abandons his hopeless investigation, and covers its subject with the patchwork counterpane. Mr. Krook and he interchange a word or two. Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing; but stands, ever, near the old port-manteau.

Mr. Snagsby arrives hastily, in his gray coat and black sleeves. "Dear me, dear me," he says; "and it has come to this, has it! Bless my soul!"

"Can you give the person of the house any information about this unfortunate creature, Snagsby?" inquires Mr. Tulkinghorn. "He was in arrears with his rent, it seems. And he must be buried, you know."

"Well, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, coughing his apologetic cough behind his hand; "I really don't know what advice you could offer, except sending for the beadle."

"I don't speak of advice," returns Mr. Tulkinghorn. "*I could advise* ——"

"No one better, sir, I am sure," says Mr. Snagsby, with his deferential cough.

"I speak of affording some clew to his con-

nections, or to where he came from, or to anything concerning him."

"I assure you, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, after prefacing his reply with his cough of general propitiation, "that I know no more where he came from than I know ——"

"Where he has gone to, perhaps," suggests the surgeon to help him out.

A pause. Mr. Tulkinghorn looking at the law-stationer. Mr. Krook, with his mouth open, looking for somebody to speak next.

"As to his connections, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, "if a person was to say to me, 'Snagsby, here's twenty thousand pound down, ready for you in the Bank of England, if you'll only name one of them,' I couldn't do it, sir! About a year and a half ago — to the best of my belief at the time when he first came to lodge at the present rag and bottle shop ——"

"That was the time!" says Krook, with a nod.

"About a year and a half ago," says Mr. Snagsby, strengthened, "he came into our place one morning after breakfast, and, finding my little woman (which I name Mrs. Snagsby when I use that appellation) in our shop, produced a specimen of his handwriting, and gave her to understand that he was in want of copying work to do, and was — not to put too fine a point upon it —

hard up! My little woman is not in general partial to strangers, particular — not to put too fine a point upon it — when they want anything. But she was rather took by something about his person; whether by his being unshaved, or by his hair being in want of attention, or by what other ladies' reasons, I leave you to judge; and she accepted of the specimen, and likewise of the address. My little woman hasn't a good ear for names," proceeds Mr. Snagsby, after consulting his cough of consideration behind his hand, "and she considered Nemo equally the same as Nimrod. In consequence of which, she got into a habit of saying to me at meals, 'Mr. Snagsby, you haven't found Nimrod any work yet?' or 'Mr. Snagsby, why didn't you give that eight-and-thirty Chancery folio in Jarndyce, to Nimrod?' or such like. And that is the way he gradually fell into job-work at our place; and that is the most I know of him, except that he was a quick hand, and a hand not sparing of night work; and that if you gave him out, say five-and-forty folio on the Wednesday night, you would have it brought in on the Thursday morning. All of which" — Mr. Snagsby concludes by politely motioning with his hat towards the bed, as much as to add — "I have no doubt my honorable friend would confirm, if he were in a condition to do it."

"Hadn't you better see," says Mr. Tulkinghorn to Krook, "whether he had any papers that may enlighten you? There will be an inquest, and you will be asked the question. You can read? "

"No, I can't," returns the old man, with a sudden grin.

"Snagsby," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "look over the room for him. He will get into some trouble or difficulty, otherwise. Being here, I'll wait, if you make haste; and then I can testify on his behalf, if it should ever be necessary, that all was fair and right. If you will hold the candle for Mr. Snagsby, my friend, he'll soon see whether there is anything to help you."

"In the first place, here's an old portmanteau, sir," says Snagsby.

Ah, to be sure, so there is! Mr. Tulkinghorn does not appear to have seen it before, though he is standing so close to it, and though there is very little else, Heaven knows.

The marine-store merchant holds the light, and the law stationer conducts the search. The surgeon leans against the corner of the chimney-piece; Miss Flite peeps and trembles just within the door. The apt old scholar of the old school, with his dull black breeches tied with ribbons at the knees, his large black waistcoat, his long-sleeved black

coat, and his wisp of limp white neckerchief tied in the bow the Peerage knows so well, stands in exactly the same place and attitude.

There are some worthless articles of clothing in the old portmanteau; there is a bundle of pawn-brokers' duplicates, those turnpike tickets on the road of Poverty; there is a crumpled paper smell of opium, on which are scrawled rough memoranda — as, took, such a day, so many grains; took, such another day, so many more — begun some time ago, as if with the intention of being regularly continued, but soon left off. There are a few dirty scraps of newspapers, all referring to Coroners' inquests; there is nothing else. They search the cupboard, and the drawer of the ink-splashed table. There is not a morsel of an old letter, or of any other writing, in either. The young surgeon examines the dress on the law-writer. A knife and some odd halfpence are all he finds. Mr. Snagsby's suggestion is the practical suggestion after all, and the beadle must be called in.

So the little crazy lodger goes for the beadle, and the rest come out of the room. "Don't leave the cat there!" says the surgeon: "that won't do!" Mr. Krook therefore drives her out before him; and she goes furtively downstairs, winding her little tail, and licking her lips.

"Good-night!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn; and goes home to meditation.

* * * * *

At the Coroner's inquest Mr. Tulkinghorn is received with distinction, and seated near the Coroner. The inquiry proceeds. The Jury learn how the subject of their inquiry died, and learn no more about him. "A very eminent solicitor is in attendance, gentlemen," says the Coroner, "who, I am informed, was accidentally present, when discovery of the death was made; but he could only repeat the evidence you have already heard from the surgeon, the landlord, the lodger, and the law-stationer; and it is not necessary to trouble him. Is anybody in attendance who knows anything more?"

Mrs. Piper pushed forward by Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Piper sworn.

Anastasia Piper, gentlemen. Married woman. Now, Mrs. Piper — what have you to say about this?

Why, Mrs. Piper has a good deal to say, chiefly in parenthesis and without punctuation, but not much to tell. Mrs. Piper lives in the court (which her husband is a cabinetmaker), and it has long been well beknown among the neighbors (counting from the day next but one before the half-

baptizing of Alexander James Piper aged eighteen months and four days old on accounts of not being expected to live such was the sufferings gentlemen of that child in his gums) as the Plaintive — so Mrs. Piper insists on calling the deceased — was reported to have sold himself. Thinks it was the Plaintive's air in which that report originatinin. See the Plaintive often and considered as his air was feariocious and not to be allowed to go about some children being timid (and if doubted hoping Mrs. Perkins may be brought forard for she is here and will do credit to her husband and herself and family). Has seen the Plaintive wexed and worrited by the children (for children they will ever be and you cannot expect them specially if of playful dispositions to be Methoozellars which you was not yourself). On accounts of this and his dark looks has often dreamed as she see him take a pick-axe from his pocket and split Johnny's head (which the child knows not fear and has repeatually called after him close at his eels). Never however see the Plaintive take a pick-axe or any other wepping far from it. Has seen him hurry away when run and called after as if not partial to children and never see him speak to neither child nor grown person at any time (excepting the boy that sweeps the crossing down the lane over the way round the corner which if he was here

would tell you that he has been a-speaking to him frequent).

Says the Coroner, is that boy here? Says the beadle, no, sir, he is not here. Says the Coroner, go and fetch him then. In the absence of the active and intelligent, the Coroner converses with Mr. Tulkinghorn.

O! Here's the boy, gentlemen!

Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy! — But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces.

Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of such a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. He can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but believes it'll be something wery bad to punish him, and serve him right — and so he'll tell you the truth.

“ This won't do, gentlemen! ” says the Coroner, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Don't you think you can receive his evidence, sir?" asks an attentive Jurymen.

"Out of the question," says the Coroner. "You have heard the boy. 'Can't exactly say' won't do, you know. We can't take *that*, in a Court of Justice, gentlemen. It's terrible depravity. Put the boy aside."

Boy put aside; to the great edification of the audience; — especially of Little Swills, the Comic Vocalist.

Now. Is there any other witness? No other witness.

Very well, gentlemen! Here's a man unknown, proved to have been in the habit of taking opium in large quantities for a year and a half, found dead of too much opium. If you think you have any evidence to lead you to the conclusion that he committed suicide, you will come to that conclusion. If you think it is a case of accidental death, you will find a Verdict accordingly.

Verdict accordingly. Accidental death. No doubt. Gentlemen, you are discharged. Good afternoon.

While the Coroner buttons his great-coat, Mr. Tulkinghorn and he give private audience to the rejected witness in a corner.

That graceless creature only knows that the dead man (whom he recognized just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and

pursued about the streets. That one cold, winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and, having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since; and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die; and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo," but that when he had any, he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He wos very good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeves. "Wen I see him a-layin' so stritched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He wos very good to me, he wos!"

As he shuffles downstairs, Mr. Snagsby, lying in wait for him, puts a half-crown in his hand. "If you ever see me coming past your crossing with my little woman — I mean a lady —" says Mr. Snagsby, with his finger on his nose, "don't allude to it!"

Daylight comes, morning comes, noon comes.

Then the active and intelligent, who has got

into the morning papers as such, comes with his pauper company to Mr. Krook's, and bears off the body of our dear brother here departed, to a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene. Into a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brother here departed, to receive Christian burial.

With houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate — with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on life — here, they lower our dear brother down a foot or two; here, sow him in corruption, to be raised in corruption: an avenging ghost at many a sick-bedside; a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together.

With the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel-court to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars; stands looking in, for a little while.

It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so, very busily and trimly; looks in again, a little while; and so departs.

Jo, it is thou? Well, well! Though a rejected witness, who "can't exactly say" what will be

done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this:

“ He wos wery good to me, he wos! ”

* * * * *

It has left off raining down in Lincolnshire, at last, and Chesney Wold has taken heart. Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper, is full of hospitable cares, for Sir Leicester and my Lady are coming home from Paris.

Through the same cold sunshine, and the same sharp wind, my Lady and Sir Leicester, in their traveling chariot (my Lady's woman, and Sir Leicester's man affectionate in the rumble), start for home. With a considerable amount of jingling and whip-cracking, and many plunging demonstrations on the part of two bare-backed horses, and two Centaurs with glazed hats, jack-boots, and flowing manes and tails, they rattle out of the yard of the Hôtel Bristol in the Place Vendôme, and canter between the sun-and-shadow-chequered colonnade of the Rue de Rivoli and the garden of the ill-fated palace of a headless king and queen, off by the Place of Concord, and the Elysian Fields, and the Gate of the Star, out of Paris.

My Lady Dedlock cannot go too fast from

Paris. Weariness of soul lies before her, as it lies behind — her Ariel has put a girdle of it round the whole earth, and it cannot be unclasped — but the imperfect remedy is always to fly, from the last place where it has been experienced. Fling Paris back into the distance, then, exchanging it for endless avenues and cross-avenues of wintry trees! And, when next beheld, let it be some leagues away, with the Gate of the Star a white speck glittering in the sun, and the city a mere mound in a plain; two dark square towers rising out of it, and light and shadow descending on it aslant, like the angels in Jacob's dream!

Sir Leicester is generally in a complacent state, and rarely bored. After reading his letters, he leans back in his corner of the traveling carriage, and generally reviews his importance to society.

"You have an unusual amount of correspondence this morning?" says my Lady after a long time.

"Nothing in it, though. Nothing whatever."

"I saw one of Mr. Tulkinghorn's long effusions, I think?"

"You see everything," says Sir Leicester, with admiration.

"Ha!" sighs my Lady, "he is the most tiresome of men!"

"He sends—I really beg your pardon—he sends," says Sir Leicester, selecting the letter and unfolding it, "a message to you. He says, 'In the matter of the right of way——' I beg your pardon, that's not the place. He says—yes! Here I have it! He says, 'I beg my respectful compliments to my Lady, who, I hope, has benefited by the change. Will you do me the favor to mention (as it may interest her) that I have something to tell her on her return, in reference to the person who copied the affidavit in the Chancery suit, which so powerfully stimulated her curiosity. I have seen him.'"

My Lady, leaning forward, looks out of her window.

"That's the message," observes Sir Leicester.

"I should like to walk a little," says my Lady, still looking out of the window.

"Walk?" repeats Sir Leicester, in a tone of surprise.

"I should like to walk a little," says my Lady, with unmistakable distinctness. "Please to stop the carriage."

The carriage is stopped, the affectionate man alights from the rumble, opens the door, and lets down the steps, obedient to an impatient motion of my Lady's hand. My Lady alights so quickly, and walks away so quickly, that Sir

Leicester, for all his scrupulous politeness, is unable to assist her, and is left behind. A space of a minute or two has elapsed before he comes up with her. She smiles, looks very handsome, takes his arm, lounges with him for a quarter of a mile, is very much bored, and resumes her seat in the carriage.

The rattle and clatter continue through the greater part of three days, with more or less of bell-jingling and whip-cracking, and more or less plunging of Centaurs and bare-backed horses.

The sea has no appreciation of great men, but knocks them about like the small fry. It is habitually hard upon Sir Leicester, whose countenance it greenly mottles in the manner of sage-cheese, and in whose aristocratic system it effects a dismal revolution. It is the Radical of Nature to him. Nevertheless, his dignity gets over it, after stopping to refit; and he goes on with my Lady for Chesney Wold, lying only one night in London on the way to Lincolnshire.

Through the same cold sunlight — colder as the day declines, — and through the same sharp wind — sharper as the separate shadows of bare trees gloom together in the woods, and as the Ghost's Walk, touched at the western corner by a pile of fire in the sky, resigns itself to coming night, — they drive into the park. The traveling chariot

rolls on to the house; where fires gleam warmly through some of the windows, though not through so many as to give an inhabited expression to the darkening mass in front.

Mrs. Rouncewell is in attendance, and receives Sir Leicester's customary shake of the hand with a profound courtesy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rouncewell? I am glad to see you."

"I hope I have the honor of welcoming you in good health, Sir Leicester? "

"In excellent health, Mrs. Rouncewell."

"My Lady is looking charmingly well," says Mrs. Rouncewell, with another courtesy.

My Lady signifies, without profuse expenditure of words, that she is as wearily well as she can hope to be.

My Lady's maid is a Frenchwoman of two-and-thirty, from somewhere in the southern country about Avignon and Marseilles — a large-eyed brown woman with black hair; who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of the face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and wan about her anatomy; and she has a watchful way of looking out of the corners of her eyes with-

cut turning her head, which could be pleasantly dispensed with — especially when she is in an ill-humor and near knives. Through all the good taste of her dress and little adornments, these objections so express themselves, that she seems to go about like a very neat She-Wolf imperfectly tamed. Besides being accomplished in all the knowledge appertaining to her post, she is almost an English-woman in her acquaintance with the language.

Chesney Wold is quite full, within a week or two, so full, that a burning sense of injury arises in the breasts of ill-lodged ladies'-maids, and is not to be extinguished. Only one room is empty. It is a turret chamber of the third order of merit, plainly, but comfortably furnished, and having an old-fashioned business air. It is Mr. Tulkinghorn's room, and is never bestowed on anybody else, for he may come at any time. He is not come yet. It is his quiet habit to walk across the park from the village in fine weather; to drop into this room, as if he had never been out of it since he was last seen there; to request a servant to inform Sir Leicester that he is arrived, in case he should be wanted; and to appear ten minutes before dinner, in the shadow of the library-door. He sleeps in his turret, with a complaining flag-staff

over his head; and has some leads outside, on which, any fine morning when he is down here, his black figure may be seen walking before breakfast like a larger species of rook.

'Every night, my Lady casually asks her maid:

"Is Mr. Tulkinghorn come?"

Every night the answer is, "No, my Lady, not yet."

One night, while having her hair undressed, my Lady loses herself in deep thought after this reply, until she sees her own brooding face, in the opposite glass, and a pair of black eyes curiously observing her.

"Be so good as to attend," says my Lady then, addressing the reflection of Hortense, "to your business. You can contemplate your beauty at another time."

"Pardon! It was your Ladyship's beauty."

"That," says my Lady, "you needn't contemplate at all."

At length, one afternoon a little before sunset, when the bright groups of figures, which have for the last hour or two enlivened the Ghost's Walk, are all dispersed, and only Sir Leicester and my Lady remain upon the terrace, Mr. Tulkinghorn appears. He comes towards them at his usual methodical pace, which is never quickened, never slackened. He wears his usual expressionless

mask — if it be a mask — and carries family secrets in every limb of his body, and every crease of his dress.

“How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?” says Sir Leicester, giving him his hand.

Mr. Tulkinghorn is quite well. Sir Leicester, is quite well. My Lady is quite well. All highly satisfactory. The lawyer, with his hands behind him, walks, at Sir Leicester’s side, along the terrace. My Lady walks upon the other side.

“We expected you before,” says Sir Leicester.

“I should have come down sooner,” he explains, “but that I have been much engaged with those matters in the several suits between yourself and Boythorn.”

“A man of a very ill-regulated mind,” observes Sir Leicester, with severity. “An extremely dangerous person in any community. A man of a very low character of mind.”

“A person who, fifty years ago, would probably have been tried at the Old Bailey for some demagogue proceeding, and severely punished — if not,” adds Sir Leicester, after a moment’s pause, “if not hanged, drawn, and quartered.”

Sir Leicester appears to discharge his stately breast of a burden, in passing this capital sentence; as if it were the next satisfactory thing to have the sentence executed.

"But night is coming on," says he, "and my Lady will take cold. My dear, let us go in."

As they turn towards the hall-door, Lady Dedlock addresses Mr. Tulkinghorn for the first time.

"You sent me a message respecting the person whose writing I happened to inquire about. It was like you to remember the circumstance; I had quite forgotten it. Your message reminded me of it again. I can't imagine what association I had with a hand like that; but I surely had some."

"You had some?" Mr. Tulkinghorn repeats.

"O yes!" returns my Lady carelessly. "I think I must have had some. And did you really take the trouble to find out the writer of that actual thing — what is it! — affidavit?"

"Yes."

"How very odd!"

They pass into a somber breakfast-room on the ground floor, lighted in the day by two deep windows. It is now twilight. The fire glows brightly on the paneled wall, and palely on the window-glass, where, through the cold reflection of the blaze, the colder landscape shudders in the wind, and a gray mist creeps along: the only traveler besides the waste of clouds.

My Lady lounges in a great chair in the chimney-corner, and Sir Leicester takes another great chair opposite. The lawyer stands before the fire, with

his hand at arm's length, shading his face. He looks across his arm at my Lady.

"Yes," he says, "I inquired about the man, and found him. And, what is very strange, I found him ——"

"Not to be any out-of-the-way person, I am afraid!" Lady Dedlock anticipates.

"I found him dead."

"O dear me!" remonstrated Sir Leicester. Not so much shocked by the fact, as by the fact of the fact being mentioned.

"I was directed to his lodging — a miserable, poverty-stricken place — and I found him dead."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Tulkinghorn," observes Sir Leicester. "I think the less said ——"

"Pray, Sir Leicester, let me hear the story out" (it is my Lady speaking). "It is quite a story for twilight. How very shocking! Dead?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn re-asserts it by another inclination of his head. "Whether by his own hand ——"

"Upon my honor!" cries Sir Leicester. "Really!"

"Do let me hear the story;" says my Lady.

"Whatever you desire, my dear. But, I must say ——"

"No, you mustn't say! Go on, Mr. Tulkinghorn."

Sir Leicester's gallantry concedes the point; though he still feels that to bring this sort of squalor among the upper classes is really — really —

"I was about to say," resumes the lawyer, with undisturbed calmness, "that whether he had died by his own hand or not, it was beyond my power to tell you. I should amend that phrase, however, by saying that he had unquestionably died of his own act, though whether by his own deliberate intention, or by mischance, can never certainly be known. The coroner's jury found that he took the poison accidentally."

"And what kind of man," my Lady asks, "was this deplorable creature?"

"Very difficult to say," returns the lawyer, shaking his head. "He had lived so wretchedly, and was so neglected, with his gypsy color, and his wild black hair and beard, that I should have considered him the commonest of the common. The surgeon had a notion that he had once been something better, both in appearance and condition."

"What did they call the wretched being?"

"They called him what he had called himself, but no one knew his name."

"Not even anyone who had attended on him?"

"No one had attended on him. He was found dead. In fact, I found him."

“Without any clew to anything more?”

“Without any; there was,” says the lawyer meditatively, “an old portmanteau; but — No, there were no papers.”

During the utterance of every word of this short dialogue, Lady Dedlock and Mr. Tulkinghorn, without any other alteration in their customary deportment, have looked very steadily at one another — as was natural, perhaps, in the discussion of so unusual a subject. Sir Leicester has looked at the fire, with the general expression of the Dedlock on the staircase. The story being told, he renews his stately protest, saying, that it is quite clear that no association in my Lady’s mind can possibly be traceable to this poor wretch (unless he was a begging letter writer); he trusts to hear no more about a subject so far removed from my Lady’s station.

“Certainly, a collection of horrors,” says my Lady, gathering up her mantles and furs; “but they interest one for the moment! Have the kindness, Mr. Tulkinghorn, to open the door for me.”

Mr. Tulkinghorn does so with deference, and holds it open while she passes out. She passes close to him, with her usual fatigued manner, and insolent grace. They meet again at dinner — again, next day — again for many days in suc-

cession. Lady Dedlock is always the same exhausted deity, surrounded by worshipers, and terribly liable to be bored to death, even while presiding at her own shrine. Mr. Tulkinghorn is always the same speechless repository of noble confidences: so oddly out of place, and yet so perfectly at home. They appear to take as little note of one another, as any two people, inclosed within the same walls, could. But, whether each evermore watches and suspects the other, evermore mistrustful of some great reservation; whether each is evermore prepared at all points for the other, and never to be taken unawares; what each would give to know how much the other knows — all this is hidden, for the time, in their own hearts.

* * * * *

My Lady Dedlock is restless, very restless. The astonished fashionable intelligence hardly knows where to have her. To-day, she is at Chesney Wold; yesterday she was at her house in town; to-morrow, she may be abroad, for anything the fashionable intelligence can with confidence predict. Even Sir Leicester's gallantry has some trouble to keep pace with her. It would have more, but that his other faithful ally, for better and for worse — the gout — darts into the oak bed-

chamber at Chesney Wold, and grips him by both legs.

My Lady is at present represented, near Sir Leicester, by her portrait. She has flitted away to town, with no intention of remaining there, and will soon flit hither again, to the confusion of the fashionable intelligence. The house in town is not prepared for her reception. It is muffled and dreary. Only one Mercury in powder, gapes disconsolate at the hall-window; and he mentioned last night to another Mercury of his acquaintance, also accustomed to good society, that if that sort of thing was to last — which it couldn't, for a man of his spirits couldn't bear it, and a man of his figure couldn't be expected to bear it — there would be no resource for him, upon his honor, but to cut his throat!

What connection can there be, between the place in Lincolnshire, the house in town, the Mercury in powder, and the whereabouts of Jo the outlaw with the broom, who had that distant ray of light upon him when he swept the churchyard-step? What connection can there have been between many people in the innumerable histories of this world, who, from opposite sides of great gulfs, have, nevertheless, been very curiously brought together!

Jo sweeps his crossing all day long, unconscious

of the link, if any link there be. He sums up his mental condition, when asked a question, by replying that he "don't know nothink." He knows that it's hard to keep the mud off the crossing in dirty weather, and harder still to live by doing it. Nobody taught him even that much; he found it out.

Jo lives — that is to say, Jo has not yet died — in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-Alone's. It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings.

He goes to his crossing, and begins to lay it out for the day. The town awakes.

The day changes as it wears itself away, and becomes dark and drizzly. Jo fights it out, at his crossing, among the mud and wheels, the horses, whips, and umbrellas, and gets but a scanty sum to pay for the unsavory shelter of Tom-all-Alone's. Twilight comes on; gas begins to start up in the shops; the lamplighter, with his ladder, runs along the margin of the pavement. A wretched evening is beginning to close in.

In his chambers, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits meditating an application to the nearest magistrate to-

morrow morning for a warrant. Gridley, a disappointed suitor, has been here to-day, and has been alarming. We are not to be put in bodily fear, and that ill-conditioned fellow shall be held to bail again. From the ceiling, fore-shortened Allegory, in the person of one impossible Roman upside down, points with the arm of Samson (out of joint and an odd one) obtrusively towards the window. Why should Mr. Tulkinghorn, for no such reason, look out of window? Is the hand not always pointing there? So he does not look out of window.

And if he did, what would it be to see a woman going by? There are women enough in the world. Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks — too many; they are at the bottom of all that goes wrong in it, though, for the matter of that, they create business for lawyers. What would it be to see a woman going by, even though she were going secretly? They are all secret. Mr. Tulkinghorn knows that very well.

But they are not all like the woman who now leaves him and his house behind; between whose plain dress, and her refined manner, there is something exceedingly inconsistent. She should be an upper servant by her attire, yet, in her air and step, though both are hurried and assumed — as far as she can assume in the muddy streets, which she treads with an unaccustomed foot — she is a

lady. Her face is veiled, and still she sufficiently betrays herself to make more than one of those who pass her look round sharply.

She never turns her head. Lady or servant, she has a purpose in her, and can follow it. She never turns her head, until she comes to the crossing where Jo plies with his broom. He crosses with her, and begs. Still, she does not turn her head until she has landed on the other side. Then, she slightly beckons to him, and says "Come here!"

Jo follows her, a pace or two, into a quiet court.

"Are you the boy I've read of in the papers?" she asked behind her veil.

"I don't know," says Jo, staring moodily at the veil, "nothink about no papers. I don't know nothink about nothink, at all."

"Were you examined at an inquest?"

"I don't know nothink about no — where I was took by the beadle, do you mean?" says Jo.

"Was the boy's name at the inkwhich, Jo?"

"Yes."

"That's me!" says Jo.

"Come farther up."

"You mean about the man?" says Jo, following. "Him as was dead?"

"Hush! Speak in a whisper! Yes. Did he look, when he was living, so very ill and poor?"

"O jist!" says Jo.

"Did he look like — not like *you*?" says the woman, with abhorrence.

"O not so bad as me," says Jo. "I'm a reg'lar one *I* am! You didn't know him, did you?"

"How dare you ask me if I knew him?"

"No offense, my lady," says Jo, with much humility; for even he has got at the suspicion of her being a lady.

"I am not a lady. I am a servant."

"You are a jolly servant!" says Jo; without the least idea of saying anything offensive; merely as a tribute of admiration.

"Listen and be silent. Don't talk to me, and stand farther from me! Can you show me all those places that were spoken of in the account I read? The place he wrote for, the place he died at, the place where you were taken to, the place where he was buried? Do you know the place where he was buried?"

Jo answers with a nod: having also nodded as each other place was mentioned.

"Go before me and show me all those dreadful places. Stop opposite to each, and don't speak to me unless I speak to you. Don't look back. Do what I want, and I will pay you well."

Jo attends closely while the words are being spoken; tells them off on his broom-handle, finding them rather hard; pauses to consider their

meaning; considers it satisfactory, and nods his ragged head.

"I'm fly," says Jo. "But fen larks, you know. Stow hooking it!"

"What does the horrible creature mean?" exclaims the servant, recoiling from him.

"Stow cutting away, you know!" says Jo.

"I don't understand you. Go on before! I will give you more money than you ever had in your life."

Jo screws up his mouth into a whistle, gives his ragged head a rub, takes his broom under his arm, and leads the way; passing deftly, with his bare feet, over the hard stones, and through the mud and mire.

Cook's Court. Jo stops. A pause.

"Who lives here?"

"Him wot give him his writing, and give me half a bull," says Jo, in a whisper, without looking over his shoulder.

"Go on to the next!"

Krook's house. Jo stops again. A longer pause.

"Who lives here?"

"*He* lived here," Jo answers as before.

After a silence he is asked, "In which room?"

"In the back room up there. You can see the winder from this corner. Up there! That's where

I see him stritched out. This is the public 'ouse where I was took to."

"Go on to the next!"

It was a longer walk to the next; but Jo, relieved of his first suspicions, sticks to the forms imposed upon him, and does not look round. By many devious ways, reeking with offense of many kinds, they come to the little tunnel of a court, and to the gas-lamp (lighted now), and to the iron gate.

"He was put there," says Jo, holding to the bars and looking in.

"Where? O, what a scene of horror!"

"There!" says Jo, pointing. "Over yinder. Among them piles of bones, and close to that there kitchin winder! They put him wery nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to get it in. I could unkiver it for you with my broom, if the gate was open. That's why they locks it, I s'pose," giving it a shake. "It's always locked. Look at the rat!" cries Jo, excited. "Hi! Look! There he goes! Ho! Into the ground!"

The servant shrinks into a corner — into a corner of that hideous archway, with its deadly stains contaminating her dress; and putting out her two hands, and passionately telling him to keep away from her, for he is loathsome to her, so remains for

some moments. Jo stands staring, and is still staring when she recovers herself.

"Is this place of abomination consecrated ground?"

"I don't know nothink of consequential ground," says Jo, still staring.

"Is it blessed?"

"Which?" says Jo, in the last degree amazed.

"Is it blessed?"

"I'm blest if I know," says Jo, staring more than ever; "but I shouldn't think it warn't. Blest?" repeats Jo, something troubled in his mind. "It ain't done it much good if it is. Blest? I should think it was t'othered myself. But I don't know nothink!"

The servant takes as little heed of what he says, as she seems to take of what she has said herself. She draws off her glove, to get some money from her purse. Jo silently notices how white and small her hand is, and what a jolly servant she must be to wear such sparkling rings.

She drops a piece of money in his hand, without touching it, and shuddering as their hands approach. "Now," she adds, "show me the spot again!"

Jo thrusts the handle of his broom between the bars of the gate, and, with his utmost power of elaboration, points it out. At length, looking aside

to see if he has made himself intelligible, he finds that he is alone.

His first proceeding, is, to hold the piece of money to the gas-light, and to be overpowered at finding that it is yellow — gold. His next, is, to give it a one-sided bite at the edge, as a test of its quality. His next, to put it in his mouth for safety, and to sweep the step and passage with great care. His job done, he sets off for Tom-all-Alone's; stopping in the light of innumerable gas-lamps to produce the piece of gold, and give it another one-sided bite, as a reassurance of its being genuine.

The Mercury in powder is in no want of society to-night, for my Lady goes to a grand dinner, and three or four balls. Sir Leicester is fidgety, down at Chesney Wold, with no better company than the gout; he complains to Mrs. Rouncewell that the rain makes such a monotonous pattering on the terrace, that he can't read the paper, even by the fireside in his own snug dressing-room.

"Sir Leicester would have done better to try the other side of the house, my dear," says Mrs. Rouncewell to Rosa. "His dressing-room is on my Lady's side. And in all these years I never heard the step upon the Ghost's Walk, more distinct than it is to-night!"

* * * * *

It is the long vacation in the regions of Chancery Lane. The good ships Law and Equity, those teak-built, copper-bottomed, iron-fastened, brazen-faced, and not by any means fast-sailing Clippers, are laid up in ordinary. The Courts are all shut up; the public offices lie in a hot sleep; Westminster Hall itself is a shady solitude where nightingales might sing, and a tenderer class of suitors than is usually found there, walk.

Over all the legal neighborhood, there hangs, like some great veil of rust, or gigantic cobweb, the idleness and pensiveness of the long vacation. Mr. Snagsby, law-stationer of Cook's Court, Cur-sitor Street, is sensible of the influence; not only in his mind as a sympathetic and contemplative man, but also in his business as a law-stationer aforesaid.

Being wanted in the shop, Mr. Snagsby descends, and finds his two 'prentices intently contemplating a police constable, who holds a ragged boy by the arm.

"Why, bless my heart," says Mr. Snagsby, "what's the matter?"

"This boy," says the constable, "although he's repeatedly told to, won't move on ——"

"I'm always a-moving on, sir," cries the boy, wiping away his grimy tears with his arm. "I've always been a-moving and a-moving on, ever since

I was born. Where can I possibly move to, sir, more nor I do move! ”

“ He won’t move on,” says the constable, calmly, with a slight professional hitch of his neck involving its better settlement in his stiff stock, “ although he has been repeatedly cautioned, and therefore I am obliged to take him into custody. He’s as obstinate a young gonoph as I know. He won’t move on.”

“ O my eye! Where can I move to? ” cries the boy clutching quite desperately at his hair, and beating his bare feet upon the floor of Mr. Snagsby’s passage.

“ Don’t you come none of that, or I shall make blessed short work of you! ” says the constable, giving him a passionless shake. “ My instructions are, that you are to move on. I have told you so five hundred times.”

“ But where? ” cries the boy.

“ Well! Really, constable, you know,” says Mr. Snagsby, wistfully, and coughing behind his hand his cough of great perplexity and doubt; “ really that does seem a question. Where, you know? ”

“ My instructions don’t go to that,” replies the constable.

“ My instructions are that this boy is to move on.”

Mr. Snagsby says nothing at all, but coughs his

forlornest cough, expressive of no thoroughfare in any direction. By this time Mrs. Snagsby, hearing the altercation, has appeared upon the stairs.

"The simple question is, sir," says the constable, "whether you know this boy. He says you do."

Mrs. Snagsby, from her elevation instantly cries out, "No, he don't! "

"My little woman! " says Mr. Snagsby, looking up the staircase. "My love, permit me! Pray have a moment's patience, my dear. I do know something of this lad, and in what I know of him, I can't say that there's any harm; perhaps on the contrary, constable." To whom the law-stationer relates his Joful and woful experience, suppressing the half-crown fact.

"Well! " says the constable, "so far, it seems, he had grounds for what he said. When I took him into custody up in Holborn, he said you knew him. Upon that, a young man who was in the crowd said he was acquainted with you, and you were a respectable housekeeper, and if I'd call and make the inquiry, he'd appear. The young man don't seem inclined to keep his word, but — Oh! Here *is* the young man! "

Enter Mr. Guppy, who nods to Mr. Snagsby, and touches his hat with the chivalry of clerkship to the ladies on the stairs.

"I was strolling away from the office just now,

when I found this row going on," says Mr. Guppy to the law-stationer; "and as your name was mentioned, I thought it was right the thing should be looked into."

"It was very good-natured of you, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, "and I am obliged to you." And Mr. Snagsby again relates his experience, again suppressing the half-crown fact.

"Now, I know where you live," says the constable, then, to Jo. "You live down in Tom-all-Alone's. That's a nice innocent place to live in, ain't it?"

"I can't go and live in no nicer place, sir," replies Jo. "They wouldn't have nothink to say to me if I wos to go to a nice innocent place fur to live. Who ud go and let a nice innocent lodging to such a regular one as me?"

"You are very poor, ain't you?" says the constable.

"Yes, I am indeed, sir, wery poor in gin'ral," replies Jo.

"I leave you to judge now! I shook these two half-crowns out of him," says the constable, producing them to the company, "in only putting my hand upon him!"

"They're wot's left, Mr. Snagsby," says Jo, "out of a sov'ring as wos give me by a lady in a wale as sed she was a servant and as come to my

crossin one night and asked to be showed this 'ere ouse and the ouse wot him as you giv the writin to died at, and the berrin-ground wot he's berrid in. She ses to me she ses 'are you the boy at Inkwhich?' she ses. I ses 'yes' I ses. She ses to me she ses 'can you show me all them places?' I ses 'yes I can' I ses. And she ses to me 'do it' and I dun it and she give me a sov'ring and hooked it. And I ain't had much of the sov'ring neither," says Jo, with dirty tears, "fur I had to pay five bob, down in Tom-all-Alone's, afore they'd square it fur to give me change, and then a young man he thieved another five while I was asleep and another boy he thieved ninepence and the landlord he stood drains round with a lot more on it."

"You don't expect anybody to believe this, about the lady and the sovereign, do you?" says the constable, eyeing him aside with ineffable disdain.

"I don't know as I do, sir," replies Jo. "I don't expect nothink at all, sir, much, but that's the true hist'ry on it."

"You see what he is!" the constable observes to the audience. "Well, Mr. Snagsby, if I don't lock him up this time, will you engage for his moving on?"

"No!" cries Mrs. Snagsby from the stairs.

"My little woman!" pleads her husband. "Constable, I have no doubt he'll move on. You know you really must do it," says Mr. Snagsby.

"I'm everyways agreeable, sir," says the hapless Jo.

"Do it, then," observes the constable, "You know what you have got to do. Do it! And recollect you won't get off so easy next time. Catch hold of your money. Now, the sooner you're five mile off, the better for all parties."

With this farewell hint, and pointing generally to the setting sun, as a likely place to move on to, the constable bids his auditors good afternoon; and makes the echoes of Cook's Court perform slow music for him as he walks away on the shady side, carrying his iron-bound hat in his hand for a little ventilation.

Now, Jo's improbable story concerning the lady and the sovereign has awakened more or less the curiosity of all the company. Mr. Guppy, who has an inquiring mind in matters of evidence, and who has been suffering severely from the lassitude of the long vacation, takes that interest in the case, that he enters on a regular cross-examination of the witness, which is found so interesting by the ladies that Mrs. Snagsby politely invites him to step upstairs, and drink a cup of tea, if he will excuse the disarranged state of the tea-table, consequent on

their previous exertions. Mr. Guppy yielding his assent to this proposal, Jo is requested to follow into the drawing-room doorway, where Mr. Guppy takes him in hand as a witness, patting him into this shape, that shape, and the other shape, like a buttermilk dealer dealing with so much butter, and worrying him according to the best models. Nor is the examination unlike many such model displays, both in respect of its eliciting nothing and of its being lengthy; for, Mr. Guppy is sensible of his talent, and Mrs. Snagsby feels, not only that it gratifies her inquisitive disposition, but that it lifts her husband's establishment higher up in the law.

"Well!" says Mr. Guppy, "either this boy sticks to it like cobbler's-wax, or there is something out of the common here that beats anything that ever came into my way at Kenge and Carboy's."

Jo, whose immediate object seems to be to get away on any terms, gives a shuffling nod. Mr. Guppy then throws him a penny, and Mrs. Snagsby calls to Guster to see him safely out of the house. But, before he goes downstairs, Mr. Snagsby loads him with some broken meats from the table, which he carries away, hugging in his arms.

Jo moves on, through the long vacation, down

to Blackfriars Bridge, where he finds a baking stony corner, wherein to settle to his repast.

And there he sits, munching and gnawing, and looking up at the great Cross on the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral, glittering above a red and violet-tinted cloud of smoke. From the boy's face one might suppose that sacred emblem to be, in his eyes, the crowning confusion of the great, confused city; so golden, so high up, so far out of his reach. There he sits, the sun going down, the river running fast, the crowd flowing by him in two streams — everything moving on to some purpose and to one end — until he is stirred up, and told to "move on" too.

* * * * *

In Lincoln's Inn Fields the evening is hot; both Mr. Tulkinghorn's windows are wide open, and the room is lofty, gusty, and gloomy. These may not be desirable characteristics when November comes with fog and sleet, or January with ice and snow; but they have their merits in the sultry long vacation weather.

Plenty of dust comes in at Mr. Tulkinghorn's windows, and plenty more has generated among his furniture and papers. It lies thick everywhere.

In his towering magazine of dust, the universal

article into which his papers and himself, and all his clients, and all things of earth, animate and inanimate, are resolving, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits at one of the open windows, enjoying a bottle of old port. Though a hard-grained man, close, dry, and silent, he can enjoy old wine with the best. He has a priceless binn of port in some artful cellar under the Fields, which is one of his many secrets. When he dines alone in chambers, as he has dined to-day, and has his bit of fish and his steak or chicken brought in from the coffee-house, he descends with a candle to the echoing regions below the deserted mansion, and, heralded by a remote reverberation of thundering doors, comes gravely back, encircled by an earthy atmosphere, and carrying a bottle from which he pours a radiant nectar, two score and ten years old, that blushes in the glass to find itself so famous, and fills the whole room with the fragrance of southern grapes.

Mr. Tulkinghorn, sitting in the twilight by the open window, enjoys his wine. As if it whispered to him of its fifty years of silence and seclusion, it shuts him up the closer. More impenetrable than ever, he sits and drinks, and mellows, as it were, in secrecy; pondering, at that twilight hour, on all the mysteries he knows, associated with darkening woods in the country, and vast blank shut-up houses in town; and perhaps sparing a thought

or two for himself, and his family history, and his money, and his will—all a mystery to everyone—and that one bachelor friend of his, a man of the same mould and a lawyer, too, who lived the same kind of life until he was seventy-five years old, and then, suddenly conceiving (as it is supposed) an impression that it was too monotonous, gave his gold watch to his hair dresser one summer evening, and walked leisurely home to the Temple, and hanged himself.

But, Mr. Tulkinghorn is not alone to-night, to ponder at his usual length. Seated at the same table, though with his chair modestly and uncomfortably drawn a little way from it, sits a bald, mild, shining man, who coughs respectfully behind his hand when the lawyer bids him fill his glass.

“Now, Snagsby,” says Mr. Tulkinghorn, “to go over this odd story again.”

“If you please, sir.”

“You told me when you were so good as to step round here, last night——”

“For which I must ask you to excuse me if it was a liberty, sir; but I remember that you had taken a sort of an interest in that person, and I thought it possible that you might—just—wish—to——”

Mr. Tulkinghorn is not the man to help him to any conclusion, or to admit anything as to any pos-

sibility concerning himself. So Mr. Snagsby trails off into saying, with an awkward cough, "I must ask you to excuse the liberty, sir, I am sure."

"Not at all," says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "You told me, Snagsby, that you put on your hat and came round without mentioning your intention to your wife. That was prudent, I think, because it's not a matter of such importance that it requires to be mentioned."

"Well, sir," returns Mr. Snagsby, "you see my little woman is — not to put too fine a point upon it — inquisitive. She's inquisitive. Poor little thing, she's liable to spasms, and it's good for her to have her mind employed. In consequence of which she employs it — I should say upon every individual thing she can lay hold of, whether it concerns her or not — especially not. My little woman has a very active mind, sir."

Mr. Snagsby drinks, and murmurs with an admiring cough behind his hand, "Dear me, very fine wine, indeed."

"Therefore you kept your visit to yourself, last night?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "And to-night, too?"

"Yes, sir, and to-night, too."

Mr. Tulkinghorn assents. "Fill your glass, Snagsby."

"Thank you, sir, I am sure," returns the sta-

tioner, with his cough of deference. "This is wonderfully fine wine, sir!"

"Will you run over, once again, what the boy said?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn, putting his hands into the pockets of his rusty smallclothes and leaning quietly back in his chair.

"With pleasure, sir."

Then, with fidelity, though with some prolixity, the law-stationer repeats Jo's statement made to those assembled at his house. On coming to the end of his narrative, he gives a great start, and breaks off with—"Dear me, sir, I wasn't aware there was any other gentleman present!"

Mr Snagsby is dismayed to see, standing with an attentive face between himself and the lawyer, at a little distance from the table, a person with a hat and stick in his hand, who was not there when he himself came in, and has not since entered by the door or by either of the windows. There is a press in the room, but its hinges have not creaked, nor has a step been audible upon the floor. Yet this third person stands there, with his attentive face, and his hat and stick in his hands, and his hands behind him, a composed and quiet listener. He is a stoutly built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle-age. Except that he looks at Mr. Snagsby as if he were going to take his portrait, there is nothing remarkable

about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing.

"Don't mind this gentleman," says Mr. Tullinghorn, in his quiet way. "This is only Mr. Bucket."

"O indeed, sir?" returns the stationer, expressing by a cough that he is quite in the dark as to who Mr. Bucket may be.

"I wanted him to hear this story," says the lawyer, "because I have half a mind (for a reason) to know more of it, and he is very intelligent in such things. What do you say to this, Bucket?"

"It's very plain, sir. Since our people have moved this boy on, and he's not to be found on his old lay, if Mr. Snagsby don't object to go down with me to Tom-all-Alone's and point him out, we can have him here in less than a couple of hours' time. I can do it without Mr. Snagsby, of course; but this is the shortest way."

"Mr. Bucket is a detective officer, Snagsby," says the lawyer in explanation.

"Is he, indeed, sir?" says Mr. Snagsby, with a strong tendency in his clump of hair to stand on end.

"And if you have no real objection to accompany Mr. Bucket to the place in question," pursues the lawyer, "I shall feel obliged to you if you will do so."

In a moment's hesitation on the part of Mr. Snagsby, Bucket dips down to the bottom of his mind.

"Don't you be afraid of hurting the boy," he says. "You won't do that. It's all right as far as the boy's concerned. We shall only bring him here to ask him a question or so I want to put to him, and he'll be paid for his trouble, and sent away again. It'll be a good job for him. I promise you, as a man, that you shall see the boy sent away all right. Don't you be afraid of hurting him; you ain't going to do that."

"Very well, Mr. Tulkinghorn!" cries Mr. Snagsby cheerfully, and reassured, "since that's the case ——"

"Yes! and lookee here, Mr. Snagsby," resumes Bucket, taking him aside by the arm, tapping him familiarly on the breast, and speaking in a confidential tone. "You're a man of the world, you know, and a man of business, and a man of sense. That's what *you* are."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you for your good opinion," returns the stationer, with his cough of modesty, "but ——"

"That's what *you* are, you know," says Bucket. "Now, it ain't necessary to say to a man like you, engaged in your business, which is a business of trust and requires a person to be wide awake and

have his senses about him, and his head screwed on tight (I had an uncle in your business once) — it ain't necessary to say to a man like you, that it's the best and wisest way to keep little matters like this quiet. Don't you see? Quiet! "

"Certainly, certainly," returns the other.

"I don't mind telling *you*," says Bucket, with an engaging appearance of frankness, "that as far as I can understand it, there seems to be a doubt whether this dead person wasn't entitled to a little property, and whether this female hasn't been up to some games respecting that property, don't you see? "

"O! " says Mr. Snagsby, but not appearing to see quite distinctly.

"Now, what *you* want," pursues Bucket, again, tapping Mr. Snagsby on the breast in a comfortable and soothing manner, "is, that person should have their rights according to justice. That's what *you* want."

"To be sure," returns Mr. Snagsby, with a nod.

"On account of which, and at the same time to oblige a — do you call it, in your business, customer or client? I forget how my uncle used to call it."

"Why, I generally say customer myself," replies Mr. Snagsby.

"You're right! " returns Mr. Bucket, shaking

hands with him quite affectionately, — “on account of which, and at the same time to oblige a real good customer, you mean to go down with me, in confidence, to Tom-all-Alone’s, and to keep the whole thing quiet ever afterwards and never mention it to anyone. That’s about your intentions, if I understand you?”

“You are right, sir. You are right,” says Mr. Snagsby.

“Then here’s your hat,” returns his new friend, quite as intimate with it as if he had made it; “and if you’re ready, I am.”

They leave Mr. Tulkinghorn, without a ruffle on the surface of his unfathomable depths, drinking his old wine, and go down into the streets.

“You don’t happen to know a very good sort of person of the name of Gridley, do you?” says Bucket, in a friendly converse as they descended the stairs.

“No,” says Mr. Snagsby, considering, “I don’t know anybody of that name. Why?”

“Nothing particular,” says Bucket; “only, having allowed his temper to get a trifle the better of him, and having been threatening some respectable people, he is keeping out of the way of a warrant I have got against him — which it’s a pity that a man of sense should do.”

As they walk along, Mr. Snagsby observes, as a

novelty, that, however quick their pace may be, his companion still seems in some undefinable manner to lurk and lounge; also, that whenever he is going to turn to the right or left, he pretends to have a fixed purpose in his mind of going straight ahead, and wheels off, sharply, at the very last moment. Now and then, when they pass a police-constable on his beat, Mr. Snagsby notices that both the constable and his guide fall into a deep abstraction as they come towards each other, and appear entirely to overlook each other, and to gaze into space. In a few instances, Mr. Bucket coming behind some under-sized young man with a shining hat on, and his sleek hair twisted into one flat curl on each side of his head, almost without glancing at him touches him with his stick; upon which the young man, looking round, instantly evaporates. For the most part Mr. Bucket notices things in general, with a face as unchanging as the great mourning ring on his little finger, or the brooch, composed of not much diamond and a good deal of setting, which he wears in his shirt.

When they come at last to Tom-all-Alone's, Mr. Bucket stops for a moment at the corner, and takes a lighted bull's-eye from the constable on duty there, who then accompanies him with his own particular bull's-eye at his waist. Between his two conductors, Mr. Snagsby passes along the

middle of a villainous street, undrained, unventilated, deep in black mud and corrupt water — though the roads are dry elsewhere — and reeking with such smells and sights that he, who has lived in London all his life, can scarce believe his senses. Branching from this street and its heaps of ruins, are other streets and courts so infamous that Mr. Snagsby sickens in body and mind, and feels as if he were going, every moment deeper down, into the infernal gulf.

“Draw off a bit here, Mr. Snagsby,” says Bucket, as a kind of shabby palanquin is borne towards them, surrounded by a noisy crowd. “Here’s the fever coming up the street!”

As the unseen wretch goes by, the crowd, leaving that object of attraction, hovers round the three visitors, like a dream of horrible faces, and fades away up alleys and into ruins, and behind walls; and with occasional cries and shrill whistles of warning, thenceforth flits about them till they leave the place.

“Are those the fever-houses, Darby?” Mr. Bucket coolly asks, as he turns his bull’s-eye on a line of stinking ruins.

Darby replies that “all them are,” and further that in all, for months and months, the people “have been down by dozens,” and have been carried out, dead and dying “like sheep with the

rot." Bucket observing to Mr. Snagsby as they go on again, that he looks a little poorly, Mr. Snagsby answers that he feels as if he couldn't breathe the dreadful air.

There is inquiry made, at various houses, for a boy named Jo. As few people are known in Tom-all-Alone's by any Christian sign, there is much reference to Mr. Snagsby whether he means Carrots, or the Colonel, or Gallows, or Young Chisel, or Terrier Tip, or Lanky, or the Brick. Mr. Snagsby describes over and over again. There are conflicting opinions respecting the original of his picture. Some think it must be Carrots; some say the Brick. The Colonel is produced, but is not at all near the thing. Whenever Mr. Snagsby and his conductors are stationary, the crowd flows round, and from its squalid depths obsequious advice heaves up to Mr. Bucket. Whenever they move, and the angry bull's-eyes glare, it fades away, and flits about them up the alleys, and in the ruins, and behind the walls, as before.

At last there is a lair found out where Toughy, or the Tough Subject, lays him down at night; and it is thought that the Tough Subject may be Jo. Comparison of notes between Mr. Snagsby and the proprietress of the house — a drunken face tied up in a black bundle, and flaring out of a heap of rags on the floor of a dog hutch which is

her private apartment — leads to the establishment of this conclusion. Toughy has gone to the Doctor's to get a bottle of stuff for a sick woman, but will be here anon.

“That's Jo,” says Mr. Snagsby.

Jo stands amazed in the disk of light, like a ragged figure in a magic-lantern, trembling to think that he has offended against the law in not having moved on far enough. Mr. Snagsby, however, giving him the consolatory assurance, “It's only a job you will be paid for, Jo,” he recovers; and, on being taken outside by Mr. Bucket for a little private confabulation, tells his tale satisfactorily, though out of breath.

“I have squared it with the lad,” says Mr. Bucket, returning, “and it's all right. Now, Mr. Snagsby, we're ready for you.”

First, Jo has to complete his errand of good-nature by handing over the physic he has been to get, which he delivers with the laconic verbal direction that “it's to be all took d'rectly.” Second, Mr. Snagsby has to lay upon the table half-a-crown, his usual panacea for an immense variety of afflictions. Thirdly, Mr. Bucket has to take Jo by the arm a little above the elbow and walk him on before him; without which observance, neither the Tough Subject nor any other Subject could be professionally conducted to Lincoln's Inn

Fields. These arrangements completed, they give the woman good night, and come out once more into black and foul Tom-all-Alone's.

By the noisome ways through which they descended into that pit, they gradually emerge from it; the crowd flitting, and whistling, and skulking about them, until they come to the verge, where restoration of the bull's eye is made to Darby. Here, the crowd like a concourse of imprisoned demons, turns back, yelling, and is seen no more. Through the clearer and fresher streets, never so clear and fresh to Mr. Snagsby's mind as now, they walk and ride, until they come to Mr. Tulkinghorn's gate.

As they ascend the dim stairs (Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers being on the first floor), Mr. Bucket mentions that he has the key of the outer door in his pocket, and that there is no need to ring. For a man so expert in most things of that kind, Bucket takes time to open the door, and makes some noise too. It may be that he sounds a note of preparation.

Howbeit, they come at last into the hall, where a lamp is burning, and so into Mr. Tulkinghorn's usual room — the room where he drank his old wine to-night. He is not there, but his two old-fashioned candlesticks are; and the room is tolerably light.

Mr. Bucket, still having his professional hold of Jo, and appearing to Mr. Snagsby to possess an unlimited number of eyes, makes a little way into this room, when Jo starts and stops.

"What's the matter?" said Bucket in a whisper.

"There she is!" cried Jo.

"Who?"

"The lady!"

A female figure, closely veiled, stands in the middle of the room, where the light falls upon it. It is quite still, and silent. The front of the figure is towards them, but it takes no notice of their entrance, and remains like a statue.

"Now, tell me," says Bucket aloud, "how you know that to be the lady."

"I know the wale," replies Jo, staring, "and the bonnet, and the gownd."

"Be quite sure what you say, Tough," returns Bucket, narrowly observant of him. "Look again."

"I am a-looking as hard as ever I can look," says Jo, with starting eyes, "and that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd."

"What about those rings you told me of?" asks Bucket.

"A-sparkling all over here," says Jo, rubbing the fingers of his left hand on the knuckles of his right, without taking his eyes from the figure.

The figure removes the right-hand glove, and shows the hand.

"Now, what do you say to that?" asks Bucket.

Jo shakes his head. "Not rings a bit like them. Not a hand like that."

"What are you talking of?" says Bucket; evidently pleased though, and well pleased too.

"Hand was a deal whiter, a deal delicateser, and a deal smaller," returns Jo.

"Why, you'll tell me I'm my own mother next," says Mr. Bucket. "Do you recollect the lady's voice?"

"I think I does," says Jo.

The figure speaks. "Was it all like this? I will speak as long as you like if you are not sure. Was it this voice, or at all like this voice?"

Jo looks aghast at Mr. Bucket. "Not a bit!"

"Then, what," retorts that worthy, pointing to the figure, "did you say it was the lady for?"

"Cos," says Jo, with a perplexed stare, but without being at all shaken in his certainty, "cos that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd. It is her and it an't her. It a'nt her hand, nor yet her rings, nor yet her woice. But that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd, and they're wore the same way wot she wore 'em, and it's her

height wot she wos, and she giv me a sov'-ring and hooked it."

"Well!" says Mr. Bucket, slightly, "we haven't got much good out of *you*. But, however, here's five shillings for you. Take care how you spend it, and don't get yourself into trouble." Bucket stealthily tells the coins from one hand into the other like counters—which is a way he has, his principal use of them being in these games of skill—and then puts them, in a little pile, into the boy's hand, and takes him out to the door; leaving Mr. Snagsby, not by any means comfortable under these mysterious circumstances, alone with the veiled figure. But on Mr. Tulkinghorn's coming into the room, the veil is raised, and a sufficiently good-looking Frenchwoman is revealed, though her expression is something of the intensest.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle Hortense," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, with his usual equanimity. "I will give you no further trouble about this little wager."

"You will do me the kindness to remember, sir, that I am not at present placed?" says Mademoiselle."

"Certainly, certainly!"

"And to confer upon me the favor of your distinguished recommendation?"

"By all means, Mademoiselle Hortense."

“A word from Mr. Tulkinghorn is so powerful.”—“It shall not be wanting, Mademoiselle.”—“Receive the assurance of my devoted gratitude, dear sir.”—“Good-night.” Mademoiselle goes out with an air of native gentility; and Mr. Bucket, to whom it is, on an emergency, as natural to be groom of the ceremonies as it is to be anything else, shows her downstairs, not without gallantry.

“Well, Bucket?” quoth Mr. Tulkinghorn, on his return.

“It’s all squared, you see, as I squared it myself, sir. There an’t a doubt that it was the other one with this one’s dress on. The boy was exact respecting colors and everything. Mr. Snagsby, I promised you as a man that he should be sent away all right. Don’t say it wasn’t done!”

“You have kept your word, sir,” returns the stationer; “and if I can be of no further use, Mr. Tulkinghorn, I think, as my little woman will be getting anxious——”

“Thank you, Snagsby, no further use,” says Mr. Tulkinghorn. “I am quite indebted to you for the trouble you have taken already.”

“Not at all, sir. I wish you good-night.”

“You see, Mr. Snagsby,” says Mr. Bucket, accompanying him to the door, and shaking hands with him over and over again, “what I like in you is, that you’re a man it’s of no use pump-

ing; that's what *you* are. When you know you have done a right thing, you put it away, and it's done with and gone, and there's an end of it. That's what *you* do."

"That is certainly what I endeavor to do, sir," returns Mr. Snagsby.

"No, you don't do yourself justice. It an't what you endeavor to do," says Mr. Bucket, shaking hands with him and blessing him in the tenderest manner, "it's what you *do*. That's what I estimate in a man in your way of business."

Mr. Snagsby makes a suitable response; and goes homeward so confused by the events of the evening, that he is doubtful of his being awake and out — doubtful of the reality of the streets through which he goes — doubtful of the reality of the moon that shines above him. He is presently reassured on these subjects, by the unchallengeable reality of Mrs. Snagsby, sitting up with her head in a perfect bee-hive of curl-papers and nightcap; who has dispatched Guster to the police-station with official intelligence of her husband's being made away with, and who, within the last two hours, has passed through every stage of swooning with the greatest decorum. But, as the little woman feelingly says, many thanks she gets for it!

* * * * *

The London season comes to a sudden end and Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper at Chesney Wold, foresees, though no instructions have yet come down, that the family may shortly be expected. Hence the stately old dame, taking Time by the forelock, leads him up and down the staircases, and along the galleries and passages, and through the rooms, to witness before he grows any older that everything is ready; that floors are rubbed bright, carpets spread, curtains shaken out, beds puffed and patted, still-room and kitchen cleared for action,—all things prepared as beseems the Dedlock dignity.

Of all the shadows in Chesney Wold, the shadow in the long drawing-room upon my lady's picture is the first to come, the last to be disturbed. At this hour and by this light it changes into a threatening hand raised up, and menacing the handsome face with every breath that stirs.

"She is not well, ma'am," says a groom in Mrs. Rouncewell's audience-chamber.

"My Lady not well! What's the matter?"

"Why, my Lady has been but poorly, ma'am, since she was last here—I don't mean with the family, ma'am, but when she was here as a bird of passage-like. My Lady has not been out much for her, and has kept her room a good deal."

"Chesney Wold, Thomas," rejoins the house-keeper, with proud complacency, "will set my Lady up! There is no finer air, and no healthier soil, in the world! "

Thomas may have his own personal opinions on this subject; probably hints them, in his manner of smoothing his sleek head from the nape of his neck to his temples; but he forbears to express them further, and retires to the servants' hall to regale on cold meat-pie and ale.

This groom is the pilot-fish before the nobler shark. Next evening, down come Sir Leicester and my Lady with their largest retinue, and down come the cousins and others from all the points of the compass.

My Lady takes no great pains to entertain the numerous guests, and, being still unwell, rarely appears until late in the day. But, at all the dismal dinners, leaden lunches, basilisk balls, and other melancholy pageants, her mere appearance is a relief. As to Sir Leicester, he conceives it utterly impossible that anything can be wanting, in any direction, by anyone who has the good fortune to be received under that roof; and in a state of sublime satisfaction, he moves among the company, a magnificent refrigerator.

Mercury in attendance with coffee informs Sir Leicester, hereupon, that Mr. Tulkinghorn has ar-

rived, and has taken dinner. My Lady turns her head inward for the moment, then looks out again as before.

Cousin Volumnia is charmed to hear that her Delight is come. He is so original, such a stolid creature, such an immense being for knowing all sorts of things and never telling them! Volumnia is persuaded that he must be a Freemason. Is sure he is at the head of a lodge, wears short aprons, and is made a perfect Idol of, with candlesticks and trowels. These lively remarks the fair Dedlock delivers in her youthful manner, while making a purse.

"He has not been here once," she adds, "since I came. I really had some thoughts of breaking my heart for the inconstant creature. I had almost made up mind that he was dead."

It may be the gathering gloom of evening, or it may be the darker gloom within herself, but a shade is on my Lady's face, as if she thought, "I would he were! "

"Mr. Tulkinghorn," says Sir Leicester, "is always welcome here, and always discreet wheresoever he is. A very valuable person, and deservedly respected."

The debilitated cousin supposes he is "'normously rich fler."

"He has a stake in the country," says Sir Leices-

ter, "I have no doubt. He is, of course, handsomely paid, and he associates almost on a footing of equality with the highest society."

Everybody starts. For a gun is fired close by.

"Good gracious, what's that?" cries Volumnia with her little withered scream.

"A rat," says my Lady. "And they have shot him." Enter Mr. Tulkinghorn, followed by Mercuries, with lamps and candles.

"No, no," says Sir Leicester, "I think not. My lady, do you object to the twilight?"

On the contrary, my Lady prefers it.

"Volumnia?"

O! nothing is so delicious to Volumnia, as to sit and talk in the dark.

"Then take them away," says Sir Leicester. "Tulkinghorn, I beg your pardon. How do you do?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn with his usual leisurely ease advances, renders his passing homage to my Lady, takes Sir Leicester's hand, and subsides into the chair proper to him when he has anything to communicate, on the opposite side of the Baronet's little newspaper-table. Sir Leicester is apprehensive that my Lady, not being very well, will take cold at that open window. My Lady is obliged to him, but would rather sit there, for the air. Sir Leicester rises, adjusts her scarf about her, and returns to

his seat. Mr. Tulkinghorn in the meanwhile takes a pinch of snuff.

"Now," says Sir Leicester. "How has that election contest gone?"

"Oh, hollow from the beginning. Not a chance. They have brought in both their people. You are beaten out of all reason. Three to one."

It is a part of Mr. Tulkinghorn's policy and mastery to have *no* political opinions; indeed, *no* opinions. Therefore he says "you" are beaten, and not "we."

Sir Leicester is majestically wroth. Volumnia never heard of such a thing. The debilitated cousin holds that it's — sort of thing that's pure tapu slongs votes — giv'n — Mob.

"It's the place, you know," Mr. Tulkinghorn goes on to say in the last increasing darkness, when there is silence again, "where they wanted to put up Mrs. Rouncewell's son."

"A proposal which, as you correctly informed me at the time, he had the becoming taste and perception," observes Sir Leicester, "to decline. I cannot say that I by any means approve of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Rouncewell, some little while ago, when he requested Lady Dedlock to part with her young companion, simply because his son was attached to the girl. Yet there was a sense of propriety in his decision."

"Ha!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "It did not prevent him from being very active in this election, though."

Sir Leicester is distinctly heard to gasp before speaking. "Did I understand you? Did you say that Mr. Rouncewell had been very active in this election?"

"Uncommonly active."

"Against ——"

"O dear yes, against you. He is a very good speaker. Plain and emphatic. He made a damaging effect, and has great influence. In the business-part of the proceedings he carried all before him."

It is evident to the whole company, though nobody can see him, that Sir Leicester is staring majestically.

"And he was much assisted," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, as a wind-up, "by his son."

"By his son, sir?" repeats Sir Leicester, with awful politeness.

"By his son."

"The son who wished to marry the young woman in my Lady's service?"

"That son. He has but one."

"Then upon my honor," says Sir Leicester, after a terrific pause, during which he has been heard to snort and felt to stare; "then upon my honor,

upon my life, upon my reputation and principles, the floodgates of society are burst open, and the waters have — a — obliterated the landmarks of the framework of the cohesion by which things are held together! ”

General burst of cousinly indignation. Volumnia thinks it is really high time, you know, for somebody in power to step in and do something strong. The debilitated cousin thinks — Country’s going — DAYVLE — steeple-chase pace.

“ I beg,” says Sir Leicester, in a breathless condition, “ that we may not comment further on this circumstance. Comment is superfluous. My Lady, let me suggest in reference to that young woman —— ”

“ I have no intention,” observes my Lady from her window, in a low but decided tone, “ of parting with her.”

“ That was not my meaning,” returns Sir Leicester. “ I am glad to hear you say so. I would suggest that as you think her worthy of your patronage, you should exert your influence to keep her from these dangerous hands. You might show her what violence would be done, in such association, to her duties and principles; and you might preserve her for a better fate. You might point out to her that she probably would, in good time, find a husband at Chesney Wold by

whom she would not be — ” Sir Leicester adds, after a moment’s consideration, “ dragged from the altars of her forefathers.”

These remarks he offers with his unvarying politeness and deference when he addresses himself to his wife. She merely moves her head in reply. The moon is rising; and where she sits there is a little stream of cold pale light, in which her head is seen.

“ It is worthy of remark,” says Mr. Tulkinghorn, “ however, that these people are, in their way, very proud.”

“ Proud? ” Sir Leicester doubts his hearing.

“ I should not be surprised, if they all voluntarily abandoned the girl — yes, lover and all — instead of her abandoning them, supposing she remained at Chesney Wold under such circumstances.”

“ Well! ” says Sir Leicester, tremulously, “ Well! You should know, Mr. Tulkinghorn. You have been among them.”

“ Really, Sir Leicester,” returns the lawyer, “ I state the fact. Why, I could tell you a story — with Lady Dedlock’s permission.”

Her head concedes it, and Volumnia is enchanted. A story! O he is going to tell something at last! A ghost in it, Volumnia hopes?

“ No. Real flesh and blood.” Mr. Tulking-

horn stops for an instant, and repeats, with some little emphasis grafted upon his usual monotony, "Real flesh and blood, Miss Dedlock. Sir Leicester, these particulars have only lately become known to me. They are very brief. They exemplify what I have said. I suppress names for the present. Lady Dedlock will not think me ill-bred, I hope? "

By the light of the fire, which is low, he can be seen looking towards the moonlight. By the light of the moon Lady Dedlock can be seen, perfectly still.

"A townsman of this Mrs. Rouncewell, a man in exactly parallel circumstances as I am told, had the good fortune to have a daughter who attracted the notice of a great lady. I speak of really a great lady; not merely great to him, but married to a gentleman of your condition, Sir Leicester."

Sir Leicester condescendingly says, "Yes, Mr. Tulkinghorn; " implying that then she must have appeared of very considerable moral dimensions indeed, in the eyes of an ironmaster.

"The lady was wealthy and beautiful, and had a liking for the girl, and treated her with great kindness, and kept her always near her. Now this lady preserved a secret under all her greatness, which she had preserved for many years. In fact, she had in early life been engaged to marry a

young rake—he was a captain in the army—nothing connected with whom came to any good. She never did marry him, but she gave birth to a child of which he was the father.”

By the light of the fire he can be seen looking towards the moonlight. By the moonlight, Lady Dedlock can be seen in profile, perfectly still.

“The captain in the army being dead, she believed herself safe; but a train of circumstances with which I need not trouble you, led to discovery. As I received the story, they began in an imprudence on her own part one day, when she was taken by surprise; which shows how difficult it is for the firmest of us (she was very firm) to be always guarded. There was great domestic trouble and amazement, you may suppose; I leave you to imagine, Sir Leicester, the husband’s grief. But that is not the present point. When Mr. Rouncewell’s townsman heard of the disclosure, he no more allowed the girl to be patronized and honored, than he would have suffered her to be trodden under foot before his eyes. Such was his pride, that he indignantly took her away, as if from reproach and disgrace. He had no sense of the honor done him and his daughter by the lady’s condescension; not the least. He resented the girl’s position, as if the lady had been the commonest of commoners. That is the story. I hope Lady Dedlock will excuse its painful nature.”

There are various opinions on the merits, more or less conflicting with Volumnia's. That fair young creature cannot believe there ever was any such lady, and rejects the whole history on the threshold. The majority incline to the debilitated cousin's sentiment, which is in few words — "no business — Rouncewell's 'fernal townsman." Sir Leicester generally refers back in his mind to Wat Tyler, and arranges a sequence of events on a plan of his own.

There is not much conversation in all, for late hours have been kept at Chesney Wold of late, and this is the first night in many on which the family have been alone. It is past ten, when Sir Leicester begs Mr. Tulkinghorn to ring for candles. Then the stream of moonlight has swelled into a lake, and then Lady Dedlock for the first time moves, and rises, and comes forward to a table for a glass of water. Winking cousins, bat-like in the candle glare, crowd round to give it; Volumnia (always ready for something better if procurable) takes another, a very mild sip of which contents her; Lady Dedlock, graceful, self-possessed, looked after by admiring eyes, passes away slowly down the long perspective by the side of that Nymph, not at all improving her as a question of contrast.

* * * * *

Mr. Tulkinghorn arrives in his turret-room, a little breathed by the journey up, though leisurely performed. There is an expression on his face as if he had discharged his mind of some grave matter, and were, in his close way, satisfied. To say of a man so severely and strictly self-repressed that he is triumphant, would be to do him as great an injustice as to suppose him troubled with love or sentiment, or any romantic weakness. He is sedately satisfied. Perhaps there is a rather increased sense of power upon him, as he loosely grasps one of his veinous wrists with his other hand, and holding it behind his back walks noiselessly up and down.

There is a capacious writing-table in the room, on which is a pretty large accumulation of papers. The green lamp is lighted, his reading-glasses lie upon the desk, the easy-chair is wheeled up to it, and it would seem as though he had intended to bestow an hour or so upon these claims on his attention before going to bed. But he happens not to be in a business mind. After a glance at the documents awaiting his notice — with his head bent low over the table, the old man's sight for print or writing being defective at night — he opens the French window and steps out upon the leads. There he again walks slowly up and down, in the same attitude; subsiding, if a man so cool may

have any need to subside, from the story he has related downstairs.

The time was once, when men as knowing as Mr. Tulkinghorn would walk on turret-tops in the star-light, and look up into the sky to read their fortunes there. Hosts of stars are visible to-night, though their brilliancy is eclipsed by the splendor of the moon.

As he paces the leads, with his eyes most probably as high above his thoughts as they are high above the earth, he is suddenly stopped in passing the windows by two eyes that meet his own. The ceiling of his room is rather low; the upper part of the door, which is opposite the window, is of glass. There is an inner baize door, too, but the night being warm he did not close it when he came upstairs. These eyes that meet his own, are looking in through the glass from the corridor outside. He knows them well. The blood has not flushed into his face so suddenly and readily for many a long year, as when he recognizes Lady Dedlock.

He steps into the room, and she comes in too, closing both the doors behind her. There is a wild disturbance — is it fear or anger? — in her eyes. In her carriage and all else, she looks as she looked downstairs two hours ago.

Is it fear, or is it anger, now? He cannot be sure. Both might be as pale, both as intent.

"Lady Dedlock?"

She does not speak at first, nor even when she has slowly dropped into the easy-chair by the table. They look at each other, like two pictures.

"Why have you told my story to so many persons?"

"Lady Dedlock, it was necessary for me to inform you that I knew it."

"How long have you known it?"

"I have suspected it a long while — fully known it a little while."

"Months?"

"Days."

He stands before her, with one hand on a chair-back and the other in his old-fashioned waist-coat and shirt-frill, exactly as he has stood before her at any time since her marriage. The same formal politeness, the same composed deference that might as well be defiance; the whole man the same dark, cold object, at the same distance, which nothing has ever diminished.

"Is this true concerning the poor girl?"

He slightly inclines and advances his head, as not quite understanding the question.

"You know what you related. Is it true? Do

her friends know my story also? Is it the town-talk yet? Is it chalked upon the walls and cried in the streets? ”

So! Anger, and fear, and shame. All three contending. What power this woman has to keep these raging passions down! Mr. Tulkinghorn's thoughts take such form as he looks at her, with his ragged gray eyebrows a hair's-breadth more contracted than usual, under her gaze.

“ No, Lady Dedlock. That was a hypothetical case, arising out of Sir Leicester's unconsciously carrying the matter with so high a hand. But it would be a real case if they knew — what we know.”

“ Then they do not know it yet? ”

“ No.”

“ Can I save the poor girl from injury before they know it? ”

“ Really, Lady Dedlock,” Mr. Tulkinghorn replies, “ I cannot give a satisfactory opinion on that point.”

And he thinks, with the interest of attentive curiosity, as he watches the struggle in her breast, “ The power and force of this woman are astonishing! ”

“ Sir,” she says, for the moment obliged to set her lips with all the energy she has, that she may speak distinctly, “ I will make it plainer. I do not

dispute your hypothetical case. I anticipated it, and felt its truth as strongly as you can do, when I saw Mr. Rouncewell here. I knew very well that if he could have had the power of seeing me as I was, he would consider the poor girl tarnished by having for a moment been, although most innocently, the subject of my great and distinguished patronage. But, I have an interest in her; or I should rather say — no longer belonging to this place — I had; and if you can find so much consideration for the woman under your foot as to remember that, she will be very sensible of your mercy."

Mr. Tulkinghorn, profoundly attentive, throws this off with a shrug of self-depreciation, and contracts his eyebrows a little more.

"You have prepared me for my exposure, and I thank you for that too. Is there anything that you require of me? Is there any claim that I can release, or any charge or trouble that I can spare my husband in obtaining *his* release, by certifying to the exactness of your discovery? I will write anything, here and now, that you will dictate. I am ready to do it."

And she would do it! thinks the lawyer, watchful of the firm hand with which she takes the pen!

"I will not trouble you, Lady Dedlock. Pray spare yourself."

"I have long expected this, as you know. I neither wish to spare myself, nor to be spared. You can do nothing worse to me than you have done. Do what remains, now."

"Lady Dedlock, there is nothing to be done. I will take leave to say a few words, when you have finished."

Their need for watching one another should be over now, but they do it all this time, and the stars watch them both through the opened window. Away in the moonlight lie the woodland fields at rest, and the wide house is as quiet as the narrow one. The narrow one! Where are the digger and the spade, this peaceful night, destined to add the last great secret to the many secrets of the Tullingshorn existence? Is the man born yet, is the spade wrought yet? Curious questions to consider, more curious perhaps not to consider, under the watching stars upon a summer night.

"Of repentance or remorse, or any feeling of mine," Lady Dedlock presently proceeds, "I say not a word. If I were not dumb, you would be deaf. Let that go by. It is not for your ears."

He makes a feint of offering a protest, but she sweeps it away with her disdainful hand.

"Of other and very different things I come to speak to you. My jewels are all in their proper places of keeping. They will be found there. So,

my dresses. So, all the valuables I have. Some ready money I had with me, please to say, but no large amount. I did not wear my own dress, in order that I might avoid observation. I went, to be henceforward lost. Make this known. I leave no other charge with you."

"Excuse me, Lady Dedlock," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, quite unmoved. "I am not sure that I understand you. You went ——?"

"To be lost to all here. I leave Chesney Wold to-night. I go this hour."

Mr. Tulkinghorn shakes his head. She rises; but he, without moving hand from chair-back or from old-fashioned waistcoat and shirt-frill, shakes his head.

"What? Not go as I have said?"

"No, Lady Dedlock," he very calmly replies.

"Do you know the relief that my disappearance will be? Have you forgotten the stain and blot upon this place, and where it is, and who it is?"

"No, Lady Dedlock, not by any means."

Without deigning to rejoin, she moves to the inner door and has it in her hand, when he says to her, without himself stirring hand or foot, or raising his voice:

"Lady Dedlock, have the goodness to stop and hear me, or before you reach the staircase I shall ring the alarm-bell and rouse the house. And

then I must speak out, before every guest and servant, every man and woman, in it."

He has conquered her. She falters, trembles, and puts her hand confusedly to her head. Slight tokens these in anyone else; but when so practiced an eye as Mr. Tulkinghorn's sees indecision for a moment in such a subject, he thoroughly knows its value.

He promptly says again, "Have the goodness to hear me, Lady Dedlock," and motions to the chair from which she has risen. She hesitates, but he motions again, and she sits down.

"The relations between us are of an unfortunate description, Lady Dedlock; but, as they are not of my making, I will not apologize for them. The position I hold in reference to Sir Leicester is so well known to you, that I can hardly imagine but that I must long have appeared in your eyes the natural person to make this discovery."

"Sir," she returns without looking up from the ground, on which her eyes are now fixed, "I had better have gone. It would have been far better not to have detained me. I have no more to say."

"Excuse me, Lady Dedlock, if I add, a little more to hear."

"I wish to hear it at the window, then; I can't breathe where I am."

His jealous glance as she walks that way, betrays an instant's misgiving that she may have it in her thoughts to leap over, and dashing against ledge and cornice, strike her life out upon the terrace below. But, a moment's observation of her figure as she stands in the window without any support, looking out at the stars — not up — gloomily out at those stars which are low in the heavens — reassures him. By facing round as she has moved, he stands a little behind her.

"Lady Dedlock, I have not yet been able to come to a decision satisfactory to myself, on the course before me. I am not clear what to do, or how to act next. I must request you, in the meantime, to keep your secret as you have kept it so long, and not to wonder that I keep it too."

He pauses, but she makes no reply.

"Pardon me, Lady Dedlock. This is an important subject. You are honoring me with your attention?"

"I am."

"Thank you. I might have known it, from what I have seen of your strength of character. I ought not to have asked the question, but I have the habit of making sure of my ground, step by step, as I go on. The sole consideration in this unhappy case is Sir Leicester."

"Then why," she asks in a low voice, and with-

out removing her gloomy look from those distant stars, "do you detain me in his house?"

"Because he *is* the consideration. Lady Dedlock, I have no occasion to tell you that Sir Leicester is a very proud man; that his reliance upon you is implicit; that the fall of that moon out of the sky, would not amaze him more than your fall from your high position as his wife."

She breathes quickly and heavily, but she stands as unflinchingly as ever he has seen her in the midst of her grandest company.

"I declare to you, Lady Dedlock, that with anything short of this case that I have, I would as soon have hoped to root up, by means of my own strength and my own hands, the oldest tree on this estate, as to shake your hold upon Sir Leicester, and Sir Leicester's trust and confidence in you. And even now, with this case I hesitate. Not that he could doubt (that, even with him, is impossible), but that nothing can prepare him for the blow."

"Not my flight?" she returned. "Think of it again."

"Your flight, Lady Dedlock, would spread the whole truth, and a hundred times the whole truth, far and wide. It would be impossible to save the family credit for a day. It is not to be thought of."

There is a quiet decision in his reply, which admits of no remonstrance.

"When I speak of Sir Leicester being the sole consideration, he and the family credit are one. Sir Leicester and the baronetcy, Sir Leicester and Chesney Wold, Sir Leicester and his ancestors and his patrimony"; Mr. Tulkinghorn very dry here; "are, I need not say to you, Lady Dedlock, inseparable."

"Good."

"Therefore," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, pursuing his case in his jog-trot style, "I have much to consider. This is to be hushed up, if it can be. How can it be, if Sir Leicester is driven out of his wits, or laid upon a death-bed? If I inflicted this shock upon him to-morrow morning, how could the immediate change in him be accounted for? What could have caused it? What could have divided you? Lady Dedlock, the wall-chalking and the street-crying would come on directly; and you are to remember that it would not affect you merely (whom I cannot at all consider in this business) but your husband, Lady Dedlock, your husband."

He gets plainer as he gets on, but not an atom more emphatic or animated.

"There is another point of view," he continues, "in which the case presents itself. Sir Leicester

is devoted to you almost to infatuation. He might not be able to overcome that infatuation, even knowing what we know. I am putting an extreme case, but it might be so. If so, it were better that he knew nothing. Better for common sense, better for him, better for me. I must take all this into account, and it combines to render a decision very difficult."

She stands looking out at the same stars without a word. They are beginning to pale, and she looks as if their coldness froze her.

"My experience teaches me," says Mr. Tullinghorn, who has by this time got his hands in his pockets, and is going on in his business consideration of the matter, like a machine, "my experience teaches me, Lady Dedlock, that most of the people I know would do far better to leave marriage alone. It is at the bottom of three-fourths of their troubles. So I thought when Sir Leicester married, and so I always have thought since. No more about that. I must now be guided by circumstances. In the meanwhile I must beg you to keep your own counsel, and I will keep mine."

"I am to drag my present life on, holding its pains at your pleasure, day by day?" she asks, still looking at the distant sky.

"Yes, I am afraid so, Lady Dedlock."

"It is necessary, you think, that I should be so tied to the stake?"

"I am sure that what I recommend is necessary."

"I am to remain on this gaudy platform, on which my miserable deception has been so long acted, and it is to fall beneath me when you give the signal?" she said slowly.

"Not without notice, Lady Dedlock. I shall take no step without forewarning you."

She asks all her questions as if she were repeating them from memory, or calling them over in her sleep.

"We are to meet as usual?"

"Precisely as usual, if you please?"

"And I am to hide my guilt, as I have done so many years?"

"As you have done so many years. I should not have made that reference myself, Lady Dedlock, but I may now remind you that your secret can be no heavier to you than it was, and is no worse and no better than it was. I know it certainly, but I believe we have never wholly trusted each other."

She stands absorbed in the same frozen way for some little time, before asking:

"Is there anything more to be said to-night?"

"Why," Mr. Tulkinghorn returns methodically as he softly rubs his hands, "I should like to be as-

sured of your acquiescence in my arrangements, Lady Dedlock."

"You may be assured of it."

"Good. And I would wish in conclusion to remind you, as a business precaution, in case it should be necessary to recall the fact in any communication with Sir Leicester, that throughout our interview I have expressly stated my sole consideration to be Sir Leicester's feelings and honor, and the family reputation. I should have been happy to have made Lady Dedlock a prominent consideration, too, if the case had admitted of it; but unfortunately it does not."

"I can attest your fidelity, sir."

Both before and after saying it she remains absorbed, but at length moves, and turns, unshaken in her natural and acquired presence, towards the door. Mr. Tulkinghorn opens both the doors exactly as he would have done yesterday, or as he would have done ten years ago, and makes his old-fashioned bow as she passes out. It is not an ordinary look that he receives from the handsome face as it goes into the darkness, and it is not an ordinary movement, though a very slight one, that acknowledges his courtesy. But, as he reflects when he is left alone, the woman has been putting no common constraint upon herself.

He would know it all the better, if he saw the

woman pacing her own rooms with her hair wildly thrown from her flung back face, her hands clasped behind her head, her figure twisted as if by pain. He would think so all the more, if he saw the woman thus hurrying up and down for hours, without fatigue, without intermission, followed by the faithful step upon the Ghost's Walk. But he shuts out the now chilled air, draws the window-curtain, goes to bed, and falls asleep. And truly when the stars go out and the wan day peeps into the turret-chamber, finding him at his oldest, he looks as if the digger and the spade were both commissioned and would soon be digging.

* * * * *

From the verdant undulations and the spreading oaks of the Dedlock property, Mr. Tulkinghorn transfers himself to the stale heat and dust of London. His manner of coming and going between the two places, is one of his impenetrabilities. He walks into Chesney Wold as if it were next door to his chambers, and returns to his chambers as if he had never been out of Lincoln's Inn Fields. He neither changes his dress before the journey, nor talks of it afterwards. He melted out of his turret-room this morning, just as now, in the late twilight, he melts into his own square.

The lamplighter is skipping up and down his

ladder on Mr. Tulkinghorn's side of the Fields, when that high-priest of noble mysteries arrives at his own dull court-yard. He ascends the door-steps, and is gliding into the dusky hall, when he encounters, on the top step, a bowing and propitiatory little man.

"Is that Snagsby?"

"Yes, sir. I hope you are well, sir. I was just giving you up, sir, and going home."

"Aye? What is it? What do you want with me?"

"Well, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, holding his hat at the side of his head, in his deference towards his best customer, "I was wishful to say a word to you, sir."

"Can you say it here?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Say it then." The lawyer turns, leans his arms on the iron railing at the top of the steps, and looks at the lamplighter lighting the court-yard.

"It is relating," says Mr. Snagsby, in a mysterious low voice: "it is relating — not to put too fine a point upon it — to the foreigner, sir?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn eyes him with some surprise. "What foreigner?"

"The foreign female, sir. French, if I don't mistake. I am not acquainted with that language myself, but I should judge from her manners and

appearance that she was French; anyways, certainly foreign. Her that was upstairs, sir, when Mr. Bucket and me had the honor of waiting upon you with the sweeping-boy that night."

"Oh! yes, yes. Mademoiselle Hortense."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Snagsby coughs his cough of submission behind his hat. "I am not acquainted myself with the names of foreigners in general, but I have no doubt it *would* be that."

"And what can you have to say, Snagsby," demands Mr. Tulkinghorn, "about her?"

"Well, sir," returns the stationer, shading his communication with his hat, "it falls a little hard upon me. My domestic happiness is very great — at least, it's as great as can be expected, I'm sure — but my little woman is rather given to jealousy. Not to put too fine a point upon it, she is very much given to jealousy. And you see, a foreign female of that genteel appearance coming into the shop, and hovering — I should be the last to make use of a strong expression, if I could avoid it, but hovering, sir — in the court — you know it is — now ain't it? I only put it to yourself, sir."

Mr. Snagsby having said this in a very plaintive manner, throws in a cough of general application to fill up all the blanks.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

“Just so, sir,” returns Mr. Snagsby; “I was sure you would feel it yourself, and would excuse the reasonableness of *my* feelings when coupled with the known excitableness of my little woman. You see, the foreign female — which you mentioned her name just now, with quite a native sound, I am sure — caught up the word Snagsby that night, being uncommon quick, and made inquiry, and got the direction and come at dinner-time. Now Guster, our young woman, is timid and has fits, and she, taking fright at the foreigner’s looks — which are fierce — and at a grinding manner that she has of speaking — which is calculated to alarm a weak mind — gave way to it, instead of bearing up against it, and tumbled down the kitchen stairs out of one into another, such fits as I do sometimes think are never gone into, or come out of, in any house but ours. Consequently there was by good fortune ample occupation for my little woman, and only me to answer the shop. When she *did* say that Mr. Tulkinghorn, being always denied to her by his employer (which I had no doubt at the time was a foreign mode of viewing a clerk), she would do herself the pleasure of continually calling at my place until she was let in here. Since then she has been, as I began by saying, hovering — hovering, sir,” Mr. Snagsby repeats the words with pathetic emphasis,

"in the court. The effects of which movement it is impossible to calculate. I shouldn't wonder if it might have already given rise to the painfulest mistakes even in the neighbors' minds, not mentioning (if such a thing was possible) my little woman. Whereas, goodness knows," says Mr. Snagsby, shaking his head, "I never had an idea of a foreign female, except as being formerly connected with a bunch of brooms and a baby, or at the present time with a tambourine and ear-rings. I never had, I do assure you, sir!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn had listened gravely to this complaint, and inquires, when the stationer has finished, "And that's all, is it, Snagsby?"

"Why, yes, sir, that's all," says Mr. Snagsby, ending with a cough that plainly adds, "and it's enough too — for me."

"I don't know what Mademoiselle Hortense may want or mean, unless she is mad," says the lawyer.

"Even if she was, you know, sir," Mr. Snagsby pleads, "it wouldn't be a consolation to have some weapon or another in the form of a foreign dagger, planted in the family."

"No," says the other. "Well, well! This shall be stopped. I am sorry you have been inconvenienced. If she comes again, send her here."

Mr. Snagsby, with much bowing and short apolo-

getic coughing, takes his leave, lightened in heart. Mr. Tulkinghorn goes upstairs, saying to himself, "These women were created to give trouble, the whole earth over. The mistress not being enough to deal with, here's the maid now! But I will be short with *this* jade at least! "

So saying he unlocks his door, gropes his way into his murky rooms, lights his candles, and looks about him. Mr. Tulkinghorn takes a small key from his pocket, unlocks a drawer in which there is another key, which unlocks a chest in which there is another, and so comes to the cellar-key, with which he prepares to descend to the regions of old wine. He is going towards the door with a candle in his hand, when a knock comes.

"Who's this? — Aye, aye, mistress, it's you, is it? You appear at a good time. I have just been hearing of you. Now! What do you want? "

He stands the candle on the chimney-piece in the clerk's hall, and taps his dry cheek with the key, as he addresses these words of welcome to Mademoiselle Hortense. That feline personage, with her lips tightly shut, and her eyes looking out at him sideways, softly closes the door before replying.

"I have had great deal of trouble to find you, sir."

"*Have* you! "

"I have been here very often, sir. It has always been said to me, he is not at home, he is engaged, he is this and that, he is not for you."

"Quite right, and quite true."

"Not true. Lies! "

At times, there is a suddenness in the manner of Mademoiselle Hortense so like a bodily spring upon the subject of it, that such subject involuntarily starts and falls back. It is Mr. Tulkinghorn's case at present, though Mademoiselle Hortense, with her eyes almost shut up (but still looking out sideways), is only smiling contemptuously and shaking her head.

"Now, mistress," says the lawyer, tapping the key hastily upon the chimney-piece. "If you have anything to say, say it, say it."

"Sir, you have not use me well. You have been mean and shabby."

"Mean and shabby, eh?" returns the lawyer, rubbing his nose with the key.

"Yes. What is it that I tell you? You know you have. You have attrapped me — caught me — to give you information; you have asked me to show you the dress of mine my Lady must have wore that night, you have prayed me to come in here to meet that boy — Say! Is it not?" Mademoiselle Hortense makes another spring.

"You are a vixen, a vixen!" Mr. Tulkinghorn

seems to meditate, as he looks distrustfully at her; then he replies, "Well, wench, well. I paid you."

"You paid me!" she repeats, with fierce disdain. "Two sovereign! I have not change them, I ref-use them, I des-pise them, I throw them from me!" Which she literally does, taking them out of her bosom as she speaks, and flinging them with such violence on the floor, that they jerk up again into the light before they roll away into corners, and slowly settle down there after spinning vehemently.

"Now!" says Mademoiselle Hortense, darkening her large eyes again. "You have paid me? Eh my God, O yes!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn rubs his head with the key, while she entertains herself with a sarcastic laugh.

"You must be rich, my fair friend," he composedly observes, "to throw money about in that way!"

"I *am* rich," she returns, "I am very rich in hate. I hate my Lady, of all my heart. You know that."

"Know it? How should I know it?"

"Because you have known it perfectly, before you prayed me to give you that information. Because you have known perfectly that I was en-r-r-aged!" It appears impossible for Mademoiselle to roll the letter r sufficiently in this word,

notwithstanding that she assists her energetic delivery, by clenching both her hands, and setting all her teeth.

"Oh! I knew that, did I?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn examining the wards of the key.

"Yes, without doubt. I am not blind. You have made sure of me because you knew that. You had reason! I det-est her." Mademoiselle folds her arms, and throws this last remark at him over one of her shoulders.

"Having said this, have you anything else to say, Mademoiselle?"

"I am not yet placed. Place me well. Find me a good condition! If you cannot, or do not choose to do that, employ me to pursue her, to chase her, to disgrace and to dishonor her. I will help you well, and with a good will. It is what *you* do. Do I know that?"

"You appear to know a good deal," Mr. Tulkinghorn retorts.

"Do I not? Is it that I am so weak as to believe, like a child, that I come here in that dress to rec-eive that boy, only to decide a little bet, a wager? — Eh my God, O yes!" In this reply, down to the word "wager" inclusive, Mademoiselle has been ironically polite and tender; then, as suddenly dashed into the bitterest and most defiant scorn, with her black eyes in one and the same

moment very nearly shut, and staringly wide open.

"Now, let us see," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, tapping his chin with the key, and looking imperturbably at her, "how this matter stands."

"Ah! Let us see," Mademoiselle assents, with many angry and tight nods of her head.

"You come here to make a remarkably modest demand, which you have just stated, and it not being conceded, you will come again."

"And again," says Mademoiselle, with more tight and angry nods. "And yet again. And yet again. And many times again. In effect, forever! "

"And not only here, but you will go to Mr. Snagsby's, too, perhaps? That visit not succeeding either, you will go again perhaps? "

"And again," repeats Mademoiselle, cataleptic with determination. "And yet again. And yet again. And many times again. In effect, forever! "

"Very well. Now, Mademoiselle Hortense, let me recommend you to take the candle and pick up that money of yours. I think you will find it behind the clerk's partition in the corner yonder."

She merely throws a laugh over her shoulder, and stands her ground with folded arms.

"You will not, eh? "

"No, I will not! "

"So much the poorer you; so much the richer

I! Look, mistress, this is the key of my wine-cellar. It is a large key, but the keys of prisons are larger. In this city, there are houses of correction (where the treadmills are, for women) the gates of which are very strong and heavy, and no doubt the keys too. I am afraid a lady of your spirit and activity would find it an inconvenience to have one of those keys turned upon her for any length of time. What do you think?"

"I think," Mademoiselle replies, without any action, and in a clear obliging voice, "that you are a miserable wretch."

"Probably," returns Mr. Tulkinghorn, quietly blowing his nose. "But I don't ask what you think of myself; I ask what you think of the prison."

"Nothing. What does it matter to me?"

"Why, it matters this much, mistress," says the lawyer deliberately putting away his handkerchief, and adjusting his frill, "the law is so despotic here, that it interferes to prevent any of our good English citizens from being troubled, even by a lady's visits, against his desire. And, on his complaining that he is so troubled, it takes hold of the troublesome lady, and shuts her up in prison under hard discipline. Turns the key upon her, mistress." Illustrating with the cellar key.

"Truly?" returns Mademoiselle, in the same

pleasant voice. "That is droll! But — my faith! — still what does it matter to me?"

"My fair friend," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "make another visit here, or at Mr. Snagsby's, and you shall learn."

"In that case you will send me to the prison, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

It would be contradictory for one in Mademoiselle's state of agreeable jocularity to foam at the mouth, otherwise a tigerish expansion thereabouts might look as if a very little more would make her do it.

"In a word, mistress," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "I am sorry to be unpolite, but if you ever present yourself uninvited here — or there — again, I will give you over to the police. Their gallantry is great, but they carry troublesome people through the streets in an ignominious manner; strapped down on a board, my good wench."

"I will prove you," whispers Mademoiselle, stretching out her hand, "I will try if you dare to do it!"

"And if," pursues the lawyer, without minding her, "I place you in that good condition of being locked up in jail, it will be some time before you find yourself at liberty again."

"I will prove you," repeats Mademoiselle in her former whisper.

"And now," proceeds the lawyer, still without minding her, "you had better go. Think twice before you come here again."

"Think you," she answers, "twice two hundred times! "

"You were dismissed by your lady, you know," Mr. Tulkinghorn observes, following her out upon the staircase, "as the most implacable and unmanageable of women. Now turn over a new leaf, and take warning by what I say to you. For what I say, I mean; and what I threaten, I will do, mistress."

She goes down without answering or looking behind her. When she is gone, he goes down too; and returning with his cobweb-covered bottle, devotes himself to a leisurely enjoyment of its contents: now and then, as he throws his head back in his chair, catching sight of the pertinacious Roman pointing from the ceiling.

* * * * *

The place in Lincolnshire has shut its many eyes again, and the house in town is awake. In Lincolnshire, the Dedlocks of the past doze in their picture-frames and the low wind murmurs

through the long drawing-room as if they were breathing pretty regularly. In town, the Dedlocks of the present rattle in their fire-eyed carriages through the darkness of the night, and the Dedlock Mercuries, with ashes (or hair-powder) on their heads, symptomatic of their humility, loll away the drowsy mornings in the little windows of the hall. The fashionable world — tremendous orb, nearly five miles round — is in full swing, and the solar system works respectfully at its appointed distances.

Where the throng is thickest, where the lights are brightest, where all the senses are ministered to with the greatest delicacy and refinement, Lady Dedlock is. From the shining heights she has scaled and taken she is never absent. Though the belief she of old reposed in herself, as one able to reserve whatsoever she would under her mantle of pride, is beaten down; though she has no assurance that what she is to those around her, she will remain another day; it is not in her nature, when envious eyes are looking on, to yield or to droop. They say of her that she has lately grown more handsome and more haughty.

Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing; looks nothing. Now, as heretofore, he is to be found in doorways of rooms, with limp white cravat loosely twisted into its old-fashioned tie, receiving patronage from

the Peerage and making no sign. Of all men he is still the last who might be supposed to have any influence upon my Lady. Of all women she is still the last who might be supposed to have any dread of him.

One thing has been much on her mind since their late interview in his turret-room at Chesney Wold. She is now decided, and prepared to throw it off.

Lady Dedlock dines alone in her own room to-day. Lady Dedlock asks, on sitting down to dinner, whether Sir Leicester is gone out yet. Yes. Whether Mr. Tulkinghorn is gone yet? No. Presently she asks again, is he gone *yet*? No. What is he doing? Mercury thinks he is writing letters in the library. Would my Lady wish to see him? Anything but that.

But he wishes to see my Lady. Within a few more minutes he is reported as sending his respects, and could my Lady please to receive him for a word or two after her dinner? My Lady will receive him now. He comes now, apologizing for intruding, even by her permission, while she is at table. When they are alone, my Lady waves her hand to dispense with such mockeries.

“What do you want, sir?”

“Why, Lady Dedlock,” says the lawyer, taking a chair at a little distance from her, and slowly

rubbing his rusty legs up and down, up and down, up and down; "I am rather surprised by the course you have taken."

"Indeed? "

"Yes, decidedly. I was not prepared for it. I consider it a departure from our agreement and your promise. It puts us in a new position, Lady Dedlock. I feel myself under the necessity of saying that I don't approve of it."

He stops in his rubbing, and looks at her, with his hands on his knees. Imperturbable and unchangeable as he is, there is still an indefinable freedom in his manner, which is new, and which does not escape this woman's observation.

"I do not quite understand you."

"O yes, you do, I think. I think you do. Come, come, Lady Dedlock, we must not fence and parry now. You know you like this girl."

"Well, sir? "

"And you know — and I know — that you have not sent her away for the reasons you have assigned, but for the purpose of separating her as much as possible from — excuse my mentioning it as a matter of business — any reproach and exposure that impend over yourself."

"Well, sir? "

"Well, Lady Dedlock," returns the lawyer, crossing his legs and nursing the uppermost knee. "I

object to that, I consider that a dangerous proceeding. I know it to be unnecessary, and calculated to awaken speculation, doubt, rumor, I don't know what, in the house. Besides, it is a violation of our agreement. You were to be exactly what you were before. Whereas, it must be evident to yourself, as it is to me, that you have been this evening very different from what you were before. Why, bless my soul, Lady Dedlock, transparently so!"

"If, sir," she begins, "in my knowledge of my secret ——" But he interrupts her.

"Now, Lady Dedlock, this is a matter of business, and in a matter of business the ground cannot be kept too clear. It is no longer your secret. Excuse me. That is just the mistake. It is my secret, in trust for Sir Leicester and the family. If it were your secret, Lady Dedlock, we should not be here, holding this conversation."

"That is very true. If, in my knowledge of *the* secret, I do what I can to spare an innocent girl (especially, remembering your own reference to her when you told my story to the assembled guests at Chesney Wold) from the taint of my impending shame, I act upon a resolution I have taken. Nothing in the world, and no one in the world, could shake it, or could move me." This she says with great deliberation and distinctness, and with

no more outward passion than himself. As for him, he methodically discusses his matter of business, as if she were any insensible instrument used in business.

“ Really? Then you see, Lady Dedlock,” he returns, “ you are not to be trusted. You have put the case in a perfectly plain way, and according to the literal fact; and, that being the case, you are not to be trusted.”

“ Perhaps you may remember that I expressed some anxiety on this same point, when we spoke at night at Chesney Wold? ”

“ Yes,” says Mr. Tulkinghorn, coolly getting up and standing on the hearth. “ Yes. I recollect, Lady Dedlock, that you certainly referred to the girl; but that was before we came to our arrangement, and both the letter and the spirit of our arrangement altogether precluded any action on your part, founded upon my discovery. There can be no doubt about that. As to sparing the girl, of what importance or value is she? Spare! Lady Dedlock, here is a family name compromised. One might have supposed that the course was straight on — over everything, neither to the right nor to the left, regardless of all considerations in the way, sparing nothing, treading everything under foot.”

She has been looking at the table. She lifts up

her eyes, and looks at him. There is a stern expression on her face, and a part of her lower lip is compressed under her teeth. "This woman understands me," Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks, as she lets her glance fall again. "*She* cannot be spared. Why should she spare others?"

For a little while they are silent. Lady Dedlock has eaten no dinner, but has twice or thrice poured out water with a steady hand and drunk it. She rises from table, takes a lounging-chair, and reclines in it, shading her face. There is nothing in her manner to express weakness or excite compassion. It is thoughtful, gloomy, concentrated. "This woman," thinks Mr. Tulkinghorn, standing on the hearth, again a dark object closing up her view, "is a study."

He studies her at his leisure, not speaking for a time. She too studies something at her leisure. She is not the first to speak; appearing indeed so unlikely to be so, though he stood there until midnight, that even he is driven upon breaking silence.

"Lady Dedlock, the most disagreeable part of this business interview remains; but it is business. Our agreement is broken. A lady of your sense and strength of character will be prepared for my now declaring it void, and taking my own course."

"I am quite prepared."

Mr. Tulkinghorn inclines his head. "That is all I have to trouble you with, Lady Dedlock."

She stops him as he is moving out of the room, by asking, "This is the notice I was to receive? I wish not to misapprehend you."

"Not exactly the notice you were to receive, Lady Dedlock, because the contemplated notice supposed the agreement to have been observed. But virtually the same, virtually the same. The difference is merely in a lawyer's mind."

"You intend to give me no other notice?"

"You are right. No."

"Do you contemplate undeceiving Sir Leicester to-night?"

"A home question!" says Mr Tulkinghorn, with a slight smile, and cautiously shaking his head at the shaded face. "No, not to-night."

"To-morrow?"

"All things considered, I had better decline answering that question, Lady Dedlock. If I were to say I don't know when, exactly, you would not believe me, and it would answer no purpose. It may be to-morrow. I would rather say no more. You are prepared, and I hold out no expectations which circumstances might fail to justify. I wish you good evening."

She removes her hand, turns her pale face

towards him as he walks silently to the door, and stops him once again as he is about to open it.

"Do you intend to remain in the house any time? I heard you were writing in the library. Are you going to return there?"

"Only for my hat. I am going home."

She bows her eyes rather than her head, the movement is so slight and curious; and he withdraws. Clear of the room he looks at his watch, but is inclined to doubt it by a minute or thereabouts. There is a splendid clock upon the staircase, famous, as splendid clocks not often are, for its accuracy. "And what do *you* say," Mr. Tulkinghorn inquires, referring to it. "What do you say?"

If it said now, "Don't go home!" What a famous clock, hereafter, if it said to-night of all the nights that it has counted off, to this old man of all the young men and old men who ever stood before it, "Don't go home!" With its sharp clear bell, it strikes three-quarters after seven, and ticks on again. "Why, you are worse than I thought you," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, muttering reproof to his watch. "Two minutes wrong? At this rate you won't last my time." What a watch to return good for evil, if it ticked in answer, "Don't go home!"

He passes out into the streets, and walks on,

with his hands behind him, under the shadow of the lofty houses, many of whose mysteries, difficulties, mortgages, delicate affairs of all kinds, are treasured up within his old black satin waistcoat. He is in the confidence of the very bricks and mortar. The high chimney-stacks telegraph family secrets to him. Yet there is not a voice in a mile of them to whisper, "Don't go home!"

Through the stir and motion of the commoner streets; through the roar and jar of many vehicles, many feet, many voices; with the blazing shop-lights lighting him on, the west wind blowing him on, and the crowd pressing him on; he is pitilessly urged on his way, and nothing meets him, murmuring, "Don't go home!" Arrived at last in his dull room, to light his candles, and look round and up, and see the Roman pointing from the ceiling, there is no new significance in the Roman's hand to-night, or in the flutter of the attendant groups, to give him the late warning, "Don't come here!"

It is a moonlight night; but the moon, being past the full, is only now rising over the great wilderness of London. The stars are shining as they shone above the turret-leads at Chesney Wold. This woman, as he has of late been so accustomed to call her, looks out upon them. Her soul is turbulent within her; she is sick at heart,

and restless. The large rooms are too cramped and close. She cannot endure their restraint, and will walk alone in a neighboring garden.

Too capricious and imperious in all she does, to be the cause of much surprise in those about her as to anything she does, this woman, loosely muffled, goes out into the moonlight. Mercury attends with the key. Having opened the garden-gate, he delivers the key into his Lady's hands at her request, and is bidden to go back. She will walk there some time, to ease her aching head. She may be an hour; she may be more. She needs no further escort. The gate shuts upon its spring with a clash, and he leaves her, passing on into the dark shades of some trees.

A fine night, and a bright large moon, and multitudes of stars. Mr. Tulkinghorn, in repairing to his cellar, and in opening and shutting those resounding doors, has to cross a little prison-like yard. He looks up casually, thinking what a fine night, what a bright large moon, what multitudes of stars! A quiet night, too.

What's that? Who fired a gun or pistol? Where was it?

The few foot-passengers start, stop, and stare about them. Some windows and doors are opened, and people come out to look. It was a loud report, and echoed and rattled heavily. It shook one

house, or so a man says who was passing. It has aroused all the dogs in the neighborhood, who bark vehemently. Terrified cats scamper across the road. While the dogs are yet barking and howling — there is one dog howling like a demon — the church-clocks, as if they were startled too, begin to strike. The hum from the streets, likewise, seems to swell into a shout. But it is soon over. Before the last clock begins to strike ten, there is a lull. When it has ceased, the fine night, the bright large moon, and multitudes of stars, are left at peace again.

Has Mr. Tulkinghorn been disturbed? His windows are dark and quiet, and his door is shut. It must be something unusual indeed, to bring him out of his shell. Nothing is heard of him, nothing is seen of him. What power of cannon might it take to shake that rusty old man out of his immovable composure?

But, a little after the coming of the day, come people to clean the rooms. The foremost of them goes wild; for, looking up at the frescoed ceiling, and looking down at what is below it, that person shrieks and flies. The others, looking in as the first one looked, shriek and fly too, and there is an alarm in the street.

What does it mean? No light is admitted into the darkened chamber, and people unaccustomed

to it, enter, and treading softly, but heavily, carry a weight into the bedroom, and lay it down. There is whispering and wondering all day, strict search of every corner, careful tracing of steps, and careful noting of the disposition of every article of furniture.

On a table are a bottle (nearly full of wine) and a glass upon it, and two candles that were blown out suddenly, soon after being lighted. There is an empty chair, and a stain upon the ground before it that might be almost covered with a hand. These objects lie directly within range.

It shall happen surely, through many years to come, that ghostly stories shall be told of the stain upon the floor, so easy to be covered, so hard to be got out. For, Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore; lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

* * * * *

Mr. Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation together under existing circumstances. When Mr. Bucket has a matter of this pressing interest under his consideration, the fat forefinger seems to rise to the dignity of a familiar demon. He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information;

he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. The Augurs of the Detective Temple invariably predict, that when Mr. Bucket and that finger are in much conference, a terrible avenger will be heard of before long.

Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition towards his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation — but, through the placid stream of his life, there glides an under-current of forefinger.

Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow — but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day. This evening he will be casually looking into the iron extinguishers at the door of Sir Leicester Dedlock's house in town; and to-morrow morning he will be walking on the leads at Chesney Wold, where erst the old man walked whose ghost is propitiated with a hundred

guineas. Drawers, desks, pockets, all things belonging to him, Mr. Bucket examines.

It is likely that these occupations are irreconcilable with home enjoyment, but it is certain that Mr. Bucket at present does not go home. Though in general he highly appreciates the society of Mrs. Bucket — a lady of a natural detective genius, which, if it had been improved by professional exercise, might have done great things, but which has paused at the level of a clever amateur — he holds himself aloof from that dear solace. Mrs. Bucket is dependent on their lodger (fortunately an amiable lady in whom she takes an interest) for companionship and conversation.

A great crowd assembles in Lincoln's Inn Fields on the day of the funeral. Sir Leicester Dedlock attends the ceremony in person. The Peerage contributes more four-wheeled affliction than has ever been seen in that neighborhood. Such is the assemblage of armorial bearings on coach panels, that the Heralds' College might be supposed to have lost its father and mother at a blow.

Quiet among the undertakers and the equipages, and the calves of so many legs all steeped in grief, Mr. Bucket sits concealed in one of the carriages, and at his ease surveys the crowd through the lattice blinds. He has a keen eye for a crowd — as for what not? — and looking here and there,

now from this side of the carriage, now from the other, now up at the house windows, now along the people's heads, nothing escapes him.

"And there you are, my partner, eh?" says Mr. Bucket to himself, apostrophizing Mrs. Bucket, stationed, by his favor, on the steps of the deceased's house. "And so you are! And so you are! And very well indeed you are looking, Mrs. Bucket!"

The procession has not started yet, but is waiting for the cause of its assemblage to be brought out. Mr. Bucket, in the foremost emblazoned carriage, uses his two fat forefingers to hold the lattice a hair's breadth open while he looks.

And it says a great deal for his attachment, as a husband, that he is still occupied with Mrs. B. "There you are, my partner, eh?" he murmuringly repeats. "And our lodger with you. I'm taking notice of you, Mrs. Bucket; I hope you're all right in your health, my dear!"

Not another word does Mr. Bucket say; but sits with most attentive eyes until the sacked depository of noble secrets is brought down —— Where are all those secrets now? Does he keep them yet? Did they fly with him on that sudden journey? — and until the procession moves, and Mr. Bucket's view is changed. After which he composes himself for an easy ride; and takes note of the fittings of

the carriage, in case he should ever find such knowledge useful.

Contrast enough between Mr. Tulkinghorn shut up in his dark carriage, and Mr. Bucket shut up in *his*. Between the immeasurable track of space beyond the little wound that has thrown the one into the fixed sleep which jolts so heavily over the stones of the streets, and the narrow track of blood which keeps the other in the watchful state expressed in every hair of his head! But it is all one to both; neither is troubled about that.

Mr. Bucket sits out the procession in his own easy manner, and glides from the carriage when the opportunity he has settled with himself arrives. He makes for Sir Leicester Dedlock's, which is at present a sort of home to him, where he comes and goes as he likes at all hours, where he is always welcome and made much of, where he knows the whole establishment, and walks in an atmosphere of mysterious greatness.

No knocking or ringing for Mr. Bucket. He has caused himself to be provided with a key, and can pass at his pleasure. As he is crossing the hall, Mercury informs him, "Here's another letter for you, Mr. Bucket, come by post," and gives it to him.

"Another one, eh?" says Mr. Bucket.

If Mercury should chance to be possessed by

any lingering curiosity as to Mr. Bucket's letters, that wary person is not the man to gratify it. Mr. Bucket looks at him as if his face were a vista of some miles in length, and he were leisurely contemplating the same.

"Do you happen to carry a box?" says Mr. Bucket.

Unfortunately Mercury is no snuff-taker.

"Could you fetch me a pinch from anywheres?" says Mr. Bucket. "Thankee. It don't matter what it is; I'm not particular as to the kind. Thankee!"

Having leisurely helped himself from a canister borrowed from somebody downstairs for the purpose, and having made a considerable show of tasting it, first with one side of his nose and then with the other, Mr. Bucket, with much deliberation, pronounces it of the right sort, and goes on, letter in hand.

Now, although Mr. Bucket walks upstairs to the little library within the larger one, with the face of a man who receives some scores of letters every day, it happens that much correspondence is not incidental to his life. He is no great scribe; rather handling his pen like the pocketstaff he carries about with him always convenient to his grasp; and discourages correspondence with himself in others, as being too artless and direct a way of doing delicate business. Further, he often sees

damaging letters produced in evidence, and has occasion to reflect that it was a green thing to write them. For these reasons he has very little to do with letters, either as sender or receiver. And yet he has received a round half-dozen within the last twenty-four hours.

"And this," says Mr. Bucket, spreading it out on the table, "is in the same hand, and consists of the same two words."

What two words?

He turns the key in the door, ungirdles his black pocketbook (book of fate to many), lays another letter by it, and reads, boldly written in each, "*LADY DEDLOCK.*"

"Yes, yes," says Mr. Bucket. "But I could have made the money without this anonymous information."

Having put the letters in his book of fate, and girdling it up again, he unlocks the door just in time to admit his dinner, which is brought upon a goodly tray, with a decanter of sherry. Mr. Bucket frequently observes, in friendly circles where there is no restraint, that he likes a toothful of your fine old brown East Inder sherry better than anything you can offer him. Consequently he fills and empties his glass, with a smack of his lips; and is proceeding with his refreshment, when an idea enters his mind.

Mr. Bucket softly opens the door of communica-

tion between that room and the next, and looks in. The library is deserted, and the fire is sinking low. Mr. Bucket's eye, after taking a pigeon-flight around the room, alights upon a table where letters are usually put as they arrive. Several letters for Sir Leicester are upon it. Mr. Bucket draws near and examines the directions. "No," he says, "there's none in that hand. It's only me as is written to. I can break it to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to-morrow."

With that he returns to finish his dinner with a good appetite; and after a light nap, is summoned into the drawing-room. Sir Leicester has received him there these several evenings past, to know whether he has anything to report. The debilitated cousin (much exhausted by the funeral), and Volumnia, are in attendance.

Mr. Bucket makes three distinctly different bows to these three people. A bow of homage to Sir Leicester, a bow of gallantry to Volumnia, and a bow of recognition to the debilitated cousin; to whom it airily says, "You are a swell about town, and you know me, and I know you." Having distributed these little specimens of his tact, Mr. Bucket rubs his hands.

"Have you anything new to communicate, officer?" inquires Sir Leicester. "Do you wish to hold any conversation with me in private?"

"Why — not to-night, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"Because my time," pursues Sir Leicester, "is wholly at your disposal, with a view to the vindication of the outraged majesty of the law."

Mr. Bucket coughs and glances at Volumnia, rouged and necklaced, as though he would respectfully observe, "I do assure you, you're a pretty creetur. I've seen hundreds worse-looking at your time of life, I have indeed."

The fair Volumnia, not quite unconscious perhaps of the humanizing influence of her charms, pauses in the writing of cocked-hat notes, and meditatively adjusts the pearl necklace. Mr. Bucket prices that decoration in his mind, and thinks it as likely as not that Volumnia is writing poetry.

"If I have not," pursues Sir Leicester, "in the most emphatic manner, adjured you, officer, to exercise your utmost skill in this atrocious case, I particularly desire to take the present opportunity of rectifying any omission I may have made. Let no expense be a consideration. I am prepared to defray all charges. You can incur none, in pursuit of the object you have undertaken, that I shall hesitate for a moment to bear."

Mr. Bucket made Sir Leicester's bow again, as a response to this liberality.

“My mind,” Sir Leicester adds, with generous warmth, “has not, as may be easily supposed, recovered its tone since the late diabolical occurrence. It is not likely ever to recover its tone. But it is full of indignation to-night, after undergoing the ordeal of consigning to the tomb the remains of a faithful, a zealous, a devoted adherent.”

Sir Leicester’s voice trembles, and his gray hair stirs upon his head. Tears are in his eyes; the best part of his nature is aroused.

“I declare,” he says, “I solemnly declare that until this crime is discovered, and, in the course of justice, punished, I almost feel as if there were a stain upon my name. A gentleman who has devoted a large portion of his life to me, a gentleman who has devoted the last day of his life to me, a gentleman who has constantly sat at my table and slept under my roof, goes from my house to his own, and is struck down within an hour of his leaving my house. I cannot say but that he may have been followed from my house, watched at my house, even first marked because of his association with my house — which may have suggested his possessing greater wealth and being altogether of greater importance than his own retiring demeanor would have indicated. If I cannot, with my means and influence, and my position, bring all the per-

petrators of such a crime to light, I fail in the assertion of my respect for that gentleman's memory, and of my fidelity towards one who was ever faithful to me."

While he makes this protestation with great emotion and earnestness, looking round the room as if he were addressing an assembly, Mr. Bucket glances at him with an observant gravity in which there might be, but for the audacity of the thought, a touch of compassion.

"The ceremony of to-day," continues Sir Leicesters, "strikingly illustrative of the respect in which my deceased friend;" he lays a stress upon the word, for death levels all distinction; "was held by the flower of the land, has, I say, aggravated the shock I have received from this most horrible and audacious crime. If it were my brother who had committed it, I would not spare him."

Mr. Bucket looks very grave. Volumnia remarks of the deceased that he was the trustiest and dearest person!

"You must feel it as a deprivation to you, miss," replied Mr. Bucket, soothingly, "no doubt. He was calculated to *be* a deprivation, I'm sure he was."

Volumnia gives Mr. Bucket to understand, in reply, that her sensitive mind is fully made up

never to get the better of it as long as she lives; that her nerves are unstrung for ever; and that she has not the least expectation of ever smiling again.

"It gives a start to a delicate female," says Mr. Bucket, sympathetically, "but it'll wear off."

Volumnia wishes of all things to know what is doing? Whether they are going to convict, or whatever it is, that dreadful soldier? Whether he had any accomplices, or whatever the thing is called in the law? And a great deal more to the like artless purpose.

"Why, you see, miss," returns Mr. Bucket, bringing the finger into persuasive action — and such is his natural gallantry that he had almost said, my dear; "it ain't easy to answer those questions at the present moment. Not at the present moment. I've kept myself on this case, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," whom Mr. Bucket takes into the conversation in right of his importance, "morning, noon, and night. But for a glass or two of sherry, I don't think I could have had my mind so much upon the stretch as it has been. I *could* answer your question miss, but duty forbids it. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, will very soon be made acquainted with all that has been traced. And I hope that he may find it;"

Mr. Bucket again looks grave; "to his satisfaction."

The debilitated cousin only hopes some flier'll be executed — zample. Thinks more interest's wanted — get man hanged presentime — than get man place ten thousand a year. Hasn't a doubt — zample — far better hang wrong flier than no flier.

"*You* know life, you know, sir," says Mr. Bucket, with a complimentary twinkle of his eye and crook of his finger, "and you can confirm what I've mentioned to this lady. *You* don't want to be told, that, from information I have received, I have gone to work. You're up to what a lady can't be expected to be up to. Lord! especially in your elevated station of society, miss," says Mr. Bucket, quite reddening at another narrow escape from my dear.

"The officer, Volumnia," observes Sir Leicester, "is faithful to his duty, and perfectly right."

Mr. Bucket murmurs, "Glad to have the honor o' your approbation, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"In fact, Volumnia," proceeds Sir Leicester, "it is not holding up a good model for imitation, to ask the officer any such questions as you have put to him. He is the best judge of his own responsi-

bility; he acts upon his responsibility. And it does not become us, who assist in making the laws, to impede or interfere with those who carry them into execution. Or," says Sir Leicester, somewhat sternly, for Volumnia was going to cut in before he had rounded his sentence; "or who vindicate their outraged majesty."

Volumnia with all humility explains that she has not merely the plea of curiosity to urge (in common with the giddy youth of her sex in general), but that she is perfectly dying with regret and interest for the darling man whose loss they all deplore.

"Very well, Volumnia," returns Sir Leicester. "Then you cannot be too discreet."

Mr. Bucket takes the opportunity of a pause to be heard again.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I have no objections to telling this lady, with your leave and among ourselves, that I look upon the case as pretty well complete. It is a beautiful case — a beautiful case — and what little is wanting to complete it, I expect to be able to supply in a few hours."

"I am very glad indeed to hear it," says Sir Leicester. "Highly creditable to you."

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, very seriously, "I hope it may at one

and the same time do me credit, and prove satisfactory to all. When I depict it as a beautiful case, you see, miss," Mr. Bucket goes on, glancing gravely at Sir Leicester, "I mean from my point of view. As considered from other points of view, such cases will always involve more or less unpleasantness. Very strange things comes to our knowledge in families, miss; bless your heart, what you would think to be phenomenons, quite."

Volumnia, with her innocent little scream, supposes so.

"Aye, and even in gen-teel families, in high families, in great families," says Mr. Bucket, again gravely eying Sir Leicester aside. "I have had the honor of being employed in high families before; and you have no idea—come, I'll go so far as to say not even *you* have any idea, sir," this to the debilitated cousin, "what games goes on!"

The cousin, who has been casting sofa-pillows on his head, in a prostration of boredom, yawns, "Vayli"—being the used-up for "very likely."

Sir Leicester, deeming it time to dismiss the officer, here majestically interposes with the words, "Very good. Thank you!" and also with a wave of his hand, implying not only that there is an end of the discourse, but that if high families fall into low habits they must take the consequences. "You will not forget, officer," he adds, with con-

descension, "that I am at your disposal when you please."

Mr. Bucket (still grave) inquires if to-morrow morning, now, would suit, in case he should be as for'ard as he expects to be? Sir Leicester replies, "All times are alike to me." Mr. Bucket makes his three bows, and is withdrawing, when a forgotten point occurs to him.

"Might I ask, by-the-bye," he says, in a low voice, cautiously returning, "who posted the reward-bill on the staircase?"

"I ordered it to be put up there," replies Sir Leicester.

"Would it be considered a liberty, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, if I was to ask you why?"

"Not at all. I chose it as a conspicuous part of the house. I think it cannot be too prominently kept before the whole establishment. I wish my people to be impressed with the enormity of the crime, the determination to punish it, and the hopelessness of escape. At the same time, officer, if you in your better knowledge of the subject see any objection——"

Mr. Bucket sees none now; the bill having been put up, had better not be taken down. Repeating his three bows he withdraws: closing the door on Volumnia's little scream, which is a preliminary

to her remarking that that charmingly horrible person is a perfect Blue Chamber.

In his fondness for society, and his adaptability to all grades, Mr. Bucket is presently standing before the hall-fire — bright and warm on the early winter night — admiring Mercury.

"Why, you're six foot two, I suppose?" says Mr. Bucket.

"Three," says Mercury.

"Are you so much? But then, you see, you're broad in proportion, and don't look it. You're not one of the weak-legged ones, you ain't. Was you ever modeled now?" Mr. Bucket asks, conveying the expression of an artist into the turn of his eye and head.

Mercury never was modeled.

"Then you ought to be, you know," says Mr. Bucket; "and a friend of mine that you'll hear of one day as a Royal Academy sculptor, would stand something handsome to make a drawing of your proportions for the marble. My Lady's out, ain't she?"

"Out to dinner."

"Goes out pretty well every day, don't she?"

"Yes."

"Not to be wondered at!" says Mr. Bucket. "Such a fine woman as her, so handsome and so

graceful and so elegant, is like a fresh lemon on a dinner-table, ornamental wherever she goes. Was your father in the same way of life as yourself? "

Answer in the negative.

" Mine was," says Mr. Bucket. " My father was first a page, then a footman, then a butler, then a steward, then an innkeeper. Lived universally respected, and died lamented. Said with his last breath that he considered service the most honorable part of his career, and so it was. I've a brother in the service, *and* a brother-in-law. My Lady a good temper? "

Mercury replies, " As good as you can expect."

" Ah! " says Mr. Bucket, " a little spoilt? A little capricious? Lord! What can you anticipate when they are so handsome as that? And we like 'em all the better for it, don't we? "

Mercury, with his hands in the pockets of his bright peach-blossom small-clothes, stretches his symmetrical silky legs with the air of a man of gallantry, and can't deny it. Come the roll of wheels, and a violent ringing at the bell. " Talk of the angels," says Mr. Bucket. " Here she is! "

The doors are thrown open, and she passes through the hall. Still very pale, she is dressed in slight mourning, and wears two beautiful bracelets. Either their beauty, or the beauty of her arms, is particularly attractive to Mr. Bucket. He

looks at them with an eager eye, and rattles something in his pockets — halfpence perhaps.

Noticing him at his distance, she turns an inquiring look on the other Mercury who has brought her home.

“ Mr. Bucket, my Lady.”

Mr. Bucket makes a leg, and comes forward, passing his familiar demon over the region of his mouth.

“ Are you waiting to see Sir Leicester? ”

“ No, my Lady, I’ve seen him! ”

“ Have you anything to say to me? ”

“ Not just at present, my Lady.”

“ Have you made any new discoveries? ”

“ A few, my Lady,”

This is merely in passing. She scarcely makes a stop, and sweeps upstairs alone. Mr. Bucket, moving towards the staircase foot, watches her as she goes up the steps the old man came down to his grave; past murderous groups of statuary, repeated with their shadowy weapons on the wall; past the printed bill, which she looks at going by; out of view.

“ She’s a lovely woman, too, she really is,” says Mr. Bucket, coming back to Mercury. “ Don’t look quite healthy though.”

Is not quite healthy, Mercury informs him. Suffers much from headaches.

Really? That's a pity! Walking Mr. Bucket would recommend for that. Well, she tries walking, Mercury rejoins. Walks sometimes for two hours, when she has them bad. By night too.

"Are you sure you're quite so much as six foot three?" asks Mr. Bucket, "begging your pardon for interrupting you a moment?"

Not a doubt about it.

"You're so well put together that I shouldn't have thought it. But the household troops, though considered fine men, are built so straggling. — Walks by night, does she? When it's moonlight, though?"

O yes. When it's moonlight! Of course. O, of course! Conversational and acquiescent on both sides.

"I suppose you ain't in the habit of walking yourself?" says Mr. Bucket. "Not much time for it, I should say?"

Besides which, Mercury don't like it. Prefers carriage exercise.

"To be sure," says Mr. Bucket. "That makes a difference. Now I think of it," says Mr. Bucket, warming his hands, and looking pleasantly at the blaze, "she went out walking, the very night of this business."

"To be sure she did! I let her into the garden over the way."

"And left her there. Certainly you did. I saw you doing it."

"I didn't see *you*," says Mercury.

"I was rather in a hurry," returns Mr. Bucket, "for I was going to visit a aunt of mine that lives at Chelsea — next door but two to the old original Bun House — ninety year old the old lady is, a single woman, and got a little property. Yes, I chanced to be passing at the time. Let's see. What time might it be? It wasn't ten."

"Half-past nine."

"You're right. So it was. And if I don't deceive myself, my Lady was muffled in a loose black mantle, with a deep fringe to it? "

"Of course she was."

Of course she was. Mr. Bucket must return to a little work he has to get on with upstairs; but he must shake hands with Mercury, in acknowledgment of his agreeable conversation, and will he — this is all he asks — will he, when he has a leisure half-hour, think of bestowing it on that Royal Academy sculptor, for the advantage of both parties?

* * * * *

Refreshed by sleep, Mr. Bucket rises betimes in the morning, and prepares for a field-day. Smartened up by the aid of a clean shirt, and a wet

hairbrush, with which instrument, on occasions of ceremony, he lubricates such thin locks as remain to him after his life of severe study, Mr. Bucket lays in a breakfast of two mutton chops as a foundation to work upon, together with tea, eggs, toast, and marmalade on a corresponding scale. Having much enjoyed these strengthening matters, and having held subtle conference with his familiar demon, he confidently instructs Mercury "just to mention quietly to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, that whenever he's ready for me, I'm ready for him." A gracious message being returned that Sir Leicester will expedite his dressing and join Mr. Bucket in the library within ten minutes, Mr. Bucket repairs to that apartment; and stands before the fire, with his finger on his chin, looking at the blazing coals.

Thoughtful Mr. Bucket is; as a man may be, with weighty work to do; but composed, sure, confident. From the expression of his face, he might be a famous whist-player for a large stake — say a hundred guineas certain — with the game in his hand, but with a high reputation involved in his playing his hand out to the last card, in a masterly way. Not in the least anxious or disturbed is Mr. Bucket when Sir Leicester appears; but he eyes the baronet aside as he comes slowly to his easy-chair, with that observant gravity of

yesterday, in which there might have been, but for the audacity of the idea, a touch of compassion.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, officer, but I am rather later than my usual hour this morning. I am not well. The agitation, and the indignation from which I have recently suffered, have been too much for me. I am subject to — gout"; Sir Leicester was going to say indisposition, and would have said it to anybody else, but Mr. Bucket palpably knows all about it; "and recent circumstances have brought it on."

As he takes his seat with some difficulty, and with an air of pain, Mr. Bucket draws a little nearer, standing with one of his large hands on the library-table.

"I am not aware, officer," Sir Leicester observes, raising his eyes to his face, "whether you wish us to be alone; but that is entirely as you please. If you do, well and good. If not, Miss Dedlock would be interested ——"

"Why, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, with his head persuasively on one side, and his forefinger pendant at one ear like an ear-ring, "we can't be too private just at present. You will presently see that we can't be too private. A lady, under the circumstances, and especially in Miss Dedlock's elevated station of society, can't but be agreeable to me; but speak-

ing without a view to myself, I will take the liberty of assuring you that *I* know we can't be too private."

"That is enough."

"So much so, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket resumes, "that I was on the point of asking your permission to turn the key in the door."

"By all means." Mr. Bucket skillfully and softly takes that precaution; stooping on his knee for a moment, from mere force of habit, so to adjust the key in the lock as that no one shall peep in from the outer side.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I mentioned yesterday evening, that I wanted but a very little to complete this case. I have now completed it, and collected proof against the person who did this crime."

"Against the soldier?"

"No, Sir Leicester Dedlock; not the soldier."

Sir Leicester looks astounded, and inquires, "Is the man in custody?"

Mr. Bucket tells him, after a pause, "It was a woman."

Sir Leicester leans back in his chair, and breathlessly ejaculates, "Good Heaven!"

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket begins, standing over him with one hand

spread out on the library-table, and the forefinger of the other in impressive use, "It's my duty to prepare you for a train of circumstances that may, and I go so far as to say that will, give you a shock. But, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, you are a gentleman; and I know what a gentleman is, and what a gentleman is capable of. A gentleman can bear a shock, when it must come, boldly and steadily. A gentleman can make up his mind to stand up against almost any blow. Why, take yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. If there's a blow to be inflicted on you, you naturally think of your family. You bear it well on their accounts, and to maintain the family credit. That's the way you argue, and that's the way you act, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

Sir Leicester, leaning back in his chair, and grasping the elbows, sits looking at him with a stony face.

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "thus preparing you, let me beg of you not to trouble your mind, for a moment, as to anything having come to *my* knowledge. I know so much about so many characters, high and low, that a piece of information more or less, don't signify a straw. I don't suppose there's a move on the board that would surprise *me*; and as to this or that move having taken place, why, my know-

ing it is no odds at all; any possible move whatever (provided it's in the wrong direction) being a probable move according to my experience. Therefore, what I say to you, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, is, don't you go and let yourself be put out of the way, because of my knowing anything of your family affairs."

"I thank you for your preparation," returns Sir Leicester, after a silence, without moving hand, foot, or feature; "which I hope is not necessary, though I give it credit for being well intended. Be so good as to go on. Also;" Sir Leicester seems to shrink in the shadow of his figure; "also take a seat, if you have no objection."

None at all. Mr. Bucket brings a chair, and diminishes his shadow. "Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, with this short preface I come to the point. Lady Dedlock ——"

Sir Leicester raises himself in his seat, and stares at him fiercely. Mr. Bucket brings the finger into play as an emollient.

"Lady Dedlock, you see she's universally admired. That's what her Ladyship is; she's universally admired," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would greatly prefer, officer," Sir Leicester returns, stiffly, "my Lady's name being entirely omitted from this discussion."

"So would I, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, but — it's impossible."

"Impossible?"

Mr. Bucket shakes his relentless head.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's altogether impossible. What I have got to say is about her Ladyship. She is the pivot it all turns on."

"Officer," retorts Sir Leicester, with a fiery eye, and a quivering lip, "you know your duty. Do your duty; but be careful not to overstep it. I would not suffer it. I would not endure it. You bring my Lady's name into this communication, upon your responsibility — upon your responsibility. My Lady's name is not a name for common persons to trifle with!"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I say what I must say; and no more."

"I hope it may prove so. Very well. Go on. Go on, sir!"

Glancing at the angry eyes which now avoid him, and at the angry figure trembling from head to foot, yet striving to be still, Mr. Bucket feels his way with his forefinger, and in a low voice proceeds.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it becomes my duty to tell you that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn long entertained mistrust and suspicions of Lady Dedlock."

"If he had dared to breathe them to me, sir — which he never did — I would have killed him myself!" exclaims Sir Leicester, striking his hand

upon the table. But in the very heat and fury of the act, he stops, fixed by the knowing eyes of Mr. Bucket, whose forefinger is slowly going, and who, with mingled confidence and patience, shakes his head.

“ Sir Leicester Dedlock, the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was deep and close; and what he fully had in his mind in the very beginning, I can’t take upon myself to say. But I know from his lips, that he long ago suspected Lady Dedlock of having discovered, through the sight of some handwriting — in this very house, and when you yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock, were present — the existence, in great poverty, of a certain person, who had been her lover before you courted her, and who ought to have been her husband;” Mr. Bucket stops, and deliberately repeats, “ ought to have been her husband; not a doubt about it. I know from his lips, that when that person soon afterwards died, he suspected Lady Dedlock of visiting his wretched lodging, and his wretched grave alone, and in secret. I know from my own inquiries, and through my eyes and ears, that Lady Dedlock did make such visit, in the dress of her own maid; for the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn employed me to reckon up her Ladyship — if you’ll excuse my making use of the term we commonly employ — and I reckoned her up, so far, com-

pletely. I confronted the maid, in the chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a witness who had been Lady Dedlock's guide; and there couldn't be the shadow of a doubt that she had worn the young woman's dress, unknown to her. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I did endeavor to pave the way a little towards these unpleasant disclosures, yesterday, by saying that very strange things happened even in high families sometimes. All this, and more, has happened in your own family, and to and through your own Lady. It is my belief that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn followed up these inquiries to the hour of his death; and that he and Lady Dedlock even had bad blood between them upon the matter that very night. Now, only you put that to Lady Dedlock, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet; and ask her Ladyship whether, even after he had left here, she didn't go down to his chambers with the intention of saying something further to him, dressed in a loose black mantle with a deep fringe to it."

Sir Leicester sits like a statue, gazing at the cruel finger that is probing the life-blood of his heart.

"You put that to her Ladyship, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, from me, Inspector Bucket of the Detective. And if her Ladyship makes any difficulty about admitting of it, you tell her that it's

no use; that Inspector Bucket knows it, and knows that she passed the soldier as you called him (though he's not in the army now), and knows that she knows she passed him, on the staircase. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, why do I relate all this? "

Sir Leicester, who has covered his face with his hands, uttering a single groan, requests him to pause for a moment. By-and-by he takes his hands away; and so preserves his dignity and outward calmness, though there is no more color in his face than in his white hair, that Mr. Bucket is a little awed by him. Something frozen and fixed is upon his manner, over and above its usual shell of haughtiness; and Mr. Bucket soon detects an unusual slowness in his speech, with now and then a curious trouble in beginning, which occasions him to utter inarticulate sounds. With such sounds, he now breaks silence; soon, however, controlling himself to say, that he does not comprehend why a gentleman so faithful and zealous as the late Mr. Tulkinghorn should have communicated to him nothing of this painful, this distressing, this unlooked-for, this overwhelming, this incredible intelligence.

"Again, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, "put it to her Ladyship to clear that up. Put it to her Ladyship, if you think it right, from Inspector Bucket of the Detective. You'll

find, or I'm much mistaken, that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn had the intention of communicating the whole to you, as soon as he considered it ripe; and further, that he had given her Ladyship so to understand. Why, he might have been going to reveal it the very morning when I examined the body! You don't know what I'm going to say and do, five minutes from this present time, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet; and supposing I was to be picked off now, you might wonder why I hadn't done it, don't you see? "

Sir Leicester seems to wake, though his eyes have been wide open; and he looks intently at Mr. Bucket, as Mr. Bucket refers to his watch.

"The party to be apprehended is now in this house," proceeds Mr. Bucket, putting up his watch with a steady hand, and with rising spirits, "and I'm about to take her into custody in your presence. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you say a word, nor yet stir. There'll be no noise, and no disturbance at all. I'll come back in the course of the evening, if agreeable to you, and endeavor to meet your wishes respecting this unfortunate family matter, and the nobbiest way of keeping it quiet. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you be nervous on account of the apprehension at present coming off. You shall see the whole case clear, from first to last."

Mr. Bucket rings, goes to the door, briefly whis-

pers Mercury, shuts the door, and stands behind it with his arms folded. After a suspense of a minute or two, the door slowly opens, and a Frenchwoman enters. Mademoiselle Hortense.

The moment she is in the room, Mr. Bucket claps the door to, and puts his back up against it. The suddenness of the noise occasions her to turn; and then, for the first time she sees Sir Leicester Dedlock in his chair.

"I ask you pardon," she mutters hurriedly. "They tell me there was no one here."

Her step towards the door brings her front to front with Mr. Bucket. Suddenly a spasm shoots across her face, and she turns deadly pale.

"This is my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock," says Mr. Bucket, nodding at her. "This foreign young woman has been my lodger for some weeks back."

"What do Sir Leicester care for that, you think, my angel?" returns Mademoiselle, in a jocular strain.

"Why, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket, "we shall see."

Mademoiselle Hortense eyes him with a scowl upon her tight face, which generally changes into a smile of scorn. "You are very mysterieuse. Are you drunk?"

"Tolerable sober, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket.

"I come from arriving at this so detestable house with your wife. Your wife have left me since some minutes. They tell me downstairs that your wife is here. I come here, and your wife is not here. What is the intention of this fool's play, say then?" Mademoiselle demands, with her arms composedly crossed, but with something in her dark cheek beating like a clock.

Mr. Bucket merely shakes the finger at her.

"Ah, my God, you are an unhappy idiot!" cries Mademoiselle, with a toss of her head and a laugh. — "Leave me to pass downstairs, great pig." With a stamp of her foot, and a menace.

"Now, Mademoiselle," says Mr. Bucket, in a cool determined way, "you go and sit down upon that sofy."

"I will not sit down upon nothing," she replies, with a shower of nods.

"Now, Mademoiselle," repeats Mr. Bucket, making no demonstration, except with the finger, "you sit down upon that sofy."

"Why?"

"Because I take you into custody on the charge of murder, and you don't need to be told it. Now, I want to be polite to one of your sex and a foreigner, if I can. If I can't I must be rough; and there's rougher ones outside. What I am to be depends on you. So I recommend you, as a friend,

afore another half a blessed moment has passed over your head, to go and sit down upon the sofy."

Mademoiselle complies, saying in a concentrated voice, while that something in her cheek beats fast and hard, "You are a Devil."

"Now, you see," Mr. Bucket proceeds approvingly, "you're more comfortable, and conducting yourself as I should expect a foreign young woman of your sense to do. So I'll give you a piece of advice, and it's this, Don't you talk too much. You're not expected to say anything here, and you can't keep too quiet a tongue in your head. In short, the less you Parlay, the better, you know." Mr. Bucket is very complacent over this French explanation.

Mademoiselle, with that tigerish expansion of the mouth, and her black eyes darting fire upon him, sits upright on the sofa in a rigid state, with her hands clenched — and her feet too, one might suppose — muttering, "O, you Bucket, you are a Devil! "

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," says Mr. Bucket, and from this time forth the finger never rests, "this young woman, my lodger, was her Ladyship's maid at the time I have mentioned to you; and this young woman, besides being extraordinary vehement and passionate against her Ladyship after being discharged — "

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle. "I discharged myself."

"Now, why don't you take my advice?" returns Mr. Bucket, in an impressive, almost in an imploring tone. "I'm surprised at the indiscreetness you commit. You'll say something that'll be used against you, you know. You're sure to come to it. Never you mind what I say till it's given in evidence. It is not addressed to you."

"Discharge, too!" cries Mademoiselle, furiously, "by her Ladyship! Eh, my faith, a pretty Ladyship! Why, I r-r-r-ruin my character by remaining with a Ladyship so infame!"

"Upon my soul I wonder at you!" Mr. Bucket remonstrates. "I thought the French were a polite nation, I did, really. Yet to hear a female going on like that, before Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet!"

"He is a poor abused!" cries Mademoiselle. "I spit upon his house, upon his name, upon his imbecility," all of which she makes the carpet represent. "Oh, that he is a great man! O yes, superb! O Heaven! Bah!"

"Well, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "this intemperate foreigner also angrily took it into her head that she established a claim upon Mr. Tulkinghorn deceased, by attending on the occasion I told you of, at his chambers; though

she was liberally paid for her time and trouble."

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle. "I ref-use his money altogezzer."

("If you *will* Parlay, you know," says Mr. Bucket, parenthetically, "you must take the consequences.) Now, whether she became my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock, with any deliberate intention then of doing this deed and blinding me, I give no opinion on; but she lived in my house, in that capacity, at the time that she was hovering about the chambers of the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn with a view to a wrangle, and likewise persecuting and half frightening the life out of an unfortunate stationer."

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle. "All lie!"

"The murder was committed, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and you know under what circumstances. Now, I beg of you to follow me close with your attention for a minute or two. I was sent for, and the case was intrusted to me. I examined the place, and the body, and the papers, and everything. From information I received (from a clerk in the same house) I took George the soldier into custody, as having been seen hanging about there, on the night, and at very nigh the time, of the murder, also, as having been overheard in high words with the deceased on former occasions — even threatening him, as the

witness made out. If you ask me, Sir Leicester Dedlock, whether from the first I believed George to be the murderer, I tell you candidly No; but he might be, notwithstanding; and there was enough against him to make it my duty to take him, and get him kept under remand. Now observe! ”

As Mr. Bucket bends forward in some excitement — for him — and inaugurates what he is going to say with one ghostly beat of his forefinger in the air, Mademoiselle Hortense fixes her black eyes upon him with a dark frown, and sets her dry lips closely and firmly together.

“ I went home, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, at night, and found this young woman having supper with my wife, Mrs. Bucket. She had made a mighty show of being fond of Mrs. Bucket from her first offering herself as our lodger, but that night she made more than ever — in fact, overdid it. Likewise, she overdid her respect, and all that, for the lamented memory of the deceased Mr. Tulk-inhorn. By the living Lord, it flashed upon me, as I sat opposite to her at the table and saw her with a knife in her hand, that she had done it! ”

Mademoiselle is hardly audible, in straining through her teeth and lips the words “ You are a Devil.”

“ Now where,” pursues Mr. Bucket, “ had she been on the the night of the murder? She had

been to the theayter. (She really was there, I have since found, both before the deed and after it.) I knew I had an artful customer to deal with, and that proof would be very difficult; and I laid a trap for her — such a trap as I never laid yet, and such a venture as I never made yet. I worked it out in my mind while I was talking to her at supper. When I went upstairs to bed, our house being small and this young woman's ears sharp, I stuffed the sheet into Mrs. Bucket's mouth that she shouldn't say a word of surprise, and told her all about it. — My dear, don't you give your mind to that again, or I shall link your feet together at the ankles." Mr. Bucket, breaking off has made a noiseless descent upon Mademoiselle, and laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter with you now?" she asked him.

"Don't you think any more," returns Mr. Bucket, with admonitory finger, "of throwing yourself out of the window. That's what's the matter with me. Come! Just take my arm. You needn't get up; I'll sit down by you. Now take my arm, will you? I'm a married man, you know; you're acquainted with my wife. Just take my arm."

Vainly endeavoring to moisten those dry lips, with a painful sound, she struggles with herself and complies.

“Now we’re all right again. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, this case could never have been the case it is, but for Mrs. Bucket, who is a woman in fifty thousand—in a hundred and fifty thousand! To throw this young woman off her guard, I have never set foot in our house since; though I’ve communicated with Mrs. Bucket, in the baker’s loaves and in the milk, as often as required. My whispered words to Mrs. Bucket, when she had the sheet in her mouth, were, ‘My dear, can you throw her off continually with natural accounts of my suspicions against George, and this, and that, and t’other? Can you do without rest, and keep watch upon her, night and day? Can you undertake to say, She shall do nothing without my knowledge, she shall be my prisoner without suspecting it, she shall no more escape from me than from death, and her life shall be my life, and her soul my soul, till I have got her, if she did this murder?’ Mrs. Bucket says to me, as well as she could speak, on account of the sheet, ‘Bucket, I can!’ And she has acted up to it glorious!”

“Lies!” Mademoiselle interposes. “All lies, my friend!”

“Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, how did my calculations come out under these circumstances? When I calculated that this impetuous young woman would overdo it in new directions, was I

wrong or right? I was right. What does she try to do? Don't let it give you a turn. To throw the murder on her Ladyship."

Sir Leicester rises from his chair, and staggers down again.

"And she got encouragement in it from hearing that I was always here, which was done a' purpose. Now, open that pocket-book of mine, Sir Leicester Dedlock, if I may take the liberty of throwing it towards you, and look at the letters sent to me, each with the two words, *LADY DEDLOCK*, in it. Open the one directed to yourself, which I stopped this very morning, and read the three words, *LADY DEDLOCK, MURDERESS*, in it. These letters have been falling about like a shower of lady-birds. What do you say now to Mrs. Bucket, from her spy-place, having seen them all written by this young woman? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having, within this half-hour, secured the corresponding ink and paper, fellow half-sheets and what not? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having watched the posting of 'em every one by this young woman, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet?" Mr. Bucket asks, triumphant in his admiration of his lady's genius.

Two things are especially observable, as Mr. Bucket proceeds to a conclusion. First, that he seems imperceptibly to establish a dreadful right

of property in Mademoiselle. Secondly, that the very atmosphere she breathes seems to narrow and contract about her, as if a close net, or a pall, were being drawn nearer and yet nearer around her breathless figure.

"There is no doubt that her Ladyship was on the spot at the eventful period," says Mr. Bucket; "and my foreign friend here saw her, I believe, from the upper part of the staircase. Her Ladyship and George and my foreign friend were all pretty close on one another's heels. But that don't signify any more, so I'll not go into it. I found the wadding of the pistol with which the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was shot. It was a bit of the printed description of your house at Chesney Wold. Not much in that, you'll say, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. No. But when my foreign friend here is so thoroughly off her guard as to think it a safe time to tear up the rest of that leaf, and when Mrs. Bucket puts the pieces together and finds the wadding wanting, it begins to look like Queer Street."

"These are very long lies," Mademoiselle interposes. "You prose great deal. Is it that you have almost all finished, or are you speaking always?"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," proceeds Mr. Bucket, who delights in a full title, and does vio-

lence to himself when he dispenses with any fragment of it, "the last point in the case which I am now going to mention, shows the necessity of patience in our business, and never doing a thing in a hurry. I watched this young woman yesterday, without her knowledge, when she was looking at the funeral, in company with my wife, who planned to take her there; and I had so much to convict her, and I saw such an expression in her face, and my mind so rose against her malice towards her Ladyship, and the time was altogether such a time for bringing down what you may call retribution upon her, that if I had been a younger hand with less experience, I should have taken her, certain. Equally, last night, when her Ladyship, as is so universally admired I am sure, come home, looking — why, Lord! a man might almost say like Venus rising from the ocean, it was so unpleasant and inconsistent to think of her being charged with a murder of which she was innocent, that I felt quite to want to put an end to this job. What should I have lost? Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I should have lost the weapon. My prisoner here proposed to Mrs. Bucket, after the departure of the funeral, that they should go, per bus, a little ways into the country, and take tea at a very decent house of entertainment. Now, near that house of entertainment there's a piece of

water. At tea, my prisoner got up to fetch her pocket-handkercher from the bedroom where the bonnets was; she was rather a long time gone, and came back a little out of wind. As soon as they came home this was reported to me by Mrs. Bucket, along with her observations and suspicions. I had the piece of water dragged by moonlight, in presence of a couple of our men, and the pocket-pistol was brought up before it had been there a half a dozen hours. Now, my dear, put your arm a little further through mine, and hold it steady, and I shan't hurt you! "

In a trice Mr. Bucket snaps a handcuff on her wrist. "That's one," says Mr. Bucket. "Now the other, darling. Two, and all told! "

He rises; she rises too. "Where," she asks him, darkening her large eyes until their drooping lids almost conceal them — and yet they stare, "where is your false, your treacherous and cursed wife? "

"She's gone forard to the Police Office," returns Mr. Bucket. "You'll see her there, my dear."

"I would like to kiss her!" exclaims Made-moiselle Hortense, panting tigress-like.

"You'd bite her, I suspect," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would!" making her eyes very large. "I would love to tear her, limb from limb."

"Bless you, darling," says Mr. Bucket, with the

greatest composure; "I am fully prepared to hear that. Your sex have such a surprising animosity against one another, when you do differ. You don't mind me half so much, do you?"

"No. Though you are a devil still."

"Angel and devil by turns, eh?" cries Mr. Bucket. "But I am in my regular employment, you must consider. Let me put your shawl tidy. I've been lady's maid to a good many before now. Anything wanting to the bonnet? There's a cab at the door."

Mademoiselle Hortense, casting an indignant eye at the glass, shakes herself perfectly neat in one shake, and looks, to do her justice, uncommonly genteel.

"Listen then, my angel," says she, after several sarcastic nods: "You are very spiritual. But can you restore him back to life?"

Mr. Bucket answers, "Not exactly."

"That is droll. Listen yet one time. You are very spiritual. Can you make an honorable lady of Her?"

"Don't be so malicious," says Mr. Bucket.

"Or a haughty gentleman of *Him*?" cries Mademoiselle, referring to Sir Leicester with ineffable disdain. "Eh! O then regard him! The poor infant! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, come, why, this is worse parlaying than the other," says Mr. Bucket. "Come along!"

"You cannot do these things? Then you can do as you please with me. It is but the death, it is all the same. Let us go, my angel. Adieu you old man, gray. I pity you, and I des-pise you!"

With these last words, she snaps her teeth together, as if her mouth closed with a spring. It is impossible to describe how Mr. Bucket gets her out, but he accomplishes that feat in a manner so peculiar to himself; enfolding and pervading her like a cloud, and hovering away with her as if he were a homely Jupiter, and she the object of his affections.

Sir Leicester, left alone, remains in the same attitude, as though he were still listening, and his attention were still occupied. At length he gazes round the empty room, and finding it deserted, rises unsteadily to his feet, pushes back his chair, and walks a few steps, supporting himself by the table. Then he stops; and, with more of those inarticulate sounds, lifts up his eyes and seems to stare at something.

Heaven knows what he sees. The green, green woods of Chesney Wold, the noble house, the pictures of his forefathers, strangers defacing them, officers of police coarsely handling his

most precious heirlooms, thousands of fingers pointing at him, thousands of faces sneering at him. But if such shadows flit before him to his bewilderment, there is one other shadow which he can name with something like distinctness even yet, and to which alone he addresses his tearing of his white hair, and his extended arms.

It is she, in association with whom, saving that she has been for years a main fiber of the root of his dignity and pride, he has never had a selfish thought. It is she whom he has loved, admired, honored, and set up for the world to respect. It is she, who, at the core of all the constrained formalities and conventionalities of his life, has been a stock of living tenderness and love, susceptible as nothing else is of being struck with the agony he feels. He sees her, almost to the exclusion of himself; and cannot bear to look upon her cast down from the high place she has graced so well.

And, even to the point of his sinking on the ground oblivious of his suffering, he can yet pronounce her name with something like distinctness in the midst of those intrusive sounds, and in a tone of mourning and compassion rather than reproach.

Sergeant Cuff

WILKIE COLLINS

THE complete reorganization of the London Police Force under Sir Robert Peel was effected early in the thirties. Hence the term "peelers" which has been in common use on both sides of the Atlantic ever since. From this period dates the first-rate English detective, examples of whom have been preserved for posterity in the pages of Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Unique personalities of the heroic type these men were,—the originals well-known to their fictive creators. Inspector Field who appears as "Inspector Bucket" in "Bleak House" was a close personal friend of Charles Dickens who delighted in a night-ramble with him. "Sergeant Cuff," although we have no positive evidence, was undoubtedly quite as well-known to Wilkie Collins. He is unquestionably a first-hand portrait carefully studied from life—a unique, and strikingly original figure in the gallery of great detectives. The present story, condensed from "The Moonstone," introduces him the day after the great stone had been stolen from Miss Rachel Verinder to whom its original English possessor—her uncle—had bequeathed it at her aunt's country-place in Yorkshire.

On the afternoon of the previous day three Indians attired as strolling jugglers had appeared on the lawn and asked leave to give their entertainment.

As the sequel proves, these were the successors of the trio from whom Colonel Herncastle had ravished the diamond, and who had followed it to England. Sergeant Cuff of the Metropolitan Police Force is called in to unravel the mystery which he finally does in masterly style.

Sergeant Cuff

FROM "THE MOONSTONE."

WILKIE COLLINS

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM (1799):

(Extracted from a Family Paper.)

I.

I address these lines — written in India — to my relatives in England.

My object is to explain the motive which has induced me to refuse the right hand of friendship to my cousin, John Herncastle. The reserve which I have hitherto maintained in this matter has been misinterpreted by members of my family whose good opinion I cannot consent to forfeit. I request them to suspend their decision until they have read my narrative. And I declare, on my word of honor, that what I am now about to write is, strictly and literally, the truth.

The private difference between my cousin and me took its rise in a great public event in which we

were both concerned — the storming of Seringapatam, under General Baird, on the 4th of May, 1799.

In order that the circumstances may be clearly understood, I must revert for a moment to the period before the assault, and to the stories current in our camp of the treasure in jewels and gold stored up in the Palace of Seringapatam.

II.

One of the wildest of these stories related to a Yellow Diamond — a famous gem in the native annals of India.

The earliest known traditions describe the stone as having been set in the forehead of the four-handed Indian god who typifies the moon. Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in luster with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day — the name of *THE MOONSTONE*. A similar superstition was once prevalent, as I have heard, in ancient Greece and Rome; not applying, however (as in India), to a diamond devoted to the service of a

god, but to a semi-transparent stone of the inferior order of gems, supposed to be affected by the lunar influences — the moon, in this latter case also, giving the name by which the stone is still known to collectors in our own time.

The adventures of the Yellow Diamond begin with the eleventh century of the Christian era.

At that date the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni, crossed India; seized on the holy city of Somnauth; and stripped of its treasures the famous temple which had stood for centuries — the shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, and the wonder of the eastern world.

Of all the deities worshipped in the temple, the moon-god alone escaped the rapacity of the conquering Mohammedans. Preserved by three Brahmins, the inviolate deity, bearing the Yellow Diamond in its forehead, was removed by night, and was transported to the second of the sacred cities of India — the city of Benares.

Here, in a new shrine — in a hall inlaid with precious stones, under a roof supported by pillars of gold — the moon-god was set up and worshipped. Here, on the night when the shrine was completed, Vishnu the Preserver appeared to the three Brahmins in a dream.

The deity breathed the breath of his divinity on the Diamond in the forehead of the god. And the

Brahmins knelt and hid their faces in their robes. The deity commanded that the Moonstone should be watched, from that time forth, by three priests in turn, night and day, to the end of the generations of men. And the Brahmins heard and bowed before his will. The deity predicted certain disaster to the presumptuous mortal who laid hands on the sacred gem, and to all of his house and name who received it after him. And the Brahmins caused the prophecy to be written over the gates of the shrine in letters of gold.

One age followed another — and still, generation after generation, the successors of the three Brahmins watched their priceless Moonstone, night and day. One age followed another, until the first years of the eighteenth Christian century saw the reign of Aurungzebe, Emperor of the Moguls. At his command havoc and rapine were let loose once more among the temples of the worship of Brahma. The shrine of the four-handed god was polluted by the slaughter of sacred animals; the images of the deities were broken in pieces, and the Moonstone was seized by an officer of rank in the army of the Aurungzebe.

Powerless to recover their lost treasure by open force, the three guardian priests followed and watched it in disguise. The generations succeeded each other; the warrior who had committed the

sacrilege perished miserably; the Moonstone passed (carrying its curse with it) from one lawless Mohammedan hand to another; and still, through all chances and changes, the successors of the three guardian priests kept their watch, waiting the day when the will of Vishnu the Preserver should restore to them their sacred gem. Time rolled on from the first to the last years of the eighteenth Christian century. The diamond fell into the possession of Tippoo, Sultan of Seringapatam, who caused it to be placed as an ornament in the handle of a dagger, and who commanded it to be kept among the choicest treasures of his armory. Even then — in the palace of the Sultan himself — the three guardian priests still watched in secret. There were three officers of Tippoo's household, strangers to the rest, who had won their master's confidence by conforming, or appearing to conform, to the Mussulman faith; and to those three men report pointed as the three priests in disguise.

III.

So, as told in our camp, ran the fanciful story of the Moonstone. It made no serious impression on any of us except my cousin — whose love of the marvelous induced him to believe it. On the night

before the assault on Seringapatam he was absurdly angry with me and with others, for treating the whole thing as a fable. A foolish wrangle followed; and Herncastle's unlucky temper got the better of him. He declared, in his boastful way, that we should see the Diamond on his finger if the English army took Seringapatam. The sally was saluted by a roar of laughter, and there, as we all thought that night, the thing ended.

Let me now take you on to the day of the assault.

My cousin and I were separated at the outset. I never saw him when we forded the river; when we planted the English flag in the first breach; when we crossed the ditch beyond; and, fighting every inch of our way, entered the town. It was only at dusk, when the place was ours, and after General Baird himself had found the dead body of Tippoo under a heap of the slain, that Herncastle and I met.

We were each attached to a party sent out by the general's orders to prevent the plunder and confusion which followed our conquest. The camp-followers committed deplorable excesses; and, worse still, the soldiers found their way, by an unguarded door, into the treasury of the Palace, and loaded themselves with gold and jewels. It was in the court outside the treasury that my cousin and I met to enforce the laws of discipline on our own soldiers. Herncastle's fiery temper had

been, as I could plainly see, exasperated to a kind of frenzy by the terrible slaughter through which we had passed. He was very unfit, in my opinion, to perform the duty that had been intrusted to him.

There was riot and confusion enough in the treasury, but no violence that I saw. The men (if I may use such an expression) disgraced themselves good-humoredly. All sorts of rough jests and catch-words were bandied about among them; and the story of the Diamond turned up again unexpectedly, in the form of a mischievous joke. "Who's got the Moonstone?" was the rallying cry which perpetually caused the plundering as soon as it was stopped in one place to break out in another. While I was still vainly trying to establish order I heard a frightful yelling on the other side of the courtyard, and at once ran toward the cries, in dread of finding some new outbreak of the pillage in that direction.

I got to an open door, and saw the bodies of two Indians (by their dress, as I guessed, officers of the palace) lying across the entrance, dead.

A cry inside hurried me into a room, which appeared to serve as an armory. A third Indian, mortally wounded, was sinking at the feet of a man whose back was toward me. The man turned at the instant when I came in, and I saw John Herncastle, with a torch in one hand and a dagger

dripping with blood in the other. A stone, set like a pommel in the end of the dagger's handle, flashed in the torch-light as he turned on me, like a gleam of fire. The dying Indian sank to his knees, pointed to the dagger in Herncastle's hand, and said, in his native language: "The Moonstone will have its vengeance on you and yours!" He spoke those words, and fell dead on the floor.

Before I could stir in the matter the men who had followed me across the courtyard crowded in. My cousin rushed to meet them, like a madman. "Clear the room!" he shouted to me, "and set a guard on the door!" The men fell back as he threw himself on them with his torch and his dagger. I put two sentinels of my own company, on whom I could rely, to keep the door. Through the remainder of the night I saw no more of my cousin.

Early in the morning, the plunder still going on, General Baird announced publicly by beat of drum, that any thief detected in the fact, be he whom he might, should be hung. The provost marshal was in attendance to prove that the general was in earnest; and in the throng that followed the proclamation Herncastle and I met again.

He held out his hand as usual, and said, "Good-morning."

I waited before I gave him my hand in return.

"Tell me first," I said, "how the Indian in the armory met his death, and what those last words meant when he pointed to the dagger in your hand."

"The Indian met his death, as I suppose, by a mortal wound," said Herncastle. "What his last words meant I know no more than you do."

I looked at him narrowly. His frenzy of the previous day had all calmed down. I determined to give him another chance.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" I asked.

He answered, "That is all."

I turned my back on him; and we have not spoken since.

IV.

I beg it to be understood that what I write here about my cousin (unless some necessity should arise for making it public) is for the information of the family only. Herncastle has said nothing that can justify me in speaking to our commanding officer. He has been taunted more than once about the Diamond, by those who recollect his angry outbreak before the assault; but, as may easily be imagined, his own remembrance of the circumstances under which I surprised him in the armory

has been enough to keep him silent. It is reported that he means to exchange into another regiment, avowedly for the purpose of separating himself from *me*.

Whether this be true or not, I cannot prevail upon myself to become his accuser — and I think with good reason. If I made the matter public, I have no evidence but moral evidence to bring forward. I have not only no proof that he killed the two men at the door, I cannot even declare that he killed the third man inside — for I cannot say that my own eyes saw the deed committed. It is true that I heard the dying Indian's words; but if those words were pronounced to be the ravings of delirium, how could I contradict the assertion from my own knowledge? Let our relatives, on either side, form their own opinion on what I have written, and decide for themselves whether the aversion I now feel toward this man is well or ill founded.

Although I attach no sort of credit to the fantastic Indian legend of the gem, I must acknowledge, before I conclude, that I am influenced by a certain superstition of my own in this matter. It is my conviction, or my delusion, no matter which, that crime brings its own fatality with it. I am not only persuaded of Herncastle's guilt; I am even fanciful enough to believe that he will

live to regret it, if he keeps the Diamond; and that others will live to regret taking it from him, if he gives the Diamond away.

* * * * *

Breakfast had not been over long when a telegram from Mr. Blake, the elder, arrived in answer to his son. It informed us that he had laid hands (by help of his friend the Commissioner) on the right man to help us. The name of him was Sergeant Cuff, and the arrival of him from London might be expected by the morning train.

At reading the name of the new police-officer Mr. Franklin gave a start. It seems that he had heard some curious anecdotes about Sergeant Cuff from his father's lawyer during his stay in London. "I begin to hope we are seeing the end of our anxieties already," he said. "If half the stories I have heard are true, when it comes to unraveling a mystery there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!"

We all got excited and impatient as the time drew near for the appearance of this renowned and capable character. Superintendent Seegrave* returning to us at his appointed time, and hearing that the Sergeant was expected, instantly shut himself up in a room, with pen, ink, and paper, to

* The Police official who was first called in.

make notes of the Report which would be certainly expected from him.

When the time came for the Sergeant's arrival I went down to the gate to look out for him.

A fly from the railway drove up as I reached the lodge; and out got a grizzled, elderly man, so miserably lean that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. He was dressed all in decent black, with a white cravat round his neck. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes of a steely light gray, had a very disconcerting trick, when they encountered your eyes, of looking as if they expected something more of you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker, or anything else you like, except what he really was. A more complete opposite to Superintendent Seegrave than Sergeant Cuff, and a less comforting officer to look at for a family in distress, I defy you to discover, search where you may.

"Is this Lady Verinder's?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Sergeant Cuff."

"This way, sir, if you please."

On our road to the house I mentioned my name

and position in the family to satisfy him that he might speak to me about the business on which my lady was to employ him. Not a word did he say about the business, however, for all that. He admired the grounds, and remarked that he felt the sea-air very brisk and refreshing. I privately wondered, on my side, how the celebrated Cuff had got his reputation. We reached the house, in the temper of two strange dogs, coupled up together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

Asking for my lady, and hearing that she was in one of the conservatories, we went round to the gardens at the back and sent a servant to seek her. While we were waiting Sergeant Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosary, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of anything like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.

"Ah, you've got the right exposure here to the south and sou'west," says the Sergeant, with a wag of his grizzled head, and a streak of pleasure in his melancholy voice. "This is the shape for a rosary — nothing like a circle set in a square. Yes, yes; with walks between all the beds. But

they oughtn't to be gravel-walks like these. Grass, Mr. Gardener — grass-walks between your roses; gravel's too hard for them. That's a sweet pretty bed of white roses and blush roses. They always mix well together, don't they? Here's the white musk-rose, Mr. Betteredge — our old English rose holding up its head along with the best and the newest of them. Pretty dear! ” says the Sergeant, fondling the musk-rose with his lanky fingers, and speaking to it as if he was speaking to a child.

This was a nice sort of man to recover Miss Rachel's Diamond, and to find out the thief who stole it!

“ You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant? ” I remarked.

“ I haven't much time to be fond of anything,” says Sergeant Cuff. “ But, when I *have* a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass-walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds,” says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel-path of a rosary seemed to dwell unpleasantly.

“ It seems an odd taste, sir,” I ventured to say, “ for a man in your line of life.”

“If you will look about you (which most people won't do),” says Sergeant Cuff, “you will see that the nature of a man's tastes is, most times, as opposite as possible to the nature of a man's business. Show me any two things more opposite one from the other than a rose and a thief, and I'll correct my tastes accordingly — if it isn't too late at my time of life. You find the damask rose a goodish stock for most of the tender sorts, don't you, Mr. Gardener? Ah! I thought so. Here's a lady coming. Is it Lady Verinder?”

He had seen her before either I or the gardener had seen her — though we knew which way to look, and he didn't. I began to think him rather a quicker man than he appeared to be at first sight.

The Sergeant's appearance, or the Sergeant's errand — one or both — seemed to cause my lady some little embarrassment. She was, for the first time in all my experience of her, at a loss what to say at an interview with a stranger. Sergeant Cuff put her at her ease directly. He asked if any other person had been employed about the robbery before we sent for him; and hearing that another person had been called in, and was now in the house, begged leave to speak to him before anything else was done.

My lady led the way back. Before he followed

her, the Sergeant relieved his mind on the subject of the gravel-walks by a parting word to the gardener. "Get her ladyship to try grass," he said, with a sour look at the paths. "No gravel! no gravel! "

Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain. I can only state the fact. They retired together, and remained a weary long time shut up from all mortal intrusion. When they came out Mr. Superintendent was excited and Mr. Sergeant was yawning.

"The Sergeant wishes to see Miss Verinder's sitting-room," says Mr. Seegrave, addressing me with great pomp and eagerness. "The Sergeant may have some questions to ask. Attend the Sergeant, if you please! "

While I was being ordered about in this way, I looked at the great Cuff. The great Cuff, on his side, looked at Superintendent Seegrave in that quietly expecting way which I have already noticed. I can't affirm that he was on the watch for his brother-officer's speedy appearance in the character of an Ass—I can only say that I strongly suspected it.

I led the way up-stairs. The Sergeant went softly all over the Indian cabinet and all round the

"boudoir," asking questions (occasionally only of Mr. Superintendent, and continually of me), the drift of which I believe to have been equally unintelligible to both of us. In due time his course brought him to the door, and put him face to face with the decorative painting that you know of. He laid one lean inquiring finger on the small smear, just under the lock, which Superintendent Seegrave had already noticed, when he reproved the women-servants for all crowding together into the room.

"That's a pity," says Sergeant Cuff. "How did it happen?"

He put the question to me. I answered that the women-servants had crowded into the room on the previous morning, and that some of their petticoats had done the mischief. "Superintendent Seegrave ordered them out, sir," I added, "before they did any more harm."

"Right!" says Mr. Superintendent, in his military way. "I ordered them out. The petticoats did it, Sergeant — the petticoats did it."

"Did you notice which petticoat did it?" asked Sergeant Cuff, still addressing himself, not to his brother-officer, but to me.

"No, sir."

He turned to Superintendent Seegrave upon that, and said, "*You* noticed, I suppose?"

Mr. Superintendent looked a little taken aback;

but he made the best of it. "I can't charge my memory, Sergeant," he said, "a mere trifle — a mere trifle."

Sergeant Cuff looked at Mr. Seegrave as he had looked at the gravel-walks in the rosary, and gave us, in his melancholy way, the first taste of his quality which we had had yet.

"I made a private inquiry last week, Mr. Superintendent," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a table-cloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet. Before we go a step further in this business, we must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain when that paint was wet."

Mr. Superintendent — taking his set-down rather sulkily — asked if he should summon the women. Sergeant Cuff, after considering a minute, sighed, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "we'll take the matter of the paint first. It's a question of Yes or No with the paint — which is short. It's a question of petticoats with the woman — which is long. What o'clock was it when the servants were in this room yesterday morning? Eleven o'clock — eh? Is

there anybody in the house who knows whether that paint was wet or dry, at eleven yesterday morning? ”

“ Her ladyship’s nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, knows,” I said.

“ Is the gentleman in the house? ”

Mr. Franklin was as close at hand as could be — waiting for his first chance of being introduced to the great Cuff. In half a minute he was in the room, and was giving his evidence as follows:

“ That door, Sergeant,” he said, “ has been painted by Miss Verinder, under my inspection, with my help, and in a vehicle of my own composition. The vehicle dries whatever colors may be used with it in twelve hours.”

“ Do you remember when the smeared bit was done, sir? ” asked the Sergeant.

“ Perfectly,” answered Mr. Franklin. “ That was the last morsel of the door to be finished. We wanted to get it done on Wednesday last, and I myself completed it by three in the afternoon, or soon after.”

“ To-day is Friday,” said Sergeant Cuff, addressing himself to Superintendent Seegrave. “ Let us reckon back, sir. At three on the Wednesday afternoon, that bit of the painting was completed. The vehicle dried it in twelve hours — that is to say,

dried it by three o'clock on Thursday morning. At eleven on Thursday morning you held your inquiry here. Take three from eleven, and eight remains. That paint had been *eight hours dry*, Mr. Superintendent, when you supposed that the women-servants' petticoats smeared it."

First knock-down blow for Mr. Seegrave! If he had not suspected poor Penelope, I should have pitied him.

Having settled the question of the paint, Sergeant Cuff, from the moment, gave his brother-officer up as a bad job—and addressed himself to Mr. Franklin, as the more promising assistant of the two.

"It's quite on the cards, sir," he said, "that you have put the clew into our hands."

As the words passed his lips the bedroom door opened and Miss Rachel came out among us suddenly.

She addressed herself to the Sergeant, without appearing to notice (or to heed) that he was a perfect stranger to her.

"Did you say," she asked, pointing to Mr. Franklin, "that *he* had put the clew into your hands?"

("This is Miss Verinder," I whispered, behind the Sergeant.)

"That gentleman, miss," says the Sergeant—

with his steely-gray eyes carefully studying my young lady's face — "has possibly put the clew in our hands."

She turned for one moment, and tried to look at Mr. Franklin. I say tried, for she suddenly looked away again before their eyes met. There seemed to be some strange disturbance in her mind. She colored up, and then she turned pale again. With the paleness there came a new look into her face, a look which it startled me to see.

"Having answered your question, miss," says the Sergeant, "I beg leave to make an inquiry in my turn. There is a smear on the painting of your door here. Do you happen to know when it was done? or who did it?"

Instead of making any reply, Miss Rachel went on with her question as if he had not spoken, or as if she had not heard him.

"Are you another police officer?" she asked.

"I am Sergeant Cuff, miss, of the detective police."

"Do you think a young lady's advice worth having?"

"I shall be glad to hear it, miss."

"Do your duty by yourself — and don't allow Mr. Franklin Blake to help you!"

She said those words so spitefully, so savagely, with such an extraordinary outbreak of ill-will

toward Mr. Franklin, in her voice and her look, that — although I had known her from a baby, though I loved and honored her next to my lady herself — I was ashamed of Miss Rachel for the first time in my life.

Sergeant Cuff's immovable eyes never stirred from off her face. "Thank you, miss," he said. "Do you happen to know anything about the smear? Might you have done it by accident yourself?"

"I know nothing about the smear."

With that answer she turned away, and shut herself up again in her bedroom. This time I heard her — as Penelope had heard her before — burst out crying as soon as she was alone again.

I couldn't bring myself to look at the Sergeant — I looked at Mr. Franklin, who stood nearest to me. He seemed to be even more sorely distressed at what had passed than I was.

"I told you I was uneasy about her," he said. "And now you see why."

"Miss Verinder appears to be a little out of temper about the loss of her Diamond," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a valuable jewel. Natural enough! natural enough!"

Here was the excuse that I had made for her (when she forgot herself before Superintendent Seegrave, on the previous day) being made for

her over again, by a man who couldn't have had *my* interest in making it — for he was a perfect stranger! A kind of cold shudder ran through me, which I couldn't account for at the time. I know now that I must have got my first suspicion, at that moment, of a new light (and a horrid light) having suddenly fallen on the case, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff — purely and entirely in consequence of what he had seen in Miss Rachel, and heard from Miss Rachel, at that first interview between them.

“A young lady's tongue is a privileged member, sir,” says the Sergeant to Mr. Franklin. “Let us forget what has passed, and go straight on with this business. Thanks to you, we know when the paint was dry. The next thing to discover is when the paint was last seen without that smear. *You* have got a head on your shoulders — and you understand what I mean.”

Mr. Franklin composed himself, and came back with an effort from Miss Rachel to the matter in hand.

“I think I do understand,” he said. “The more we narrow the question of time the more we also narrow the field of inquiry.”

“That's it, sir,” said the Sergeant. “Did you notice your work here on the Wednesday afternoon, after you had done it?”

Mr. Franklin shook his head and answered, "I can't say I did."

"Did *you*?" inquired Sergeant Cuff, turning to me.

"I can't say I did either, sir."

"Who was the last person in the room, the last thing on Wednesday night?"

"Miss Rachel, I suppose, sir."

Mr. Franklin struck in there, "Or possibly your daughter, Betteredge." He turned to Sergeant Cuff, and explained that my daughter was Miss Verinder's maid.

"Mr. Betteredge, ask your daughter to step up. Stop!" says the Sergeant, taking me away to the window out of ear-shot. "Your Superintendent here," he went on, in a whisper, "has made a pretty full report to me of the manner in which he has managed this case. Among other things he has, by his own confession, set the servants' backs up. It's very important to smooth them down again. Tell your daughter, and tell the rest of them, these two things with my compliments: First, that I have no evidence before me, yet, that the Diamond has been stolen; I only know that the Diamond has been lost. Second, that *my* business here with the servants is simply to ask them to lay their heads together and help me to find it."

My experience of the women-servants, when Superintendent Seegrave laid his embargo on their rooms, came in handy here.

"May I make so bold, Sergeant, as to tell the women a third thing?" I asked. "Are they free (with your compliments) to fidget up and down stairs, and whisk in and out of their bedrooms, if the fit takes them?"

"Perfectly free," says the Sergeant.

"*That* will smooth them down, sir," I remarked, "from the cook to the scullion."

"Go and do it at once; Mr. Betteredge."

I did it in less than five minutes. There was only one difficulty when I came to the bit about the bedrooms. It took a pretty stiff exertion of my authority, as chief, to prevent the whole of the female household from following me and Penelope up-stairs, in the character of volunteer witnesses in a burning fever of anxiety to help Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant seemed to approve of Penelope. He became a trifle less dreary; and he looked much as he had looked when he noticed the white musk-rose in the flower-garden. Here is my daughter's evidence, as drawn off from her by the Sergeant. She gave it, I think, very prettily — but, there! she is my child all over: nothing of her mother in her; Lord bless you, nothing of her mother in her!

Penelope examined: Took a lively interest in

the painting on the door, having helped to mix the colors. Noticed the bit of work under the lock, because it was the last bit done. Had seen it, some hours afterward, without a smear. Had left it, as late as twelve at night, without a smear. Had, at that hour, wished her young lady good-night in the bedroom; had heard the clock strike in the "boudoir:" had her hand at the time on the handle of the painted door; knew the paint was wet (having helped to mix the colors, as aforesaid); took particular pains not to touch it; could swear that she held up the skirts of her dress, and that there was no smear on the paint then; could *not* swear that her dress mightn't have touched it accidentally in going out; remembered the dress she had on, because it was new, a present from Miss Rachel; her father remembered, and could speak to it, too; could, and would, and did fetch it; dress recognized by her father as the dress she wore that night; skirts examined, a long job from the size of them; not the ghost of a paint-stain discovered anywhere. End of Penelope's evidence — and very pretty and convincing, too. Signed, Gabriel Betteredge.

The Sergeant's next proceeding was to question me about any large dogs in the house who might have got into the room, and done the mischief with a whisk of their tails. Hearing that this was

impossible, he next sent for a magnifying-glass, and tried how the smear looked, seen that way. No skin-mark (as of a human hand) printed off on the paint. All the signs visible — signs which told that the paint had been smeared by some loose article of somebody's dress touching it in going by. That somebody (putting together Penelope's evidence and Mr. Franklin's evidence) must have been in the room, and done the mischief, between midnight and three o'clock on the Thursday morning.

Having brought his investigation to this point, Sergeant Cuff discovered that such a person as Superintendent Seegrave was still left in the room, upon which he summed up the proceedings for his brother-officer's benefit, as follows:

"This trifle of yours, Mr. Superintendent," says the Sergeant, pointing to the place on the door, "has grown a little in importance since you noticed it last. At the present stage of the inquiry there are, as I take it, three discoveries to make, starting from that smear. Find out (first) whether there is any article of dress in this house with the smear of the paint on it. Find out (second) who that dress belongs to. Find out (third) how the person can account for having been in this room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you

haven't far to look for the hand that has got the Diamond. I'll work this by myself, if you please, and detain you no longer from your regular business in town. You have got one of your men here, I see. Leave him here at my disposal, in case I want him—and allow me to wish you good-morning."

Superintendent Seegrave's respect for the Sergeant was great; but his respect for himself was greater still. Hit hard by the celebrated Cuff, he hit back smartly, to the best of his ability, on leaving the room.

"I have abstained from expressing any opinion so far," says Mr. Superintendent, with his military voice still in good working order. "I have now only one remark to offer, on leaving this case in your hands. There *is* such a thing, Sergeant, as making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Good-morning."

"There is also such a thing as making nothing out of a mole-hill, in consequence of your head being too high to see it." Having returned his brother-officer's compliment in those terms, Sergeant Cuff wheeled about, and walked away to the window by himself.

Mr. Franklin and I waited to see what was coming next. The Sergeant stood at the window, with

his hands in his pockets, looking out, and whistling the tune of the "Last Rose of Summer" softly to himself. Later in the proceedings, I discovered that he only forgot his manners so far as to whistle, when his mind was hard at work, seeing its way inch by inch to its own private ends, on which occasions the "Last Rose of Summer" evidently helped and encouraged him. I suppose it fitted in somehow with his character. It reminded him, you see, of his favorite roses, and, as *he* whistled it, it was the most melancholy tune going.

Turning from the window, after a minute or two, the Sergeant walked into the middle of the room, and stopped there, deep in thought, with his eyes on Miss Rachel's bedroom door. After a little he roused himself, nodded his head, as much as to say, "That will do!" and, addressing me, asked for ten minutes' conversation with my mistress, at her ladyship's earliest convenience.

Leaving the room with this message, I heard Mr. Franklin ask the Sergeant a question, and stopped to hear the answer also at the threshold of the door.

"Can you guess yet," inquired Mr. Franklin, "who has stolen the Diamond?"

"*Nobody has stolen the Diamond,*" answered Sergeant Cuff.

We both started at that extraordinary view of the case, and both earnestly begged him to tell us what he meant.

“Wait a little,” said the Sergeant. “The pieces of the puzzle are not all put together yet.”

* * * * *

THE STATEMENT OF SERGEANT CUFF

I.

DORKING, Surrey, *July* 30, 1849. — To Franklin Blake, Esq. Sir, — I beg to apologize for the delay that has occurred in the production of the Report with which I engaged to furnish you. I have waited to make it a complete report; and I have been met, here and there, by obstacles which it was only possible to remove by some little expenditure of patience and time.

The object which I proposed to myself has now, I hope, been attained. You will find, in these pages, answers to the greater part — if not all — of the questions, concerning the late Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, which occurred to your mind when I last had the honor of seeing you.

I propose to tell you — in the first place — what is known of the manner in which your cousin met

his death; appending to the statement such inferences and conclusions as we are justified (according to my opinion) in drawing from the facts.

I shall then endeavor — in the second place — to put you in possession of such discoveries as I have made, respecting the proceedings of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, before, during, and after the time, when you and he met as guests at the late Lady Verinder's country house.

II.

As to your cousin's death, then, first.

It appears to me to be established, beyond any reasonable doubt, that he was killed (while he was asleep, or immediately on his waking) by being smothered with a pillow from his bed — that the persons guilty of murdering him are the three Indians — and that the object contemplated (and achieved) by the crime, was to obtain possession of the diamond, called the Moonstone.

The facts from which this conclusion is drawn, are derived partly from an examination of the room at the tavern; and partly from the evidence obtained at the Coroner's Inquest.

On forcing the door of the room the deceased gentleman was discovered, dead, with the pillow of the bed over his face. The medical man who ex-

amined him, being informed of this circumstance, considered the post-mortem appearances as being perfectly compatible with murder by smothering — that is to say, with murder committed by some person, or persons, pressing the pillow over the nose and mouth of the deceased, until death resulted from congestion of the lungs.

Next, as to the motive for the crime.

A small box, with a sealed paper torn off from it — the paper containing an inscription — was found open, and empty, on a table in the room. Mr. Luker has himself personally identified the box, the seal, and the inscription. He has declared that the box did actually contain the diamond, called the Moonstone; and he has admitted having given the box (thus sealed up) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite (then concealed under a disguise), on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of June last. The fair inference from all this is, that the stealing of the Moonstone was the motive of the crime.

Next, as to the manner in which the crime was committed.

On examination of the room (which is only seven feet high), a trap-door in the ceiling, leading out on to the roof of the house, was discovered open. The short ladder, used for obtaining access to the trap-door (and kept under the bed), was found placed at the opening, so as to enable any person,

or persons, in the room, to leave it again easily. In the trap-door itself was found a square aperture cut in the wood, apparently with some exceedingly sharp instrument, just behind the bolt which fastened the door on the inner side. In this way any person from the outside could have drawn back the bolt, and opened the door, and have dropped (or have been noiselessly lowered by an accomplice) into the room — its height, as already observed, being only seven feet. That some person, or persons, must have got admission in this way, appears evident from the fact of the aperture being there. As to the manner in which he (or they) obtained access to the roof of the tavern, it is to be remarked that the third house, lower down in the street, was empty and under repair — that a long ladder was left by the workmen, leading from the pavement to the top of the house — and that, on returning to their work on the morning of the 27th, the men found the plank which they had tied to the ladder, to prevent any one from using it in their absence, removed, and lying on the ground. As to the possibility of ascending by this ladder, passing over the roofs of the houses, passing back and descending again, unobserved — it is discovered, on the evidence of the night policeman, that he only passes through Shore Lane twice in an hour when out on his beat. The testimony of the in-

habitants also declares that Shore Lane, after midnight, is one of the quietest and loneliest streets in London. Here again, therefore, it seems fair to infer that — with ordinary caution and presence of mind — any man, or men, might have ascended by the ladder, and might have descended again, unobserved. Once on the roof of the tavern, it has been proved, by experiment, that a man might cut through the trap-door while lying down on it, and that in such a position the parapet in front of the house would conceal him from the view of any one passing in the street.

Lastly, as to the person, or persons, by whom the crime was committed.

It is known (1) that the Indians had an interest in possessing themselves of the Diamond. (2) It is at least probable that the man looking like an Indian, whom Octavius Guy saw at the window of the cab speaking to the man dressed like a mechanic, was one of the three Hindoo conspirators. (3) It is certain that this same man dressed like a mechanic, was seen keeping Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite in view all through the evening of the 26th, and was found in the bedroom (before Mr. Ablewhite was shown into it) under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that he was examining the room. (4) A morsel of torn gold thread was picked up in the bedroom, which persons expert

in such matters declare to be of Indian manufacture, and to be a species of gold thread not known in England. (5) On the morning of the 27th, three men, answering to the description of the three Indians, were observed in Lower Thames Street, were traced to the Tower Wharf, and were seen to leave London by the steamer bound for Rotterdam.

There is here moral, if not legal, evidence that the murder was committed by the Indians.

Whether the man personating a mechanic was, or was not, an accomplice in the crime, it is impossible to say. That he could have committed the murder alone seems beyond the limits of probability. Acting by himself, he could hardly have smothered Mr. Ablewhite — who was the taller and the stronger man of the two — without a struggle taking place, or a cry being heard. A servant girl, sleeping in the next room, heard nothing. The landlord, sleeping in the room below, heard nothing. The whole evidence points to the inference that more than one man was concerned in this crime — and the circumstances, I repeat, morally justify the conclusion that the Indians committed it.

I have only to add that the verdict at the Coroner's Inquest was willful murder against some person, or persons, unknown. Mr. Ablewhite's family have offered a reward, and no effort has been

left untried to discover the guilty persons. The man dressed like a mechanic has eluded all inquiries. The Indians have been traced. As to the prospect of ultimately capturing these last, I shall have a word to say to you on that head when I reach the end of the present Report.

In the meanwhile, having now written all that is needful on the subject of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, I may pass next to the narrative of his proceedings before, during, and after the time when you and he met at the late Lady Verinder's house.

III.

With regard to the subject now in hand, I may state, at the outset, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's life had two sides to it.

The side turned up to the public view presented the spectacle of a gentleman, possessed of considerable reputation as a speaker at charitable meetings, and endowed with administrative abilities, which he placed at the disposal of various Benevolent Societies, mostly of the female sort. The side kept hidden from the general notice exhibited this same gentleman in the totally different character of a man of pleasure, with a villa in the suburbs which was not taken in his own name, and with a

lady in the villa who was not taken in his own name either.

My investigations in this villa have shown me several fine pictures and statues; furniture tastefully selected and admirably made; and a conservatory of the rarest flowers, the match of which it would not be easy to find in all London. My investigation of the lady has resulted in the discovery of jewels which are worthy to take rank with the flowers, and of carriages and horses which have (deservedly) produced a sensation in the Park among persons well qualified to judge of the build of the one and the breed of the others.

All this is, so far, common enough. The villa and the lady are such familiar objects in London life that I ought to apologize for introducing them to notice. But what is not common and not familiar (in my experience) is that all these fine things were not only ordered but paid for. The pictures, the statues, the flowers, the jewels, the carriages, and the horses — inquiry proved, to my indescribable astonishment, that not a sixpence of debt was owing on any of them. As to the villa, it had been bought, out and out, and settled on the lady.

I might have tried to find the right reading of this riddle, and tried in vain — but for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, which caused an inquiry to be made into the state of his affairs.

The inquiry elicited these facts:

That Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was intrusted with the care of a sum of twenty thousand pounds — as one of two Trustees for a young gentleman, who was still a minor in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight. That the Trust was to lapse, and that the young gentleman was to receive the twenty thousand pounds on the day when he came of age, in the month of February, eighteen hundred and fifty. That, pending the arrival of this period, an income of six hundred pounds was to be paid to him by his two Trustees, half yearly — at Christmas and at Midsummer-Day. That this income was regularly paid by the active Trustee, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. That the twenty thousand pounds (from which the income was supposed to be derived) had, every farthing of it, been sold out of the Funds, at different periods, ending with the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven. That the power of attorney, authorizing the bankers to sell out the stock, and the various written orders telling them what amounts to sell out, were formally signed by both the Trustees. That the signature of the second Trustee (a retired army officer, living in the country) was a signature forged, in every case, by the active Trustee — otherwise Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

In these facts lies the explanation of Mr. God-

frey's honorable conduct in paying the debts incurred for the lady and the villa — and (you will presently see) of more besides.

* * * * *

We may now advance to the date of Miss Verinder's birthday (in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight) — the twenty-first of June.

On the day before, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite arrived at his father's house, and asked (as I know from Mr. Ablewhite, senior, himself) for a loan of three hundred pounds. Mark the sum; and remember at the same time that the half-yearly payment to the young gentleman was due on the twenty-fourth of the month. Also, that the whole of the young gentleman's fortune had been spent by his Trustee by the end of the year 'forty-seven.

Mr. Ablewhite, senior, refused to lend his son a farthing.

The next day Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite rode over, with you, to Lady Verinder's house. A few hours afterward Mr. Godfrey (as you yourself have told me) made a proposal of marriage to Miss Verinder. Here he saw his way, no doubt — if accepted — to the end of all his money anxieties, present and

future. But, as events actually turned out, what happened? Miss Verinder refused him.

On the night of the birthday, therefore, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's pecuniary position was this: He had three hundred pounds to find on the twenty-fourth of the month, and twenty thousand pounds to find in February, eighteen hundred and fifty. Failing to raise these sums, at these times, he was a ruined man.

Under those circumstances, what takes place next?

You exasperate Mr. Candy, the doctor, on the sore subject of his profession, and he plays you a practical joke in return, with a dose of laudanum. He trusts the administration of the dose (prepared in a little vial) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, who has himself confessed the share he had in the matter, under circumstances which shall presently be related to you. Mr. Godfrey is all the readier to enter into the conspiracy, having himself suffered from your sharp tongue, in the course of the evening. He joins Betteredge in persuading you to drink a little brandy-and-water before you go to bed. He privately drops the dose of laudanum into your cold grog. And you drink the mixture.

Let us now shift the scene, if you please, to Mr. Luker's house at Lambeth. And allow me to remark, by the way of preface, that Mr. Bruff and

I, together, have found a means of forcing the money-lender to make a clean breast of it. We have carefully sifted the statement he has addressed to us; and here it is at your service.

IV.

Late on the evening of Friday, the twenty-third of June ('forty-eight), Mr. Luker was surprised by a visit from Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. He was more than surprised when Mr. Godfrey produced the Moonstone. No such diamond (according to Mr. Luker's experience) was in the possession of any private person in Europe.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had two modest proposals to make in relation to this magnificent gem. First, Would Mr. Luker be so good as to buy it? Secondly, Would Mr. Luker (in default of seeing his way to purchase) undertake to sell it on commission, and to pay a sum down, on the anticipated result?

Mr. Luker tested the Diamond, weighed the Diamond, and estimated the value of the Diamond, before he answered a word. His estimate (allowing for the flaw in the stone) was thirty thousand pounds.

Having reached that result Mr. Luker opened his lips and put a question: "How did you come

by this?" Only six words! But what volumes of meaning in them!

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began a story. Mr. Luker opened his lips again, and only said three words, this time. "That won't do."

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began another story. Mr. Luker wasted no more words on him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant to show the gentleman out.

Upon this compulsion, Mr. Godfrey made an effort, and came out with a new and amended version of the affair, to the following effect.

After privately slipping the laudanum into your brandy-and-water, he wished you good-night, and went into his own room. It was the next room to yours, and the two had a door of communication between them. On entering his own room Mr. Godfrey (as he supposed) closed this door. His money-troubles kept him awake. He sat, in his dressing-gown and slippers, for nearly an hour, thinking over his position. Just as he was preparing to go into bed, he heard you talking to yourself in your own room, and going to the door of communication, found that he had not shut it as he supposed.

He looked into your room to see what was the matter. He discovered you with the candle in your hand, just leaving your bedchamber. He

heard you say to yourself, in a voice quite unlike your own voice, "How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

Up to that time he had simply supposed himself (in giving you the laudanum) to be helping to make you the victim of a harmless practical joke. It now occurred to him that the laudanum had taken some effect on you which had not been foreseen by the doctor, any more than by himself. In the fear of an accident happening, he followed you softly to see what you would do.

He followed you to Miss Verinder's sitting-room, and saw you go in. You left the door open. He looked through the crevice thus produced, between the door and the post, before he ventured into the room himself.

In that position, he not only detected you in taking the Diamond out of the drawer — he also detected Miss Verinder, silently watching you from her bedroom, through her open door. He saw that she saw you take the Diamond too.

Before you left the sitting-room again, you hesitated a little. Mr. Godfrey took advantage of this hesitation to get back again to his bedroom before you came out and discovered him. He had barely gone back, before you got back too. You saw him (as he supposes) just as he was passing through the door of communication. At any

rate, you called to him in a strange, drowsy voice.

He came back to you. You looked at him in a dull, sleepy way. You put the Diamond into his hand. You said to him, "Take it back, Godfrey, to your father's bank. It's safe there — it's not safe here." You turned away unsteadily, and put on your dressing-gown. You sat down in the large arm-chair in your room. You said, "I can't take it back to the bank. My head's like lead — and I can't feel my feet under me." Your head sank on the back of the chair — you heaved a heavy sigh — and you fell asleep.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite went back, with the Diamond, into his own room. His statement is, that he came to no conclusion at that time — except that he would wait, and see what happened in the morning.

When the morning came, your language and conduct showed that you were absolutely ignorant of what you had said and done overnight. At the same time, Miss Verinder's language and conduct showed that she was resolved to say nothing (in mercy to you) on her side. If Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite chose to keep the Diamond, he might do so with perfect impunity. The Moonstone stood between him and ruin. He put the Moonstone into his pocket.

V.

This was the story told by your cousin (under pressure of necessity) to Mr. Luker.

Mr. Luker believed the story to be, as to all main essentials, true — on this ground, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was too great a fool to have invented it. Mr. Bruff and I agree with Mr. Luker, in considering this test of the truth of the story to be a perfectly reliable one.

The next question was the question of what Mr. Luker would do, in the matter of the Moonstone. He proposed the following terms, as the only terms on which he would consent to mix himself up with what was (even in *his* line of business) a doubtful and dangerous transaction.

Mr. Luker would consent to lend Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite the sum of two thousand pounds, on condition that the Moonstone was to be deposited with him as a pledge. If, at the expiration of one year from that date, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite paid three thousand pounds to Mr. Luker, he was to receive back the Diamond, as a pledge redeemed. If he failed to produce the money at the expiration of the year, the pledge (otherwise the Moonstone) was to be considered as forfeited to Mr. Luker — who would, in this latter case, generously

make Mr. Godfrey a present of certain promissory notes of his (relating to former dealings) which were then in the money-lender's possession.

It is needless to say that Mr. Godfrey indignantly refused to listen to these monstrous terms. Mr. Luker, thereupon, handed him back the Diamond, and wished him good-night.

Your cousin went to the door, and came back again. How was he to be sure that the conversation of that evening would be kept strictly a secret between his friend and himself?

Mr. Luker didn't profess to know how. If Mr. Godfrey had accepted his terms, Mr. Godfrey would have made him an accomplice, and might have counted on his silence as on a certainty. As things were, Mr. Luker must be guided by his own interests. If awkward inquiries were made, how could he be expected to compromise himself, for the sake of a man who had declined to deal with him?

Receiving this reply, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite did, what all animals (human and otherwise) do, when they find themselves caught in a trap. He looked about him in a state of helpless despair. The day of the month, recorded on a neat little card in a box on the money-lender's chimney-piece, happened to attract his eye. It was the twenty-third of June. On the twenty-fourth, he had three

hundred pounds to pay to the young gentleman for whom he was trustee, and no chance of raising the money, except the chance that Mr. Luker had offered to him. But for this miserable obstacle, he might have taken the Diamond to Amsterdam, and have made a marketable commodity of it, by having it cut up into separate stones. As matters stood, he had no choice but to accept Mr. Luker's terms. After all, he had a year at his disposal, in which to raise the three thousand pounds — and a year is a long time.

Mr. Luker drew out the necessary documents on the spot. When they were signed, he gave Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite two checks. One, dated June 23d, for three hundred pounds. Another, dated a week on, for the remaining balance — seventeen hundred pounds.

How the Moonstone was trusted to the keeping of Mr. Luker's bankers, and how the Indians treated Mr. Luker and Mr. Godfrey (after that had been done) you know already.

The next event in your cousin's life, refers again to Miss Verinder. He proposed marriage to her for the second time — and (after having been accepted) he consented, at her request, to consider the marriage as broken off. One of his reasons for making this concession has been penetrated by Mr. Bruff. Miss Verinder had only a life-interest

in her mother's property — and there was no raising the missing twenty thousand pounds on *that*.

But you will say, he might have saved the three thousand pounds, to redeem the pledged Diamond, if he had married. He might have done so certainly — supposing neither his wife, nor her guardians and trustees, objected to his anticipating more than half of the income at his disposal, for some unknown purpose, in the first year of his marriage. But even if he got over this obstacle, there was another waiting for him in the background. The lady at the Villa had heard of his contemplated marriage. A superb woman, Mr. Blake, of the sort that are not to be trifled with — the sort with the light complexion and the Roman nose. She felt the utmost contempt for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. It would be silent contempt if he made a handsome provision for her. Otherwise, it would be contempt with a tongue to it. Miss Verinder's life-interest allowed him no more hope of raising the "provision," than of raising the twenty thousand pounds. He couldn't marry — he really couldn't marry under all the circumstances.

How he tried his luck again with another lady, and how *that* marriage also broke down on the question of money, you know already. You also know of the legacy of five thousand pounds, left

to him shortly afterward, by one of those many admirers among the soft sex whose good graces this fascinating man had contrived to win! That legacy (as the event has proved) led him to his death.

I have ascertained that when he went abroad, on getting his five thousand pounds, he went to Amsterdam. There he made all the necessary arrangements for having the Diamond cut into separate stones. He came back (in disguise), and redeemed the Moonstone on the appointed day. A few days were allowed to elapse (as a precaution agreed to by both parties) before the jewel was actually taken out of the bank. If he had got safe with it to Amsterdam there would have been just time between July 'forty-nine and February 'fifty (when the young gentleman came of age) to cut the Diamond, and to make a marketable commodity (polished or unpolished) of the separate stones. Judge from this what motives he had to run the risk which he actually ran. It was "neck or nothing" with him — if ever it was "neck or nothing" with a man yet.

I have only to remind you, before closing this report, that there is a chance of laying hands on the Indians, and of recovering the Moonstone yet. They are now (there is every reason to believe) on their passage to Bombay on an East

Indiaman. The ship (barring accidents) will touch at no other port on her way out: and the authorities of Bombay (already communicated with by letter overland) will be prepared to board the vessel the moment she enters the harbor.

I have the honor to remain, dear sir, your obedient servant, RICHARD CUFF (late Sergeant in the Detective Force, Scotland Yard, London).

* * * * *

THE FINDING OF THE DIAMOND.

I.

THE STATEMENT OF SERGEANT CUFF'S MAN (1849).

On the twenty-seventh of June last I received instructions from Sergeant Cuff to follow three men, suspected of murder, and described as Indians. They had been seen on the Tower Wharf that morning, embarking on board the steamer bound for Rotterdam.

I left London by a steamer belonging to another company, which sailed on the morning of Thursday, the 28th.

Arriving at Rotterdam, I succeeded in finding the commander of the Wednesday's steamer. He

informed me that the Indians had certainly been passengers on board his vessel — but as far as Gravesend only. Off that place, one of the three had inquired at what time they would reach Calais. On being informed that the steamer was bound to Rotterdam, the spokesman of the party expressed the greatest surprise and distress at the mistake which he and his two friends had made. They were all willing (he said) to sacrifice their passage-money, if the commander of the steamer would only put them ashore. Commiserating their position, as foreigners in a strange land, and knowing no reason for detaining them, the commander signaled for a shore boat, and the three men left the vessel.

This proceeding of the Indians having been plainly resolved on beforehand, as a means of preventing their being traced, I lost no time in returning to England. I left the steamer at Gravesend, and discovered that the Indians had gone from that place to London. Thence I again traced them as having left for Plymouth. Inquiries made at Plymouth proved that they had sailed, forty-eight hours previously, in the *Bewley Castle*, East Indiaman, bound direct for Bombay.

On receiving this intelligence, Sergeant Cuff caused the authorities at Bombay to be communicated with overland — so that the vessel might be

boarded by the police immediately on her entering the port. This step having been taken, my connection with the matter came to an end. I have heard nothing more of it since that time.

II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN (1849).

I am requested by Sergeant Cuff to set in writing certain facts, concerning three men (believed to be Hindoos) who were passengers, last summer, in the ship *Bewley Castle*, bound for Bombay direct, under my command.

The Hindoos joined us at Plymouth. On the passage out I heard no complaint of their conduct. They were berthed in the forward part of the vessel. I had but few occasions myself of personally noticing them.

In the latter part of the voyage we had the misfortune to be becalmed for three days and nights off the coast of India. I have not got the ship's Journal to refer to, and I cannot now call to mind the latitude and longitude. As to our position, therefore, I am only able to state generally that the currents drifted us in toward the land, and that, when the wind found us again, we reached our port in twenty-four hours afterward.

The discipline of a ship (as all sea-faring persons know) becomes relaxed in a long calm. The discipline of my ship became relaxed. Certain gentlemen among the passengers got some of the smaller boats lowered and amused themselves by rowing about, and swimming, when the sun, at evening time, was cool enough to let them divert themselves in that way. The boats, when done with, ought to have been slung up again in their places. Instead of this they were left moored to the ship's side. What with the heat, and what with the vexation of the weather, neither officers nor men seemed to be in heart for their duty while the calm lasted.

On the third night nothing unusual was heard or seen by the watch on deck. When the morning came the smallest of the boats was missing — and the three Hindoos were next reported to be missing, too.

If these men had stolen the boat shortly after dark (which I have no doubt they did), we were near enough to the land to make it vain to send in pursuit of them, when the discovery was made in the morning. I have no doubt they got ashore, in that calm weather (making all due allowance for fatigue and clumsy rowing), before daybreak.

On reaching our port, I there learned, for the first time, the reason my three passengers had for

seizing their opportunity of escaping from the ship. I could only make the same statement to the authorities which I have made here. They considered me to blame for allowing the discipline of the vessel to be relaxed. I have expressed my regret on this score to them and to my owners. Since that time nothing has been heard, to my knowledge, of the three Hindoos. I have no more to add to what is here written.

III.

THE STATEMENT OF MR. MURTHWAITE (1850).

(In a letter to Mr. Bruff.)

Have you any recollection, my dear sir, of a semi-savage person whom you met out at dinner, in London, in the autumn of 'forty-eight? Permit me to remind you that the person's name was Murthwaite, and that you and he had a long conversation together after dinner. The talk related to an Indian Diamond, called the Moonstone, and to a conspiracy then in existence to get possession of the gem.

Since that time I have been wandering in Central Asia. Thence, I have drifted back to the scene of some of my past adventures in the north

and northwest of India. About a fortnight since I found myself in a certain district or province (but little known to Europeans) called Kattiawar.

Here an adventure befell me, in which (incredible as it may appear) you are personally interested.

In the wild regions of Kattiawar (and how wild they are you will understand when I tell you that even the husbandmen plow the land armed to the teeth) the population is fanatically devoted to the old Hindoo religion — to the ancient worship of Brahma and Vishnu. The few Mohammedan families, thinly scattered about the villages in the interior, are afraid to taste meat of any kind. A Mohammedan even suspected of killing that sacred animal, the cow, is, as a matter of course, put to death without mercy in these parts, by the pious Hindoo neighbors who surround him. To strengthen the religious enthusiasm of the people, two of the most famous shrines of Hindoo pilgrimage are contained within the boundaries of Kattiawar. One of them is Dwarka, the birth-place of the god Krishna. The other is the sacred city of Somnauth — sacked and destroyed as long since as the eleventh century, by the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni.

Finding myself, for the second time, in these romantic regions, I resolved not to leave Kattiawar

without looking once more on the magnificent desolation of Somnauth. At the place where I planned to do this, I was (as nearly as I could calculate it) some three days distant, journeying on foot, from the sacred city.

I had not been long on the road before I noticed that other people — by twos and threes — appeared to be traveling in the same direction as myself.

To such of these as spoke to me I gave myself out as a Hindoo-Buddhist, from a distant province, bound on a pilgrimage. It is needless to say that my dress was of the sort to carry out this description. Add, that I know the language as well as I know my own, and that I am lean enough and brown enough to make it no easy matter to detect my European origin — and you will understand that I passed muster with the people readily; not as one of themselves, but as a stranger from a different part of their own country.

On the second day the number of Hindoos traveling in my direction had increased to fifties and hundreds. On the third day the throng had swollen to thousands; all slowly converging to one point — the city of Somnauth.

A trifling service which I was able to render to one of my fellow pilgrims during the third day's journey proved the means of introducing me to

certain Hindoos of the higher caste. From these men I learned that the multitude was on its way to a great religious ceremony, which was to take place on a hill at a little distance from Somnauth. The ceremony was in honor of the god of the Moon; and it was to be held at night.

The crowd detained us as we drew near to the place of celebration. By the time we reached the hill the moon was high in the heavens. My Hindoo friends possessed some special privileges which enabled them to gain access to the shrine. They kindly allowed me to accompany them. When we arrived at the place we found the shrine hidden from our view by a curtain hung between two magnificent trees. Beneath the trees a flat projection of rock jutted out, and formed a species of natural platform. Below this I stood, in company with my Hindoo friends.

Looking back down the hill, the view presented the grandest spectacle of Nature and Man, in combination, that I have ever seen. The lower slope of the eminence melted imperceptibly into a grassy plain, the place of the meeting of three rivers. On one side the graceful winding of the waters stretched away, now visible, now hidden by trees, as far as the eye could see. On the other the waveless ocean slept in the calm of the night. People this lovely scene with tens of thousands of

human creatures, all dressed in white, stretching down the sides of the hill, overflowing into the plain, and fringing the nearer banks of the winding rivers. Light this halt of the pilgrims by the wild red flames of cressets and torches, streaming up at intervals from every part of the innumerable throng. Imagine the moonlight of the East, pouring in unclouded glory over all—and you will form some idea of the view that met me, when I looked forth from the summit of the hill.

A strain of plaintive music, played on stringed instruments and flutes, recalled my attention to the hidden shrine.

I turned, and saw on the rocky platform the figures of three men. In the central figure of the three I recognized the man to whom I had spoken in England, when the Indians appeared on the terrace at Lady Verinder's house. The other two, who had been his companions on that occasion, were no doubt his companions also on this.

One of the Hindoos, near whom I was standing, saw me start. In a whisper he explained to me the apparition of the three figures on the platform of the rock.

They were Brahmins (he said) who had forfeited their caste in the service of the god. The god had commanded that their purification should be the purification by pilgrimage. On that night

the three men were to part. In three separate directions, they were to set forth as pilgrims to the shrines of India. Never more were they to look on each other's faces. Never more were they to rest on their wanderings, from the day which witnessed their separation to the day which witnessed their death.

As those words were whispered to me the plaintive music ceased. The three men prostrated themselves on the rock, before the curtain which hid the shrine. They rose — they looked on one another — they embraced. Then they descended separately among the people. The people made way for them in dead silence. In three different directions I saw the crowd part at one and the same moment. Slowly the grand, white mass of the people closed together again. The track of the doomed men through the ranks of their fellow-mortals was obliterated. We saw them no more.

A new strain of music, loud and jubilant, rose from the hidden shrine. The crowd around me shuddered and pressed together.

The curtain between the trees was drawn aside, and the shrine was disclosed to view.

There, raised high on a throne, seated on his typical antelope, with his four arms stretching toward the four corners of the earth, there soared above us, dark and awful in the mystic light of

heaven, the god of the Moon. And there, in the forehead of the deity, gleamed the yellow Diamond whose splendor had last shone on me, in England, from the bosom of a woman's dress!

Yes; after the lapse of eight centuries the Moonstone looks forth once more over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began. How it has found its way back to its wild native land — by what accident, or by what crime, the Indians regained possession of their sacred gem — may be in your knowledge, but is not in mine. You have lost sight of it in England, and (if I know anything of this people) you have lost sight of it forever.

So the years pass, and repeat each other; so the same events revolve in the cycle of Time. What will be the next adventures of the Moonstone? Who can tell?

Monsieur Lecoq,—Master-Mind

GABORIAU

M. LECOQ was really an exaggeration according to a recent authority of the well-known and wonderfully able Paris detective M. Vidocq (A man of genius indeed in the arts of make-up, dissimulation, and deduction) but there is an individuality in spite of the family likeness. The favored few in this generation who have read the *Memoirs of Vidocq* will readily catch this point. It remains to add that the art of making-up the face and figure, like an actor, which was very much resorted to in the first half of the nineteenth century in Europe, is now almost wholly outworn. Operatives nowadays often disguise themselves as laboring-men or followers of other humble callings, but the elaborate dressing-table of M. Lecoq described in this story would be considered laughable to-day.

To speak of the detective-novel, says Carolyn Wells, to whom we owe the most careful study of the subject so far produced by an American, is to speak of Gaboriau. He cannot be called the father of it, but he made the field so peculiarly his own, developed its type of human nature so painstakingly, created so distinctive a reputation associated with it, that it is doubtful whether any one can be said to have outrivaled him. — EDITOR.

Monsieur Lecoq,—
Master-Mind

EMILE GABORIAU ¹

IN the Paris journal of February 28, 186 —, there appeared the following intelligence:

“ A daring robbery, committed during the night at one of our principal bankers', M. André Fauvel, has created great excitement this morning in the neighborhood of the Rue de Provence. The thieves, who were as skilful as they were daring, succeeded in effecting an entrance to the bank, in forcing the lock of a safe that has heretofore been considered impregnable, and in possessing themselves of bank-notes, of the value of three hundred and fifty thousand francs. The police, immediately informed of the robbery, displayed their accustomed zeal, and their efforts have been crowned with success. Already, it is said, P. B., a clerk in the bank, has been arrested, and there is every reason to hope that his accomplices will be speedily overtaken by the hand of justice.”

¹ From File No. 113.

For four days this robbery was the talk of Paris. Then public attention was engrossed by later and equally interesting events; an acrobat broke his leg at the circus; an actress made her *début* at a minor theatre; and news of the 28th was soon forgotten.

But for once the newspapers were — perhaps designedly — wrong, or at least inaccurate in their information. The sum of three hundred and fifty thousand francs had certainly been stolen from M. André Fauvel's bank, but not in the manner described. A clerk had also been arrested on suspicion, but no conclusive proof had been forthcoming against him. This robbery of unusual importance remained, if not inexplicable, at least unexplainable.

* * * * *

At the same hour that Madame Nina Gipsy² was seeking refuge at the Grand Archangel, so highly recommended by Fanferlot, Prosper Bertomy was being consigned to the depot of the Préfecture of Police. From the moment he had resumed his habitual composure, he never once faltered. His face was stolid as marble, and one would have supposed him insensible to the horrors of his condition, had not his heavy breathing, and

² The mistress of Prosper Bertomy the suspect.

the beads of perspiration standing on his brow, betrayed the intense agony he was suffering.

While Prosper was going through the formalities of the commitment, he replied with haughty brevity to the indispensable questions that were put to him. But after being ordered to empty his pockets on the table, they began to search him, his eyes flashed with indignation, and a single tear coursed down his flushed cheek. In an instant he had recovered his stony calmness, and stood up motionless, with his arms raised in the air so that the rough creatures about him could more conveniently ransack him from head to foot, to assure themselves that he had no suspicious object concealed under his clothes.

The search would have, perhaps, been carried to the most ignominious lengths, but for the intervention of a middle-aged man of rather distinguished appearance, who wore a white cravat and gold spectacles, and was sitting at his ease by the fire. He started with surprise, and seemed much agitated, when he saw Prosper brought in by the officers; he stepped forward, as if about to speak to him, then suddenly changed his mind, and sat down again.

In spite of his own troubles, Prosper could not help perceiving that this man kept his eyes upon him. Did he know him? Vainly did he try to

recollect having met him before. This individual, treated with all the deference due to a chief, was no less a personage than M. Lecoq, a celebrated member of the detective police. When the men who were searching Prosper were about to take off his boots, under the idea that a knife might be concealed in them, M. Lecoq waved them aside with an air of authority, and said: "You have done enough."

He was obeyed. All the formalities being ended, the unfortunate cashier was taken to a narrow cell; the heavily-barred door was swung to and locked upon him; he breathed freely; at last he was alone. Yes, he believed himself to be alone. He was ignorant that a prison is made of glass, that the prisoner is like a miserable insect under the microscope of an entomologist. He knew not that the walls have listening ears and watchful eyes. He felt so certain of being alone that he at once gave vent to his suppressed feelings, and, dropping his mask of impassibility, burst into a flood of tears. His long-restrained anger now flashed out like a smouldering fire. In a paroxysm of rage he uttered imprecations and curses. He dashed himself against the prison walls like a wild beast in a cage.

* * * * *

Seated at a desk in the middle of a large room, half library and half theatrical dressing-room, fur-

nished in a curious style, was the same individual with gold spectacles, who had said to Prosper at the Préfecture, "Have courage." This was M. Lecoq in his official character.

Fanferlot,³ on his entrance, advanced respectfully, bowing till his backbone was a perfect curve. M. Lecoq laid down his pen, and looking sharply at him, said: "Ah, so here you are, young man. Well, it seems that you haven't made much progress in Bertomy's case."

"What," murmured Fanferlot, "you know —"

"I know that you have muddled everything until you can't see your way out; so that you are ready to give in."

"But, M. Lecoq, it was not I —"

M. Lecoq rose, and walked up and down the room; suddenly he confronted Fanferlot, and said in a tone of scornful irony: "What would you think, Master Squirrel, of a man who abuses the confidence of those who employ him, who reveals just enough to lead the prosecution on the wrong scent, who sacrifices to his own foolish vanity the cause of justice and the liberty of an unfortunate prisoner?"

Fanferlot started back with a scared look. "I should say," he stammered, "I should say —"

"You would say this man ought to be punished,

³ The detective who has been first detailed.

and dismissed from his employment; and you are right. The less a profession is honored, the more honorable should those be who belong to it. And yet you have been false to yours. Ah! Master Squirrel, we are ambitious, and we try to make the police service forward our own views! We let justice go astray, and we go on a different tack. One must be a more cunning bloodhound than you are, my friend, to be able to hunt without a huntsman. You are too self-reliant by half."

"But, my chief, I swear —"

"Silence! Do you pretend to say that you did your duty, and told all you knew to the investigating magistrate? Whilst others were giving information against the cashier, you were getting up evidence against the banker. You watched his movements; you became intimate with his valet."

Was M. Lecoq really angry, or pretending to be so? Fanferlot, who knew him well, was puzzled as to whether all this indignation was real.

"Still, if you were only skilful," continued M. Lecoq, "it would be another matter; but no; you wish to be master, and you are not even fit to be a journeyman."

"You are right, my chief," said Fanferlot pitiously, for he saw that it was useless for him to deny anything. "But how could I go about an

affair like this, where there was not even a trace, a sign of any kind to start from? ”

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders. “ You are an ass! ” exclaimed he. “ Why, don’t you know that on the very day you were sent for with the commissary to verify the fact of the robbery, you held — I do not say certainly, but very probably held — in your great stupid hands the means of knowing which key had been used when the money was stolen? ”

“ How is that? ”

“ You want to know, do you? I will tell you. Do you remember the scratch you discovered on the safe? You were so struck by it, that you could not refrain from calling out directly you saw it. You carefully examined it, and were convinced that it was a fresh scratch, only a few hours old. You thought, and rightly too, that this scratch was made at the time of the theft. Now, with what was it made? Evidently with a key. That being the case, you should have asked for the keys both of the banker and the cashier. One of them would have probably had some particles of the hard green paint sticking to it.”

Fanferlot listened with open mouth to this explanation. At the last words, he violently slapped his forehead with his hand and cried out: “ Idiot! idiot! ”

"You have correctly named yourself," said M. Lecoq. "Idiot! This proof stares you right in the face, and you don't see it! This scratch is the only clew there is to follow, and you must like a fool neglect it. If I find the guilty party, it will be by means of this scratch; and I am determined that I will find him."

At a distance the Squirrel very bravely abuses and defies M. Lecoq; but, in his presence, he yields to the influence which this extraordinary man exercises upon all who approach him. This exact information, these minute details just given him, so upset his mind that he could not imagine where and how M. Lecoq had obtained them. Finally he humbly said: "You have then been occupying yourself with this case, my chief?"

"Probably I have; but I am not infallible, and may have overlooked some important evidence. Take a seat, and tell me all you know."

Fanferlot, knowing he could not falsify anything to M. Lecoq, told him all he knew, and in return discovered that M. Lecoq already knew it.

"Then, my chief," said Fanferlot, "you have been more successful than Madame Alexandre; you have made the little girl ⁴ confess? You know why she leaves the Grand Archangel, why she does not wait for M. de Lagors, and why she has bought herself some cotton dresses?"

⁴ Mme. Nina Gipsy, Bertomy's mistress.

"She is following my advice."

"That being the case," said the detective dejectedly, "there is nothing left for me to do, but to acknowledge myself an ass."

"No, Squirrel," said M. Lecoq kindly, "you are not an ass. You merely did wrong in undertaking a task beyond your capacity. Have you progressed one step since you started in this affair? No. That shows that, although you are incomparable as a lieutenant, you do not possess the qualities of a general. I am going to present you with an aphorism; remember it, and let it be your guide in the future: 'A man can shine in the second rank, who would be totally eclipsed in the first.'"

Never had Fanferlot seen his chief so talkative and good-natured. Finding his deceit discovered, he had expected to be overwhelmed with a storm of anger; whereas he had escaped with a little shower that had cooled his brain. Lecoq's anger disappeared like one of those heavy clouds which threaten in the horizon for a moment, and then are suddenly swept away by a gust of wind.

But this unexpected affability made Fanferlot feel uneasy. He was afraid that something might be concealed beneath it. "Do you know who the thief is, my chief?" he inquired.

"I know no more than you do, Fanferlot; and you seem to have made up your mind, whereas I am still undecided. You declare the cashier to be

innocent, and the banker guilty. I don't know whether you are right or wrong. I follow after you, and have got no further than the preliminaries of my investigation. I am certain of but one thing, and that is, the scratch on the safe door. That scratch is my starting point."

As he spoke, M. Lecoq took from his desk an immense sheet of paper which he unrolled. On this paper was photographed the door of M. Fauvel's safe. Every detail was rendered perfectly. There were the five movable buttons with the engraved letters, and the narrow, projecting brass lock. The scratch was indicated with great exactness.

"Now," said M. Lecoq, "here is our scratch. It runs from top to bottom, starting diagonally, from the keyhole, and proceeding from left to right; that is to say, it terminates on the side next to the private staircase leading to the banker's apartments. Although very deep at the keyhole, it ends in a scarcely perceptible mark."

"Yes, my chief, I see all that."

"Naturally you thought that this scratch was made by the person who took the money. Let us see if you were right. I have here a little iron box, painted green like M. Fauvel's safe; here it is. Take a key, and try to scratch it."

"The deuce take it!" said Fanferlot after several attempts, "this paint is awfully hard to move!"

“Very hard, my friend, and yet that on the safe is harder still, and more solid. So you see the scratch you discovered could not have been made by the trembling hand of a thief letting the key slip.”

“Sapristi!” exclaimed Fanferlot amazed; “I never should have thought of that. It certainly required great force to make the deep scratch on the safe.”

“Yes, but how was that force applied? I have been racking my brain for three days, and it was only yesterday that I came to a conclusion. Let us examine if my conjectures present enough chances of probability to establish a starting point.”

M. Lecoq put the photograph aside, and, walking to the door communicating with his bedroom, took the key from the lock, and, holding it in his hands, said: “Come here, Fanferlot, and stand by my side, there; very well. Now suppose that I want to open this door, and that you don’t wish me to open it; when you see me about to insert the key, what would be your first impulse?”

“To put my hands on your arm, and draw it towards me so as to prevent your introducing the key.”

“Precisely so. Now let us try it; go on.” Fanferlot obeyed; and the key held by M. Lecoq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door,

and traced upon it, from above to below, a diagonal scratch, the exact reproduction of the one in the photograph.

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Fanferlot in three different tones of admiration, as he stood gazing in a reverie at the door.

"Do you begin to understand?" asked M. Lecoq.

"Understand, my chief? Why, a child could understand it now. Ah, what a man you are! I see the scene as if I had been there. Two persons were present at the robbery; one wished to take the money, the other wished to prevent its being taken. That is clear, that is certain."

Accustomed to triumphs of this sort, M. Lecoq was much amused at Fanferlot's enthusiasm. "There you go off, half-primed again," he said good-humoredly; "you regard as certain proof a circumstance which may be accidental, and at the most only probable."

"No, my chief; no! a man like you could not be mistaken; doubt is no longer possible."

"That being the case, what deductions would you draw from our discovery?"

"In the first place, it proved that I am correct in thinking the cashier innocent."

"How so?"

"Because, being at perfect liberty to open the

safe whenever he wished to do so, it is not likely that he would have had a witness present when he intended to commit the theft."

"Well reasoned, Fanferlot. But on this supposition the banker would be equally innocent; reflect a little."

Fanferlot reflected, and all his confidence vanished. "You are right," he said in a despairing tone. "What can be done now?"

'Look for the third rogue, or rather the real rogue, the one who opened the safe, and stole the notes, and who is still at large, while others are suspected."

"Impossible, my chief, impossible! Don't you know that M. Fauvel and his cashier had keys, and they only? And they always kept these keys in their possession."

"On the evening of the robbery the banker left his key in his *escritoire*."

"Yes; but the key alone was not sufficient to open the safe; it was necessary that the word also should be known."

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What was the word?" he asked.

"Gipsy."

"Which is the name of the cashier's mistress. Now keep your eyes open. The day you find a man sufficiently intimate with Prosper to be aware

of all the circumstances connected with this name, and who is at the same time on such a footing with the Fauvel family as would give him the privilege of entering M. Fauvel's chamber, then, and not until then, will you discover the guilty party. On that day the problem will be solved."

"I shall rely upon you," continued M. Lecoq. "Now to begin, you must carry this photograph to the investigating magistrate. I know M. Patrigent is much perplexed about the case. Explain to him as if it were your own discovery, what I have just shown you; repeat for his benefit the experiment we have performed, and I am convinced that this evidence will determine him to release the cashier. Prosper must be at liberty before I can commence my operations."

"Of course, my chief; but must I let him know that I suspect any one besides the banker or cashier?"

"Certainly. The authorities must not be kept in ignorance of your intention of following up this affair. M. Patrigent will tell you to watch Prosper; you will reply that you will not lose sight of him. I myself will answer for his being in safe keeping."

"Suppose he asks me about Nina Gipsy?"

M. Lecoq hesitated for a moment. "Tell him," he finally said, "that you persuaded her, in the interest of Prosper, to live in a house where she can watch some one whom you suspect."

Fanierlot rolled up the photograph and joyously seized hold of his hat, intending to depart, when M. Lecoq checked him by waving his hand, and said: "I have not finished yet. Do you know how to drive a carriage and manage horses?"

"How can you ask such a question as this, my chief, of a man who used to be a rider in the Bouthor Circus?"

"Very good. As soon as the magistrate dismisses you, return home immediately, obtain for yourself a wig and the complete dress of a valet; and, when you are ready, take this letter to the agency for servants at the corner of the Passage Delorme."

"But, my chief —"

"There must be no but, my friend; the agent will send you to M. de Clameran, who is wanting a valet, his man having left him yesterday."

"Excuse me, if I venture to suggest that I think you are laboring under a wrong impression. This De Clameran is not the cashier's friend."

"Why do you always interrupt me?" said M. Lecoq imperiously. "Do what I tell you, and don't disturb your mind about the rest. I know that De Clameran is not a friend of Prosper's; but he is the friend and protector of Raoul de Lagors. Why so? Whence the intimacy of these two men of such different ages? That is what I must find out. I must also find out who this ironmaster is

who spends all his time in Paris, and never goes to look after his forges. An individual, who takes it into his head to live at the Hôtel du Louvre, in the midst of a constantly changing crowd, is a fellow difficult to watch. Through you I will keep an eye upon him. He has a carriage, which you will have to drive; and you will soon be able to give me an account of his manner of life, and of the sort of people with whom he associates."

"You shall be obeyed, my chief."

"Another thing. M. de Clameran is irritable and suspicious. You will be presented to him under the name of Joseph Dubois. He will ask for certificates of your good character. Here are three, which state that you have lived with the Marquis de Sairmeuse and the Count de Commarin, and that you have just left the Baron de Wortschen, who went to Germany the other day. Now keep your eyes open; be careful of your get-up and manners. Be polite, but not excessively so. And, above all things, don't be too honest; it might arouse suspicion."

"I understand, my chief. Where shall I report to you? "

"I will see you daily. Until I tell you differently, don't put foot in this house; you might be followed. If anything important should happen,

send a telegram to your wife, and she will inform me. Go, and be prudent."

The door closed on Fanferlot as M. Lecoq passed into his bedroom. In the twinkling of an eye the latter divested himself of the appearance of chief detective. But in an hour he had accomplished one of his daily masterpieces. When he had finished, he was no longer Lecoq.

"Well," he said, casting a last look in the mirror, "I have forgotten nothing; I have left nothing to chance. All my plans are fixed; and I shall make some progress to-day, provided the Squirrel does not waste time."

But Fanferlot was too happy to waste even a minute. He did not run, he flew, towards the Palais de Justice. At last he was able to convince some one that he, Fanferlot, was a man of wonderful perspicacity. As to acknowledging that he was about to obtain a triumph with the ideas of another man, he never thought of such a thing. It is generally in perfect good faith that the jack-daw struts about in the peacock's feathers.

Fanferlot's hopes were not deceived. If the magistrate was not absolutely convinced, he admired the ingenuity and shrewdness of the whole proceeding. "This decides me," he said, as he dismissed Fanferlot. "I will draw up a favorable report to-day; and it is highly probable that the

accused will be released to-morrow." He began at once to write out one of those terrible decisions of "Not proven," which restores liberty, but not honor, to the accused man; which says that he is not guilty, but does not say that he is innocent:

"Whereas sufficient proofs are wanting against the accused, Prosper Bertomy, in pursuance of Article 128 of the Criminal Code, we hereby declare that no grounds at present exist for prosecuting the aforesaid prisoner; and we order that he be released from the prison where he is confined, and set at liberty by the jailer," etc.

"Well," said he to the clerk, "here we have another of those crimes which justice cannot clear up. The mystery remains to be solved. There is another file to be stowed away among the police records." And with his own hand he wrote on the cover of the bundle of papers relating to Prosper's case, its number of rotation: File No. 113.

* * * * *

Prosper had been languishing in his cell for nine days, when one Thursday morning the jailer came to appraise him of the magistrate's decision. He was conducted before the officer who had searched him when he was arrested; and his watch, penknife, and several small articles of jewelry,

were restored to him; then he was told to sign a large sheet of paper, which he did.

He was next led across a dark passage, and almost pushed through a door, which was abruptly shut upon him. He found himself on the quay; he was alone; he was free.

His first thought of a friend was Nina Gipsy. He went at once to the house in Rue Chaptal. The concierge greeted him gladly, informing him that no one remained in the house, who knew him, but his father's friend, the stout gentleman with red whiskers.

Prosper was astounded. What could be the meaning of one of his father's friends occupying his rooms? He did not, however, betray his surprise, but quietly said: "Yes, I know who it is."

He quickly ran up the stairs, and knocked at his door, which was at once opened by his father's friend. He had been accurately described by the concierge. A stout man, with a red face, full lips, sharp eyes, and of rather coarse manners, stood bowing to Prosper, who had never seen him before.⁵ "Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," said he.

He seemed to be perfectly at home. On the table lay a book, which he had taken from the book-

⁵ M. Lecoq.

case; and he appeared ready to do the honors of the place.

"I must say, sir," began Prosper.

"That you are surprised to find me here? So I suppose. Your father intended introducing me to you; but he was compelled to return to Beaucaire this morning; and let me add that he departed thoroughly convinced, as I myself am, that you never took a sou from M. Fauvel."

At this unexpected good news, Prosper's face lit up with pleasure.

"Here is a letter from your father, which I hope will serve as an introduction between us."

Prosper opened the letter; and as he read his eyes grew brighter, and a slight color returned to his pale face. When he had finished he held out his hand to the stout gentleman, and said: "My father tells me, sir, that you are his best friend; he advises me to have absolute confidence in you, and to follow your advice."

"Exactly. This morning your father said to me: 'Verduret' — that is my name — 'Verduret, my son is in great trouble, and must be helped out of it.' I replied: 'I am both ready and willing,' and here I am to assist you. Now the ice is broken, is it not? Then let us go to work at once. What do you intend doing?"

This question revived Prosper's slumbering rage.

His eyes flashed. "What do I intend doing?" said he angrily; "what should I do but seek the villain who has ruined me?"

"So I supposed; but have you any means of success?"

"None; yet I shall succeed, because, when a man devotes his whole life to the accomplishment of an object, he is certain to achieve it."

"Well said, M. Prosper; and, to be frank, I fully expected that this would be your purpose. I have therefore already begun to think and act for you. I have a plan. In the first place, you will sell this furniture, and disappear from the neighborhood."

"Disappear!" cried Prosper indignantly; "disappear! Why, sir! do you not see that such a step would be a confession of guilt, would authorize the world to say that I am in hiding so as to enjoy undisturbed the stolen 350,000 francs?"

"Well, what then?" asked the man with the red whiskers; "did you not say just now that the sacrifice of your life is made? The expert swimmer thrown into the river, after being robbed, is careful not rise to the surface immediately; on the contrary, he plunges beneath, and remains there as long as his breath holds out. He comes up again at a great distance off, and lands out of sight; then, when he is supposed to be dead, he suddenly

reappears and has his revenge. You have an enemy? Some petty imprudence will betray him. But, while he sees you standing by on the watch, he will be on his guard."

It was with a sort of amazed submission that Prosper listened to this man, who, though a friend of his father, was an utter stranger to himself. He submitted unconsciously to the ascendancy of a nature so much more energetic and forcible than his own. In his helpless condition he was grateful for friendly assistance, and said: "I will follow your advice, sir."

"I was sure you would, my dear fellow. Let us reflect upon the course you ought to pursue. And remember that you will need every franc of the proceeds of the sale. Have you any ready money? no, but you must have some. Knowing that you would need this at once, I have already spoken to an upholsterer; and he will give you twelve thousand francs for everything, minus the pictures."

The cashier could not refrain from shrugging his shoulders, which M. Verduret observed. "Well," said he, "it is rather hard, I admit, but it is a necessity. Now listen; you are the invalid, and I am the doctor charged to cure you; if I cut to the quick, you will have to endure it. It is the only way to save you."

"Cut away then," answered Prosper.

"Well, we will make haste, for time presses. You have a friend, M. de Lagors?"

"Raoul? Yes, he is an intimate friend of mine."

"Now tell me, who is this fellow?"

The term "fellow" seemed to offend Prosper. "M. de Lagors," he said haughtily, "is M. Fauvel's nephew; he is a wealthy young man, handsome, intelligent, cultivated, and the best friend I have."

"Hum!" said M. Verduret, "I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of one adorned by so many charming qualities. I must let you know that I wrote him a note in your name asking him to come here, and he sent word that he would come."

"What! do you suppose —"

"Oh, I suppose nothing! Only I must see this young man. Also I have arranged and will submit to you a little plan of conversation —" A ring at the outer door interrupted M. Verduret. "The deuce!" exclaimed he; "adieu to my plan; here he is! Where can I hide so as to both hear and see?"

"There, in my bedroom; leave the door open and the curtain down."

A second ring was heard. "Now remember,

Prosper," said M. Verduret in a warning tone, "not one word to this man about your plans, or about me. Pretend to be discouraged, helpless, and undecided what to do." And he disappeared behind the curtain as Prosper ran to open the door.

Prosper's portrait of M. de Lagors was no exaggerated one. Such an open and handsome countenance, and manly figure, could belong only to a noble character. Although Raoul said he was twenty-four, he appeared to be not more than twenty. He had a fine figure, well knit and supple; an abundance of light chestnut-colored hair, curled over his intelligent-looking forehead, and his large blue eyes, which beamed with candor. His first impulse was to throw himself into Prosper's arms. "My poor, dear friend!" he said, "my poor Prosper!"

But beneath these affectionate demonstrations there was a certain constraint, which, if it escaped the perception of the cashier, was noticed by M. Verduret. "Your letter, my dear Prosper," said Raoul, "made me almost ill, I was so frightened by it. I asked myself if you could have lost your mind. Then I put aside everything, to hasten to your assistance; and here I am."

Prosper did not seem to hear him; his thoughts were occupied with the letter which he had not written. What were its contents? Who was this stranger whose assistance he had accepted?

"You must not feel discouraged," continued M. de Lagors; "you are young enough to commence life anew. Your friends are still left to you. I have come to say to you: 'Rely upon me; I am rich, half of my fortune is at your disposal.'"

This generous offer, made at a moment like this with such frank simplicity, deeply touched Prosper. "Thanks, Raoul," he said with emotion, "thank you! But unfortunately all the money in the world would be of no use now."

"Why so? What, then, are you going to do? Do you propose to remain in Paris?"

"I know not, Raoul. I have formed no plan yet. My mind is too confused for me to think."

"I will tell you what to do," resumed Raoul quickly; "you must start afresh; until this mysterious robbery is explained you must keep away from Paris. Excuse my frankness, but it will never do for you to remain here."

"And suppose it never should be explained?"

"Only the more reason for your remaining in oblivion. I have been talking about you to De Clameran. 'If I were in Prosper's place,' he said, 'I would turn everything into money, and embark for America; there I would make a fortune, and return to crush with my millions those who have suspected me.'"

This advice offended Prosper's pride, but he interposed no kind of objection. He was recalling

to mind what his unknown visitor had said to him. "I will think it over," he finally observed. "I will see. I should like to know what M. Fauvel says."

"My uncle? I suppose you know that I have declined the offer he made me to enter his banking house, and we have almost quarrelled. I have not set foot in his house for over a month; but I hear of him occasionally."

"Through whom?"

"Through your friend Cavaillon. My uncle, they say, is more distressed by this affair than you are. He does not attend to his business, and seems as though he had just recovered from some serious illness."

"And Madame Fauvel, and —" Prosper hesitated — "and Mademoiselle Madeleine, how are they?"

"Oh," said Raoul lightly, "my aunt is as pious as ever; she has mass said for the benefit of the sinner. As to my handsome, icy cousin, she cannot bring herself down to common matters because she is entirely absorbed in preparing for the fancy ball to be given the day after to-morrow by MM. Jandidier. She has discovered, so one of her friends told me, a wonderful dressmaker, a stranger who has suddenly appeared from no one knows where, and who is making for her a costume of

one of Catherine de Médicis' maids of honor. I hear it is to be a marvel of beauty."

Excessive suffering brings with it a kind of dull insensibility and stupor; but this last remark of M. de Lagors' touched Prosper to the quick, and he murmured faintly: "Madeleine! O Madeleine!"

M. de Lagors, pretending not to have heard him, rose from his chair, and said: "I must leave you now, my dear Prosper; on Saturday I shall see these ladies at the ball, and bring you news of them. Now, take courage, and remember that, whatever happens, you have a friend in me."

Raoul shook Prosper by the hand and departed, leaving the latter standing immovable and overcome by disappointment. He was aroused from his gloomy reverie by hearing the red-whiskered man saying in a bantering tone, "So this is one of your friends?"

"Yes," said Prosper with bitterness. "Yet you heard him offer me half of his fortune?"

M. Verduret shrugged his shoulders with an air of compassion. "That was very stingy on his part," said he; "why did he not offer the whole? Offers cost nothing; although I have no doubt that this sweet youth would cheerfully give ten thousand francs to put the ocean between you and him."

"What reason, sir, would he have for doing this? "

"Who knows? Perhaps for the same reason that he told you he had not set foot in his uncle's house for a month."

"But that is the truth, I am sure of it."

"Naturally," said M. Verduret with a provoking smile. "But," continued he with a serious air, "we have devoted enough time to this Adonis, whose measure I have taken. Now, be good enough to change your dress, and we will go and call on M. Fauvel."

This proposal aroused Prosper's anger. "Never!" he exclaimed excitedly: "no, never will I voluntarily set eyes on that wretch! "

This resistance did not surprise M. Verduret. "I can understand your feelings towards him," said he; "but at the same time I hope you will change your mind. For the same reason that I wished to see M. de Lagors, I desire to see M. Fauvel; it is necessary, you understand. Are you so weak that you cannot contain yourself for five minutes? I shall introduce myself as one of your relatives, and you need not open your lips."

"If it is positively necessary," said Prosper, "if — "

"It is necessary; so come on. You must have confidence, and put on a brave face. Hurry and

make yourself trim; it is getting late, and I am hungry. We will lunch on our way there."

Prosper had hardly passed into his bedroom when the bell rang again. M. Verduret opened the door. It was the concierge, who handed him a bulky letter, and said: "This letter was left this morning for M. Bertomy; I was so flustered when he came that I forgot to hand it to him. It is a very odd-looking letter; is it not, sir?"

It was indeed a most peculiar missive. The address was not written, but formed of printed letters, carefully cut from a book, and pasted on the envelope.

"Oh, ho! what is this!" cried M. Verduret; then turning towards the man he said: "Wait a moment." He went into the next room, and closed the door behind him. There he found Prosper, anxious to know what was going on. "Here is a letter for you," observed M. Verduret.

Prosper at once tore open the envelope. Some bank notes dropped out; he counted them; there were ten. The cashier turned very red. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"We will read the letter and find out," replied Verduret, shortly.

The letter, like the address, was composed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper. It was short but explicit:

“My dear Prosper — A friend, who knows the horror of your situation, sends you this succor. There is one heart, be assured, that shares your sufferings. Go away — leave France. You are young; the future is before you. Go, and may this money bring you happiness! ”

As M. Verduret read the note, Prosper's rage increased. He was angry and perplexed, for he could not explain the rapidly succeeding events which were so calculated to mystify his already confused brain. “Everybody wishes me to go away,” he cried; “there is evidently a conspiracy against me.”

M. Verduret smiled with satisfaction. “At last you begin to open your eyes, you begin to understand. Yes, there are people who hate you because of the wrong they have done you; there are people to whom your presence in Paris is a constant danger, and who will not feel safe till they are rid of you.”

“But who are these people? Tell me, who dares send this money?”

“If I knew, my dear Prosper, my task would be at an end, for then I should know who committed the robbery. But we will continue our researches. I have finally procured evidence which will sooner or later become convincing proof. I have heretofore only made deductions more or less

probable; I now possess knowledge which proves that I was not mistaken. I walked in darkness; now I have a light to guide me."

As Prosper listened to M. Verduret's reassuring words, he felt hope rising in his breast.

"Now," said M. Verduret, "we must take advantage of this evidence, gained by the imprudence of our enemies, without delay. We will begin with the concierge."

He opened the door, and called out: "I say, my good man, step here a moment."

The concierge entered, looking very much surprised at the authority exercised over his lodger by this stranger.

"Who gave you this letter?" asked M. Verduret.

"A messenger, who said he was paid for bringing it."

"Do you know him?"

"I know him well; he is the commissionaire whose post is at the corner of the Rue Pigalle."

"Go and bring him here."

After the concierge had gone, M. Verduret drew his diary from his pocket and compared a page of it with the notes which he had spread over the table.

"These notes were not sent by the thief," he said, after an attentive examination of them.

"Do you think so?"

"I am confident of it; that is, unless he is en-

dowed with extraordinary penetration and forethought. One thing is certain: these ten thousand francs are not part of the three hundred and fifty thousand which were stolen from the safe."

"Yet," said Prosper, who could not account for this certainty on the part of his protector, "yet —"

"There is no yet about it; I have the numbers of all the stolen notes."

"What! When even I do not know them myself?"

"But the Bank did, fortunately. When we undertake an affair we must anticipate everything, and forget nothing. It is a poor excuse for a man to say, 'I did not think of it,' when he commits some oversight. I thought of the Bank."

If in the beginning Prosper had felt some repugnance about confiding in his father's friend, the feeling had now disappeared. He understood that alone, scarcely master of himself, governed only by the inspirations of inexperience, he would never have had the patient perspicacity of this singular man.

Verduret continued, talking to himself, as if he had absolutely forgotten Prosper's presence; "Then, as this missive did not come from the thief, it can only come from the other person, who was near the safe at the time of the robbery, but could not prevent it, and now feels remorse. The

probability of two persons assisting at the robbery, a probability suggested by the scratch, is now converted into a certainty. Ergo, I was right."

Prosper, listening attentively, tried hard to comprehend this monologue, which he dared not interrupt.

"Let us seek," the stout man went on to say, "this second person, whose conscience pricks him, and yet who dares not reveal anything." Here he read the letter over several times, scanning the sentences, and weighing every word. "Evidently this letter was composed by a woman," he finally said. "Never would a man doing another man a service, and sending him money, use the word 'succor.' A man would have said, loan, money, or some other equivalent, but succor, never. No one but a woman, ignorant of masculine susceptibilities, would have naturally made use of this word to express the idea it represents. As to the sentence, 'There is one heart' and so on, it could only have been written by a woman."

"You are mistaken, sir, I think," said Prosper; "no woman is mixed up in this affair."

M. Verduret paid no attention to this interruption; perhaps he did not hear it, perhaps he did not care to argue the matter. "Now, let us see if we can discover whence the printed words were taken to compose this letter."

He went to the window, and began to study the

pasted words with all the scrupulous attention which an antiquary would devote to an old, half-effaced manuscript. "Small type," he said, "very slender and clear; the paper is thin and glossy. Consequently, these words have not been cut from a newspaper, magazine, or even a novel. Yet I have seen type like this — I recognize it, I am sure Didot often uses it, so does Mame of Tours."

He suddenly stopped, his mouth open, and his eyes fixed, appealing as though anxiously to his memory. Suddenly he struck his forehead exultingly. "Now I have it!" he cried; "now I have it! Why did I not see it at once? These words have all been cut from a prayer book. We will look, at least, and then we shall be certain."

He moistened one of the words pasted on the paper with his tongue, and when it was sufficiently softened, he detached it with a pin. On the other side of this word was the Latin word, *Deus*.

"Ah, ah!" he exclaimed with a little laugh of satisfaction, "I knew it. Old Tabaret would be pleased to see this. But what has become of the mutilated prayer book? Can it have been burned? No, because a heavy-bound book is not easily burned. It has been thrown aside in some corner."

He was here interrupted by the concierge, who returned with the commissionaire from the Rue Pigalle.

"Ah, here you are," said M. Verduret, encouragingly. Then he showed him the envelope of the letter, and asked: "Do you remember bringing this letter here this morning?"

"Perfectly, sir. I took particular notice of the direction; we don't often see anything like it."

"Who told you to bring it? — a gentleman, or a lady?"

"Neither, sir; it was a commissioner."

This reply made the concierge laugh very much, but not a muscle of M. Verduret's face moved.

"A commissioner? Well, do you know this colleague of yours?"

"I never saw him before."

"What was he like?"

"He was neither tall nor short; he wore a green velvet jacket, and his badge."

"Your description is so vague that it would suit every commissioner in the city; but did your colleague tell you who sent the letter?"

"No, sir. He simply put ten sous in my hand, and said: 'Here, carry this to No. 39 Rue Chaptal; a cabman on the boulevard handed it to me.' Ten sous! I warrant you he made more than that by it."

This answer seemed to disconcert M. Verduret. The taking of so many precautions to send this letter disturbed him and upset all his plans.

"Do you think you would recognize the commissioner again?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, if I saw him."

"How much do you gain a day as a commissioner?"

"I can't exactly tell; but mine is a good corner, and I am busy going errands nearly all day. I suppose I make from eight to ten francs."

"Very well; I will give you ten francs a day if you will walk about the streets, and look for the commissioner who gave you this letter. Every evening, at eight o'clock, come to the Grand Archangel, on the Quai Saint Michel, to give me a report of your search and receive your pay. Ask for M. Verduret. If you find the man I will give you fifty francs. Do you agree?"

"I should rather think I do."

"Then don't lose a minute. Start off!"

Although ignorant of M. Verduret's plans, Prosper began to comprehend the sense of his investigations. His fate depended upon their success, and yet he almost forgot this fact in his admiration of this singular man; for his energy, his bantering coolness when he wished to discover anything, the certainty of his deductions, the fertility of his expedients, and the rapidity of his movements, were astonishing.

"Do you still think, sir," said Prosper when the

man had left the room, "you see a woman's hand in this affair?"

"More than ever; and a pious woman too, who has at least two prayer books, since she could cut up one to write to you."

"And you hope to find the mutilated book?"

"I do, thanks to the opportunity I have of making an immediate search; which I will set about at once."

Saying this, he sat down, and rapidly scratched off a few lines on a slip of paper, which he folded up, and put in his waistcoat pocket. "Are you ready to go to M. Fauvel's?" he then asked. "Yes? Come on, then; we have certainly earned our lunch to-day."

* * * * *

When Raoul de Lagors spoke of M. Fauvel's extraordinary dejection, he had been guilty of no exaggeration. Since the fatal day when, upon his denunciation, his cashier had been arrested, the banker, this active, energetic man of business, had been a prey to the most gloomy melancholy, and ceased to take any interest in the affairs of his banking house.

He, who had always been so devoted to his family, never came near them except at meals, when as soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls,

he would hastily leave the room. Shut up in his study, he would deny himself to visitors. His anxious countenance, his indifference to everybody and everything, his constant reveries and fits of abstraction, betrayed the presence of some fixed idea or of some hidden sorrow.

The day of Prosper's release, about three o'clock, M. Fauvel was, as usual, seated in his study, with his elbows resting on the table, and his face buried in his hands, when his valet abruptly entered, and with a frightened look said:

"M. Bertomy, the former cashier, is here, sir, with one of his relatives; he says he must see you."

At these words the banker jumped up as if he had been shot at. "Prosper!" he cried in a voice choked by anger, "what! does he dare—" Then remembering that he ought to control himself before his servant, he waited a few moments, and said, in a tone of forced calmness: "Ask the gentlemen to walk in."

If M. Verduret had counted upon witnessing a strange and affecting scene, he was not disappointed. Nothing could be more terrible than the attitude of these two men as they stood confronting each other. The banker's face was almost purple with suppressed anger, and he looked as if he were about to be seized with a fit of apoplexy. Prosper was pale and motionless as a corpse.

Silent and immovable, they stood glaring at each other with mortal hatred.

M. Verduret watched these two enemies with the indifference and coolness of a philosopher, who, in the most violent outbursts of human passion, merely sees subjects for meditation and study. Finally, the silence becoming more and more threatening, he decided to break it by speaking to the banker:

"I suppose you know, sir," said he, "that my young relative has just been released from prison."

"Yes," replied M. Fauvel making an effort to control himself, "yes, for want of sufficient proof."

"Exactly so, sir; and this want of proof, as stated in the decision of 'Not proven,' ruins the prospects of my relative, and compels him to leave here at once for America."

On hearing this statement, M. Fauvel's features relaxed as if he had been relieved of some fearful agony. "Ah, he is going away," he kept repeating, "he is going abroad." There was no mistaking the insulting intonation of the words, "going away!"

M. Verduret took no notice of M. Fauvel's manner. "It appears to me," he continued in an easy tone, "that Prosper's determination is a wise one. I merely wished him, before leaving Paris, to come and pay his respects to his former chief."

The banker smiled bitterly. "M. Bertomy might have spared us both this painful meeting. I have nothing to say to him, and of course he can have nothing to tell me."

This was a formal dismissal; and M. Verduret, understanding it thus, bowed to M. Fauvel and left the room accompanied by Prosper, who had not opened his lips.

They had reached the street before Prosper recovered the use of his tongue. "I hope you are satisfied, sir," said he in a gloomy tone. "You exacted this painful step, and I could but acquiesce. Have I gained anything by adding this humiliation to the others which I have had to suffer? "

"You have not, but I have," replied M. Verduret. "I could find no way of gaining access to M. Fauvel, save through you; and now I have found out what I wanted to know. I am convinced that M. Fauvel had nothing to do with the robbery."

"But you know, sir, innocence can be feigned," objected Prosper.

"Certainly, but not to this extent. And this is not all. I wished to find out if M. Fauvel would be accessible to certain suspicions. I can now confidently reply, 'yes.' "

Prosper and his companion had stopped to talk more at their ease, near the corner of Rue Lafitte,

in the middle of a large space which had lately been cleared by pulling down an old house. M. Verduret seemed to be anxious, and was constantly looking around as if he expected some one. He soon uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. At the other end of the vacant space he saw Cavaillon,⁶ who was bareheaded and running.

The latter was so excited that he did not even stop to shake hands with Prosper, but darted up to M. Verduret, and said: "They have gone, sir!"

"How long since?"

"They went about a quarter of an hour ago."

"The deuce they did! Then we have not an instant to lose."

He handed Cavaillon the note he had written some hours before at Prosper's house.

"Here, pass this on, and then return at once to your desk; you might be missed. It was very imprudent of you to come out without your hat."

Cavaillon ran off as quickly as he had come. Prosper was astounded. "What!" he exclaimed. "You know Cavaillon?"

"So it seems," answered M. Verduret with a smile. "But we have no time to talk; come on, we must hurry!"

"Where are we going now?"

"You will soon know; let us walk fast!" And

⁶ A clerk in M. Fauvel's bank.

he set the example by striding rapidly towards the Rue Lafayette. As they went along he continued talking more to himself than to Prosper.

"Ah," said he, "it is not by putting both feet in one shoe that one wins a race. The trace once found, we should never rest an instant. When the savage discovers the footprints of an enemy, he follows it persistently, knowing that falling rain or a gust of wind may efface the footprints at any moment. It is the same with us; the most trifling incident may destroy the traces we are following up."

M. Verduret suddenly stopped before a door bearing the number 81. "We are going in here," he said to Prosper; "come along."

They went upstairs, and stopped on the second floor before a door over which was inscribed, "Modes and Confections." A handsome bell-rope was hanging against the wall, but M. Verduret did not touch it. He tapped with the ends of his fingers in a peculiar way, and the door instantly opened, as if some one had been watching for his signal on the other side.

A neatly dressed woman of about forty received Verduret and Prosper, and quietly ushered them into a small dining-room with several doors opening into it. This woman bowed respectfully to M. Verduret, as if he were some superior being. He

scarcely noticed her salutation, but questioned her with a look, which asked: "Well?"

She nodded affirmatively: "Yes."

"In there?" asked M. Verduret in low tone, pointing to one of the doors.

"No," replied the woman in the same tone; "there, in the little parlor."

M. Verduret opened the door of the room indicated, and pushed Prosper forward, whispering as he did so, "Go in, and keep your presence of mind."

But this injunction was useless. The instant he cast his eyes around the room into which he had so unceremoniously been pushed without any warning, Prosper exclaimed in a startled voice: "Madeleine!"

It was indeed M. Fauvel's niece, looking more beautiful than ever. Hers was that calm, dignified beauty which imposes admiration and respect. Standing in the middle of the room, near a table covered with silks and satins, she was arranging a skirt of red velvet embroidered in gold, probably the dress she was to wear as maid of honor to Catherine de Médicis. At sight of Prosper, all the blood rushed to her face, and her beautiful eyes half closed, as if she were about to faint; she clung to the table to prevent herself from falling.

Prosper well knew that Madeleine was not one

of those cold-hearted women whom nothing could disturb, and who feel sensations, but never a true sentiment. Of a tender, dreamy nature, she betrayed in the minute details of her life the most exquisite delicacy. But she was also proud, and incapable in any way of violating her conscience. When duty spoke, she obeyed.

She recovered from her momentary weakness, and the soft expression of her eyes changed to one of haughty resentment. In an offended tone she said: "What has emboldened you, sir, to be watching my movements? Who gave you permission to follow me — to enter this house? "

Prosper was certainly innocent. He longed with a word to explain what had just happened, but he was powerless to do so, and could only remain silent.

"You promised me upon your honor, sir," continued Madeleine, "that you would never again seek my presence. Is this the way you keep your word? "

"I did promise, mademoiselle, but — " He stopped.

"Oh, speak! "

"So many things have happened since that terrible day that I think I am excusable in forgetting for one hour an oath torn from me in a moment of blind weakness. It is to chance, at least to

another will than my own, that I am indebted for the happiness of once more finding myself near you. Alas! the instant I saw you my heart bounded with joy. I did not think — no, I could not think — that you would prove more pitiless than strangers have been, that you would cast me off when I am so miserable and heartbroken.”

Had not Prosper been so agitated he could have read in Madeleine’s eyes — those beautiful eyes which had so long been the arbiters of his destiny — the signs of a great inward struggle.

It was, however, in a firm voice that she replied: “You know me well enough, Prosper, to be sure that no blow can strike you without reaching me at the same time. You suffer, I suffer with you; I pity you as a sister would pity a beloved brother.”

“A sister!” said Prosper bitterly. “Yes, that was the word you used the day you banished me from your presence. A sister! Then why during three years did you delude me with vain hopes? Was I a brother to you the day we went to Notre Dame de Fourvières — that day when, at the foot of the altar, we swore to love each other forever and ever, and you fastened around my neck a holy relic and said, ‘Wear this always for my sake; never part from it, and it will bring you good fortune?’”

"Prosper, my brother, my friend, if you only knew —"

"I know but one thing, Madeleine, which is, that you no longer love me, and that I will not live without you. O Madeleine, God only knows how I love you!"

He was silent. He hoped for an answer. None came. But suddenly the silence was broken by a stifled sob. It was Madeleine's maid, who, seated in a corner was weeping bitterly. Madeleine had forgotten her presence.

Prosper, on entering the room, was so amazed on finding himself in the presence of Madeleine, that he noticed nothing else. With a feeling of surprise, he turned and looked at the weeping woman. He was not mistaken; this neatly dressed waiting-maid was Nina Gipsy.

Prosper was so startled that he became perfectly dumb. He stood there with ashy lips, and a chilly sensation creeping through his veins. He was terrified at the position in which he found himself. He was there, between the two women who had ruled his fate; between Madeleine, the proud heiress who spurned his love, and Nina Gipsy, the poor girl whose devotion to him he had so disdainfully rejected. And she had heard all! Poor Nina had heard the passionate avowal of her lover, had heard him swear that he could never love

any woman but Madeleine, that if his love were not reciprocated he would kill himself, as he had nothing else to live for.

Prosper could judge of her sufferings by his own. For she was wounded not only in the present, but in the past. What must be her humiliation and anger on hearing the miserable part which he, in his disappointed love, had imposed upon her? He was astonished that Nina — violence itself — remained silently weeping, instead of rising and bitterly denouncing him.

Meanwhile Madeleine had succeeded in recovering her usual calmness. Slowly and almost unconsciously she had put on her bonnet and mantle, which were lying on the sofa. Then she approached Prosper, and said: "Why did you come here? We both have need of all the courage we can command. You are unhappy, Prosper; I am more than unhappy, I am most wretched. You have a right to complain; I have not the right to shed a tear. While my heart is slowly breaking, I must wear a smiling face. You can seek consolation in the bosom of a friend; I can have no confidante but God."

Prosper tried to murmur a reply, but his pale lips refused to articulate; he was stifling. "I wish to tell you," continued Madeleine, "that I have forgotten nothing! But oh! let not this knowledge

give you any hope; the future is blank for us; but if you love me you will live. You will not, I know, add to my already heavy burden of sorrow the agony of mourning your death. For my sake, live; live the life of a good man, and perhaps the day will come when I can justify myself in your eyes. And now, O my brother, O my only friend, adieu! adieu! ” She pressed a kiss upon his brow, and rushed from the room, followed by Nina Gipsy!

Prosper was alone. He seemed to be awaking from a troubled dream. He tried to think over what had just happened, and asked himself if he were losing his mind, or whether he had really spoken to Madeleine and seen Nina? He was obliged to attribute all this to the mysterious power of the strange man whom he had seen for the first time that very morning. How did this individual gain this wonderful power of controlling events to suit his own purposes? He seemed to anticipate everything, to know everything. He was acquainted with Cavaillon, he knew all Madeleine's movements; he had made even Nina become humble and submissive.

While thinking over this, Prosper had reached such a degree of exasperation, that when M. Verduret entered the little parlor, he strode towards him white with rage, and in a threatening voice, exclaimed:

“Who are you?”

The stout man did not manifest any surprise at this burst of anger, but quietly answered: “A friend of your father’s; did you not know it?”

“That, sir, is no answer; I have been surprised into being influenced by a stranger, but now —”

“Do you want my biography — what I have been, what I am, and what I may be? What difference does it make to you? I told you that I would save you; the main point is that I am saving you.”

“Still I have the right to ask by what means you are saving me.”

“What good will it do you to know what my plans are?”

“In order to decide whether I will accept or reject them.”

“But suppose I guarantee success?”

“That is not sufficient. I do not choose to be any longer deprived of my own free will — to be exposed, without warning, to trials like those I have undergone to-day. A man of my age must know what he is doing.”

“A man of your age, Prosper, when he is blind, takes a guide, and does not undertake to point out the way to his leader.”

The half-bantering, half-commiserating tone of M. Verduret was not calculated to calm Prosper’s irritation.

"That being the case, sir," he exclaimed, "I will thank you for your past services, and decline them for the future, as I have no need of them. If I attempted to defend my honor and my life, it was because I hoped that Madeleine would be restored to me. I have been convinced to-day that all is at an end between us; I retire from the struggle, and care not what becomes of me now."

Prosper was so decided, that M. Verduret seemed alarmed. "You must be mad," he firmly said.

"No, unfortunately I am not. Madeleine has ceased to love me, and of what importance is anything else?"

His heartbroken tone aroused M. Verduret's sympathy, and he said in a kind, soothing voice — "Then you suspect nothing? You did not fathom the meaning of what she said?"

"You were listening?" cried Prosper fiercely.

"I certainly was."

"Sir!"

"Yes. It was a presumptuous thing to do, perhaps; but the end justified the means in this instance. I am glad I did listen, because it enables me to say to you: Take courage, Prosper, Made-moiselle Madeleine loves you — she has never ceased to love you."

Like a dying person who eagerly listens to deceitful promises of recovery, although he feels him-

self sinking into the grave, Prosper felt his sad heart cheered by M. Verduret's assertion. "Oh," he murmured, suddenly calmed, "if I only could hope! "

"Rely upon me, I am not mistaken. Ah, I could see the torture endured by this generous girl, while she struggled between her love and what she believed to be her duty. Were not you convinced of her love when she bade you farewell? "

"She loves me, she is free, and yet she shuns me."

"No, she is not free! In breaking off her engagement with you, she was governed by some powerful, irrepressible event. She is sacrificing herself — for whom? We shall soon know; and the secret of her self-sacrifice will reveal to us the secret of the plot against you."

As M. Verduret spoke, Prosper felt his resolutions of revolt slowly melting away, and their place occupied by confidence and hope. "If what you say were only true! " he mournfully said.

"Foolish young man! Why do you persist in obstinately shutting your eyes to the proof I place before you? Can you not see that Made-moiselle Madeleine knows who the thief is? Yes, you need not look so shocked; she knows the thief, but no human power can tear it from her. She sacrifices you, but then she almost has the right, since she first sacrificed herself."

Prosper was almost convinced; and it nearly broke his heart to leave the little apartment where he had seen Madeleine. "Alas!" he said, pressing M. Verduret's hand, "you must think me a ridiculous fool! but you don't know how I suffer."

The man with the red whiskers sadly shook his head, and his voice sounded very unsteady, as he replied in a low tone: "What you suffer, I have suffered. Like you, I loved, not a pure, noble girl, yet a girl fair to look upon. For three years I was at her feet, a slave to her every whim, when, one day, she suddenly deserted me who adored her, to throw herself into the arms of a man who despised her. Then, like you, I wished to die. Neither threats nor entreaties could induce her to return to me. Passion never reasons, and she loved my rival."

"And did you know who this rival was?"

"Yes, I knew."

"And you did not seek revenge?"

"No," replied M. Verduret. And with a singular expression he added: "For fate charged itself with my vengeance."

For a minute Prosper was silent; then he said: "I have finally decided. My honor is a sacred trust for which I must account to my family. I am ready to follow you to the end of the world; dispose of me as you judge proper."

That same day Prosper, faithful to his promise, sold his furniture, and wrote to his friends announcing his intended departure for San Francisco. In the evening he and M. Verduret installed themselves at the hotel of the Grand Archangel.

Madame Alexandre gave Prosper her prettiest room, but it was very ugly compared with the coquettish little drawing-room in the Rue Chaptal. His state of mind did not permit him, however, to notice the difference between his former and present quarters. He lay on an old sofa, meditating upon the events of the day, and feeling a bitter satisfaction in his isolated condition. About eleven o'clock he thought he would open the window, and let the cool air fan his burning brow; as he did so, a piece of paper was blown from among the folds of the window curtain and lay at his feet on the floor.

Prosper mechanically picked it up, and looked at it. It was covered with writing, the handwriting of Nina Gipsy; he could not be mistaken about that. It was the fragment of a torn letter; and if the half sentences did not convey any clear meaning, they were sufficient to lead the mind into all sorts of conjectures.

The fragment read as follows:

"of M. Raoul, I have been very im . . . plotted against him, of whom never . . . warn Prosper,

and then . . . best friend, he . . . hand of Made-moiselle Ma . . .”

Prosper never closed his eyes all that night.

* * * * *

During the twenty years of her married life, Valentine⁷ had experienced but one real sorrow; and this was one which, in the course of nature, must happen sooner or later. In 1859 her mother died from inflammation of the lungs, during one of her frequent journeys to Paris. The countess preserved her faculties to the last, and with her dying breath said to her daughter: “Ah, well! was I not right in prevailing upon you to bury the past? Your silence has made my old age peaceful and happy, for which I now thank you, and it assures you a quiet future.”

Madame Fauvel constantly said that, since the loss of her mother, she had never had cause to shed a tear. And what more could she wish for? As years rolled on, André’s love remained the same as it had been during the first days of their union. To the love that had not diminished was added that sweet intimacy which results from long conformity of ideas and unbounded confidence. Everything prospered with this happy couple. André was far more wealthy than he had ever hoped to be, even in his wildest visions; more so even than he or Val-

⁷ Mme. Fauvel.

entine desired. Their two sons, Lucian and Abel, were beautiful as their mother, noble-hearted and intelligent young men, whose honorable characters and graceful bearing were the glory of their family. Nothing was wanting to insure Valentine's felicity. When her husband and her sons were absent, her solitude was cheered by the companionship of an accomplished young girl whom she loved as her own daughter, and who in return filled the place of a devoted child. Madeleine was M. Fauvel's niece, who, when an infant, had lost both parents, poor but very worthy people. Valentine adopted the babe, perhaps in memory of the poor little creature who had been abandoned to strangers. It seemed to her that God would bless her for this good action, and that Madeleine would be the guardian angel of the house. The day of the little orphan's arrival, M. Fauvel invested for her ten thousand francs, which he presented to Madeleine as her dowry. The banker amused himself by increasing these ten thousand francs in the most marvellous ways. He, who never ventured upon a rash speculation with his own money, always invested his niece's in the most hazardous schemes, and was always so successful that, at the end of fifteen years, the ten thousand francs had become half a million. People were right when they said that the Fauvel family were to be envied. Time had

dulled Valentine's remorse and anxiety. In the genial atmosphere of a happy home, she had almost found forgetfulness and a peaceful conscience. She had suffered so much at being compelled to deceive André⁸ that she hoped she was now at quits with fate. She began to look forward to the future, and her youth seemed but buried in an impenetrable mist, the memory of a painful dream.

Yes, she believed herself saved, when, one rainy day in November, during an absence of her husband, who had gone into the provinces on business, one of the servants brought her a letter, which had been left by a stranger, who refused to give his name. Without the faintest presentiment of evil, she carelessly broke the seal, and read:

“MADAME — Would it be relying too much upon the memories of the past to hope for half an hour of your time? To-morrow, between two and three, I will do myself the honor of calling upon you. —
MARQUIS DE CLAMERAN.”

Fortunately, Madame Fauvel was alone. Trembling like a leaf, she read the letter over and over again, as if to convince herself that she was not the victim of a horrible hallucination. Half a dozen times, with a sort of terror, she whispered that name once so dear — Clameran! spelling it

⁸ A previous love affair with Gaston de Clameran.

aloud as if it were a strange name which she could not pronounce. And the eight letters forming the name seemed to shine like the lightning which precedes the thunderbolt. Ah! she had hoped and believed that the fatal past was atoned for, and buried in oblivion; and now it suddenly stood before her, pitiless and threatening. Poor woman! as if all human will could prevent what was fated to be! It was in this hour of security, when she imagined herself pardoned, that the storm was to burst upon the fragile edifice of her happiness, and destroy her every hope. A long time passed before she could collect her scattered thoughts sufficiently to reflect upon a course of action. Then she began to think she was foolish to be so frightened. This letter was written by Gaston, of course, therefore she need feel no apprehension. Gaston had returned to France, and wished to see her. She could understand this desire, and she knew too well this man, upon whom she had lavished her young affections, to attribute any bad motives to his visit. He would come; and finding her the wife of another, the mother of a family, they would exchange thoughts of the past, perhaps a few regrets; she would restore the jewels which she had faithfully kept for him, and — that would be all. But one distressing doubt beset her agitated mind. Should she conceal from Gaston the birth of his son? To

confess was to expose herself to many dangers. It was placing herself at the mercy of a man—a loyal, honorable man, to be sure—confiding to him not only her own honor and happiness, but the honor of her husband and her sons. Still, silence would be a crime. After abandoning her child, and depriving him of a mother's care and affection, she would rob him of his father's name and fortune.

She was still undecided, when the servant announced dinner. But she had not the courage to meet the glances of her sons. She sent word that she was not well, and would not be down to dinner. For the first time in her life she rejoiced at her husband's absence. Madeleine came hurrying into her aunt's room to see what was the matter; but Valentine dismissed her saying she would try to sleep off her indisposition. She wished to be alone in her trouble and her mind tried to imagine what the morrow would bring forth. This dreaded morrow soon came. She counted the hours until two o'clock; then she counted the minutes. At half-past two the servants announced: "Monsieur the Marquis de Clameran."

Madame Fauvel had promised herself to be calm, even cold. During a long, sleepless night, she had mentally arranged beforehand every detail of this painful meeting. She had even decided upon what she should say. She would reply this, and ask that.

But, at the dreaded moment, her strength gave way; a frightful emotion fixed her to her seat; she could neither speak nor think. He, however, bowed respectfully, and remained waiting in the middle of the room. He appeared about fifty years of age, with iron-gray hair and mustache, and a cold, severe cast of countenance; his expression was one of haughty severity as he stood there in his full suit of black. The agitated woman tried to discover in his face some traces of the man whom she had so madly loved, who had pressed her to his heart — the father of her son; and she was surprised to find in the person before her no resemblance to the youth whose memory had haunted her life — no, nothing. At length, as he continued to remain motionless, she faintly murmured: “Gaston!”

But he, shaking his head, replied: “I am not Gaston, madame; my brother succumbed to the misery and suffering of exile. I am Louis de Clameran.”

What! it was not Gaston, then, who had written to her — it was not Gaston who stood before her? She trembled with terror; her head whirled, and her eyes grew dim. It was not he! And her voice alone, when she called him “Gaston,” betrayed her. What, then, could this man want — this brother in whom Gaston had never cared to con-

fide? A thousand probabilities, each one more terrible than the other, flashed across her brain. Yet she succeeded in overcoming her weakness, so that Louis scarcely perceived it. The fearful strangeness of her situation, the very imminence of her peril, inspired her mind with extraordinary lucidness.

Pointing to a chair, she said to Louis with affected indifference: "Will you be kind enough, then sir, to explain the object of this most unexpected visit?"

The marquis, seeming not to notice this sudden change of manner, took a seat without removing his eyes from Madame Fauvel's face. "First of all, madame," he began, "I must ask if we can be overheard by anyone?"

"Why this question? You can have nothing to say to me that my husband and children should not hear."

Louis shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Be good enough to answer me, madame; not for my sake, but for your own."

"Speak, then, sir, you will not be heard."

In spite of this assurance, the marquis drew his chair close to the sofa where Madame Fauvel sat, so as to speak in a very low tone, as if almost afraid to hear his own voice. "As I told you, madame," he resumed, "Gaston is dead; and it

was I who closed his eyes, and received his last wishes. Do you understand? ”

The poor woman understood only too well, but racking her brain to discover what could be the purpose of this fatal visit. Perhaps it was only to claim Gaston's jewels.

“ It is unnecessary to recall,” continued Louis, “ the painful circumstances which blasted my brother's life. However happy your own lot has been, you cannot entirely have forgotten that friend of your youth who, unhesitatingly, sacrificed himself in defense of your honor.”

Not a muscle of Madame Fauvel's face moved; she appeared to be trying to recall the circumstances to which Louis alluded.

“ Have you forgotten, madame? ” he asked, with bitterness. “ Then I must try and explain myself more clearly. A long, long time ago you loved my unfortunate brother.”

“ Sir! ”

“ Ah, it is useless to deny it, madame. I told you that Gaston confided everything to me — everything,” he added significantly.

But Madame Fauvel was not frightened by this information. This “ everything ” could not be of any importance, for Gaston had gone abroad in total ignorance of her secret. She rose, and said with an apparent assurance she was far from feel-

ing: "You forget, sir, that you are speaking to a woman who is now advanced in life, who is married, and who is the mother of a family. If your brother loved me, it was his affair, and not yours. If, young and ignorant, I was led into imprudence, it is not your place to remind me of it. He would not have done so. This past which you evoke I buried in oblivion twenty years ago."

"Then you have forgotten all that happened?"

"Absolutely all."

"Even your child, madame?"

This question, accompanied by one of those looks which penetrate the innermost recesses of the soul, fell upon Madame Fauvel like a thunder-bolt. She dropped tremblingly into her seat, murmuring: "He knows! How did he discover it?" Had her own happiness alone been at stake, she would have instantly thrown herself upon De Clameran's mercy. But she had her family to defend, and the consciousness of this gave her strength to resist him. "Do you wish to insult me, sir?" she asked.

"It is true, then, you have forgotten Valentin-Raoul?"

She saw that this man did indeed know all. How? It little mattered. He certainly knew; but she determined to deny everything, even in the face of the most positive proofs, if he should produce them. For an instant she had an idea of ordering the Marquis De Clameran to leave the

house; but prudence stayed her. She thought it best to find out what he was driving at. "Well," she asked, with a forced laugh, "what is it you want?"

"Listen, madame. Two years ago the vicissitudes of exile took my brother to London. There, at the house of a friend, he met a young man bearing the name of Raoul. Gaston was so struck by the youth's appearance and intelligence, that he inquired who he was, and discovered that beyond a doubt this boy was his son, and your son, madame."

"This is quite a romance you are relating."

"Yes, madame, a romance, the denouement of which is in your hands. The countess, your mother, certainly used every precaution to conceal your secret; but the best-laid plans always have some weak point. After your departure, one of your mother's London friends came to the village where you had been staying. This lady pronounced your real name before the farmer's wife who was bringing up the child. Thus everything was revealed. My brother wished for proofs, he procured the most positive, the most unobjectionable."

He stopped and watched Madame Fauvel's face to see the effect of his words. To his astonishment she betrayed not the slightest agitation or alarm; she was smiling.

"Well, what next?" she asked carelessly.

"Then, madame, Gaston acknowledged the child. But the De Clamerans are poor; my brother died in a lodging house; and I have only an annuity of twelve hundred francs to live upon. What is to become of Raoul, alone without relations or friends to assist him? This anxiety embittered my brother's last moments."

"Really, sir —"

"I will conclude," interrupted Louis. "It was then that Gaston opened his heart to me. He told me to seek you. 'Valentine,' said he, 'Valentine will remember; she will not allow our son to want for everything, even bread; she is wealthy, very wealthy; I die in peace.'"

Madame Fauvel rose from her seat, evidently with the intention of dismissing her visitor. "You must confess, sir," she said, "that I have shown great patience."

This imperturbable assurance amazed Louis so much that he did not reply.

"I do not deny," she continued, "that I at one time possessed the confidence of M. Gaston de Clameran. I will prove it to you by restoring to you your mother's jewels, with which he entrusted me at the time of his departure." While speaking she took from beneath the sofa cushion the bag of jewels, and handed it to Louis. "Here they are, sir," she added; "permit me to express my sur-

prise that your brother never asked me for them."

Had he been less master of himself, Louis would have shown how great was his surprise. "I was told," he said sharply, "not to mention this matter."

Madame Fauvel, without making any reply, laid her hand on the bell rope. "You will allow me, sir," she said, "to end this interview, which was only granted for the purpose of placing in your hands these precious jewels."

Thus dismissed, M. de Clameran was obliged to take his leave without attaining his object. "As you will, madame," he said; "I leave you; but before doing so I must tell you the rest of my brother's dying injunctions: 'If Valentine disregards the past, and refuses to provide for our son, I enjoin it upon you to compel her to do her duty.' Meditate upon these words, madame, for what I have sworn to do, upon my honor, shall be done! "

At last Madame Fauvel was alone. She could give vent to her despair. Exhausted by her efforts at self-restraint during De Clameran's presence, she felt weary and crushed in body and spirit. She had scarcely strength to drag herself up to her bedchamber, and to lock the door. Now there was no room for doubt; her fears had become realities. She could fathom the abyss into which she was about to be hurled, and knew that in her fall she

would drag her family with her. God alone, in this hour of danger, could help her, could save her from destruction. She prayed. "O God," she cried, "punish me, for I am very guilty, and I will evermore adore Thy chastising hand. Punish me, for I have been a bad daughter, an unworthy mother, and a perfidious wife. Smite me, O God, and only me! In Thy just anger spare the innocent; have pity on my husband and my children! " What were her twenty years of happiness compared to this hour of misery? A bitter remorse; nothing more. Ah, why did she listen to her mother? Why did she hold her tongue? Hope had fled forever. This man who had left her presence with a threat upon his lips would return; she knew it well. What answer could she give him? To-day she had succeeded in subduing her heart and conscience; would she again have the strength to master her feelings? She well knew that her calmness and courage were entirely due to De Clameran's unskilfulness. Why did he not use entreaties instead of threats! When Louis spoke of Raoul, she could scarcely conceal her emotion; her maternal heart yearned towards the innocent child who was expiating his mother's faults. A chill of horror passed over her at the idea of his enduring the pangs of hunger. Her child wanting bread, when she, his mother, was rolling in wealth! Ah, why could

she not lay all her possessions at his feet? With what delight would she undergo the greatest privations for his sake! If she could but send him enough money to support him comfortably! But no; she could not take this step without compromising herself and her family. Prudence forbade her acceptance of Louis de Clameran's intervention. To confide in him, was placing herself, and all she held dear, at his mercy, and this inspired her with instinctive terror. Then she began to ask herself if he had really spoken the truth. In thinking over Louis' story, it seemed improbable and disconnected. If Gaston had been living in Paris, in the poverty described by his brother, why had he not demanded of the married woman the deposit entrusted to the maiden? Why, when anxious about their child's future, had he not come to her, since he believed her to be so rich that, on his deathbed, it was she he relied upon? A thousand vague apprehensions beset her mind; she felt suspicion and distrust of every one and everything. She was aware that a decisive step would bind her forever, and then, what would not be exacted of her? For a moment she thought of throwing herself at her husband's feet and confessing all. Unfortunately, she thrust aside this means of salvation. She pictured to herself the mortification and sorrow that her noble-hearted husband would

suffer upon discovering, after a lapse of twenty years, how shamefully he had been deceived. Having been deceived from the very first, would he not believe that it had been so ever since? Would he believe in her fidelity as a wife, when he discovered her perfidy as a young girl? She understood André well enough to know that he would say nothing, and would use every means to conceal the scandal. But his domestic happiness would be gone forever. He would forsake his home; his sons would shun her presence, and every family bond would be severed. She thought of ending her doubts by suicide; but her death would not silence her implacable enemy, who, not able to disgrace her while alive, would dishonor her memory.

A few days later she received a note from Louis de Clameran saying he was ill and asking her to call on him the next day. The suspense had become unendurable and she decided to go.

The next day towards the appointed time, she dressed herself in the plainest of her black dresses, in the bonnet which concealed her face the most, placed a thick veil in her pocket, and started forth. It was not until she found herself a considerable distance from her home that she ventured to hail a cab, which soon set her down at the Hôtel du Louvre. Here her uneasiness increased. Her circle of acquaintances being large, she was in

terror of being recognized. What would her friends think, if they saw her at the Hôtel du Louvre dressed as she was? Any one would naturally suspect an intrigue, a rendezvous; and her character would be ruined forever. This was the first time since her marriage that she had had occasion for mystery; and, in her inexperience, her efforts to escape notice were in every way calculated to attract attention. The concierge said that the Marquis de Clameran's room was on the third floor. She hurried up the stairs, glad to escape the scrutinizing glances which she imagined were fixed upon her; but, in spite of the minute directions given by the concierge, she lost her way in the immense hotel, and for a long time wandered about the interminable corridors. Finally, she found a door bearing the number sought — 317. She stood leaning against the wall with her hand pressed to her throbbing heart, which seemed ready to burst. Now, at the moment of risking this decisive step, she felt paralyzed with fright. The sight of a stranger traversing the corridor ended her hesitations. With a trembling hand she knocked at the door.

“Come in,” said a voice.

She entered. But it was not the Marquis de Clameran who stood in the middle of the room, it was a young man almost a youth, who looked at

her with a singular expression. Madame Fauvel thought that she had mistaken the room. "Excuse me, sir," she said, blushing deeply; "I thought that this was the Marquis de Clameran's room."

"It is his room, madame," replied the young man; then seeing she was silent, and about to leave, he added: "I presume I have the honor of addressing Madame Fauvel?"

She nodded affirmatively, shuddering at the sound of her own name, and frightened at this proof of De Clameran's betrayal of her secret to a stranger. With visible anxiety she awaited an explanation.

"Fear nothing, madame," resumed the young man; "you are as safe here as if you were in your own drawing-room. M. de Clameran desired me to make his excuses; you will not see him."

"But, sir, from an urgent letter sent by him yesterday, I was led to suppose — I inferred —"

"When he wrote to you, madame, he had projects in view which he has since renounced forever."

Madame Fauvel was too surprised, too agitated to think clearly. Beyond the present she could see nothing. "Do you mean," she asked with distrust, "that he has changed his intentions?"

The young man's face was expressive of sad compassion, as if he shared the unhappy woman's sufferings. "The marquis has renounced," he said

in a melancholy tone, "what he wrongly considered a sacred duty. Believe me, he hesitated a long time before he could decide to apply to you on a subject painful to you both. You repelled him, you were obliged to hear him. He knew not what imperious reasons dictated your conduct. Blinded by unjust anger, he swore to obtain by threats what you refused to give voluntarily. Resolved to attack your domestic happiness, he had collected overwhelming proofs against you. Pardon him; an oath given to his dying brother bound him." He took from the mantel piece a bundle of papers through which he glanced as he continued speaking: "These proofs that cannot be denied, I now hold in my hand. This is the certificate of the Rev. Mr. Sedley; this the declaration of Mrs. Dobbin, the farmer's wife; and these others are the statements of the physician and of several persons who were acquainted with Madame de La Verberie during her stay near London. Not a single link is missing. I had great difficulty in getting these papers away from M. de Clameran. Perhaps he had a suspicion of my intentions. This, madame, is what I intended doing with these proofs."

With a rapid motion he threw the bundle of papers into the fire, where they blazed up, and, in a moment, nothing remained of them but a little heap of ashes. "All is now destroyed, madame,"

he resumed, his eyes sparkling with the most generous resolutions. "The past, if you desire it, is as completely annihilated as those papers. If any one hereafter, dares accuse you of having had a son before your marriage, treat him as a vile calumniator. There are no longer any proofs; you are free."

Madame Fauvel began to understand the sense of this scene — the truth dawned upon her bewildered mind. This noble youth, who protected her from De Clameran's anger, who restored her peace of mind and the exercise of her own free will, by destroying all proofs of her past, who in fact saved her, was, must be, the child whom she had abandoned — Valentin-Raoul. At this moment she forgot everything. Maternal tenderness, so long restrained, now welled up and overflowed as, in a scarcely audible voice, she murmured: "Raoul! "

At this name, uttered in so thrilling a tone, the young man staggered, as if overcome by an un-hoped-for-happiness. "Yes, Raoul," he cried; "Raoul, who would rather die a thousand times than cause his mother the slightest pain; Raoul, who would shed his life's blood to spare her one tear."

She made no attempt to struggle or resist; all her body trembled as she recognized her first-born.

She opened her arms, and Raoul sprang into them, saying, in a choked voice: "Mother! my dear mother! Bless you for this first kiss!"

Alas! this was the sad truth. This dear son she had never seen before. He had been taken from her, despite her prayers and tears, without a mother's embrace; and this kiss she had just given him was indeed the first. But joy so great, following upon so much anguish, was more than the excited mother could bear; she sank back in her chair almost fainting, and, with a sort of meditative rapture, gazed in an eager way upon her long-lost son, who was now kneeling at her feet. With her hands she stroked his soft curls; she admired his white forehead, pure as a young girl's and his large, trembling eyes; and she hungered after his red lips.

"O mother!" he said: "words cannot describe my feelings when I heard that my uncle had dared to threaten you. He threaten you! Ah! when my father told him to apply to you, he was no longer in his right mind. I have known you for a long, long time. Often have my father and I hovered around your happy home to catch a glimpse of you through the window. When you passed by in your carriage, he would say to me: 'There is your mother, Raoul!' To look upon you was our greatest joy. When we knew you were going to a ball, we would

wait near the door to see you enter, beautiful and adorned. How often, in the depth of winter, have I raced with your fast horses, to admire you till the last moment! ”

Tears — the sweetest tears she had ever shed — coursed down Madame Fauvel’s cheeks, as she listened to the musical tones of Raoul’s voice. This voice was so like Gaston’s, that it recalled to her the fresh and adorable sensations of her youth. She seemed to live over again those early stolen meetings — to feel once more the beatings of her virgin heart. It seemed as though nothing had happened since Gaston folded her in his fond embrace. André, her two sons, Madeleine — all were forgotten in this new-found affection.

Raoul went on to say: “Only yesterday I learned that my uncle had been to demand for me a few crumbs of your wealth. Why did he take such a step? I am poor, it is true — very poor; but I am too familiar with poverty to be frightened of it. I have a clear brain and willing hands — they will earn me a living. You are very rich, I have been told. What is that to me? Keep all your fortune, my darling mother; but give me a corner in your heart. Let me love you. Promise me that this first kiss shall not be the last. No one will ever know; be not afraid. I shall be able to hide my happiness.”

And Madame Fauvel had dreaded this son! Ah! how bitterly did she now reproach herself for not having sooner flown to meet him. She questioned him regarding the past; she wished to know how he had lived — what he had been doing. He replied that he had nothing to conceal; his existence had been that of every poor man's child. The farmer's wife who had brought him up had always treated him with affection. She had even given him an education superior to his condition in life, and rather beyond her means, because she thought him so handsome and intelligent. When about sixteen years of age, she procured him a situation in a banking house; and he was commencing to earn his own living, when one day a stranger came to him, and said: "I am your father," and took him away with him. Since then nothing was wanting to his happiness, save a mother's tenderness. He had suffered but one great sorrow, and that was the day when Gaston de Clameran — his father — had died in his arms. "But now," he said, "all is forgotten. Have I been unhappy? I no longer know, since I see you — since I love you."

Madame Fauvel was oblivious of the lapse of time, but fortunately Raoul was on the watch. "Why, it is seven o'clock!" he suddenly exclaimed. This exclamation brought Madame

Fauvel abruptly back to the reality. Seven o'clock! What would her family think of this long absence?

"Shall I see you again, mother?" asked Raoul, as they were about to separate.

"Oh yes!" she replied, fondly; "yes, often, every day, to-morrow."

But now, for the first time since her marriage, Madame Fauvel perceived that she was not mistress of her actions. Never before had she had occasion to wish for uncontrolled liberty. She left her heart and soul behind her in the room of the Hôtel du Louvre, where she had just found her son. She imagined that Madeleine looked at her strangely on her return home. Did she suspect something? For several days she had asked embarrassing questions. She must beware of her.

This uneasiness changed the affection which Madame Fauvel had hitherto felt for her adopted daughter into positive dislike. She, so kind and loving, regretted having placed over herself a vigilant spy from whom nothing escaped. She pondered what means she could take to avoid the penetrating watchfulness of a girl who was accustomed to read in her face every thought that crossed her mind. With unspeakable satisfaction she thought of a way which she imagined would please all parties. During the last two years the banker's cashier and protégé, Prosper Bertomy, had been

devoted in his attentions to Madeleine. Madame Fauvel decided to do all in her power to hasten matters, so that, Madeleine once married and out of the house, there would be no one to criticize her own movements. That very evening, with a duplicity of which she would have been incapable a few days before, she began to question Madeleine about her sentiments towards Prosper.

“ Ah, ah, mademoiselle,” she said gayly, “ is it thus you permit yourself to choose a husband without my permission? ”

“ But, aunt! I thought you — ”

“ Yes, I know; you thought I had suspected the true state of affairs? That is precisely what I had done.” Then, in a serious tone, she added: “ Therefore, nothing remains but to obtain the consent of Master Prosper. Do you think he will grant it? ”

“ He! aunt. Ah! if he only dared — ”

“ Ah, indeed! you seem to know all about it, mademoiselle.”

Madeleine, blushing and confused, hung her head, and said nothing. Madame Fauvel drew her towards her, and continued in her most affectionate voice: “ My dear child, do not be distressed. Is it possible that you, usually so sharp, supposed us to be in ignorance of your secret? Did you think that Prosper would have been so warmly welcomed

by your uncle and myself, had we not approved of him in every respect? ”

Madeleine threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and murmured: “ Oh, thank you, my dear aunt, thank you; you are kind, you love me! ”

Madame Fauvel said to herself: “ I will make André speak to Prosper, and before two months are over the marriage can take place.”

Unfortunately, Madame Fauvel was so engrossed by her new passion, which did not leave her a moment for reflection, that she put off this project. Spending a portion of each day at the Hôtel du Louvre with Raoul she did not cease devoting her thoughts to insuring him an independent fortune and a good position. She had not yet ventured to speak to him on the subject.

“ This,” said Louis de Clameran to her at their next meeting, “ is what I have planned. Tomorrow or next day, you will receive a letter from your cousin at St. Remy, telling you that she has sent her son to Paris, and begging you to watch over him. Naturally you show this letter to your husband; and a few days afterwards he warmly welcomes your nephew, Raoul de Lagors, a handsome, rich, attractive young man, who will do everything he can to please him, and who will succeed.”

“ Never, sir,” replied Madame Fauvel, “ my

cousin is a pious, honorable woman, and nothing would induce her to countenance so shameful a transaction."

The marquis smiled scornfully, and asked: "Who told you that I intended to confide in her?"

"But you would be obliged to do so!"

"You are very simple, madame. The letter which you will receive, and show to your husband, will be dictated by me, and posted at St. Remy by a friend of mine. If I spoke of the obligations under which you have placed your cousin, it was merely to show you that, in case of accident, her own interest would make her serve you. Do you see any other obstacle to this plan, madame?"

Madame Fauvel's eyes flashed with indignation. "Is my will of no account?" she exclaimed. "You seem to have made all your arrangements without consulting me at all."

"Excuse me," said the marquis with ironical politeness; "I am sure that you will take the same view of the matter as myself."

"But it is a crime, sir, that you propose — an abominable crime!"

This speech seemed to arouse all the bad passions slumbering in De Clameran's bosom; and his pale face had a fiendish expression as he fiercely replied: "I think we do not quite understand each other. Before you begin to talk about crime, think over

your past life. You were not so timid and scrupulous when you gave yourself over to your lover. It is true that you did not hesitate to refuse to share his exile, when for your sake he had just jeopardized his life by killing two men. You felt no scruples at abandoning your child in London; although rolling in wealth, you never even inquired if this poor waif had bread to eat. You felt no scruples about marrying M. Fauvel. Did you tell your confiding husband of the lines of shame concealed beneath your wreath of orange blossoms? No! All these crimes you indulged in; and, when in Gaston's name I demand reparation, you indignantly refuse! It is too late! You ruined the father; but you shall save the son, or I swear you shall no longer cheat the world of its esteem."

"I will obey you, sir," murmured the trembling, frightened woman.

The following week, Raoul, now Raoul de Lagors, was seated at the banker's dinner table, between Madame Fauvel and Madeleine.

* * * * *

It was not without the most acute suffering and self-condemnation that Madame Fauvel submitted to the will of the relentless Marquis de Clameran. She had used every argument and entreaty to soften him; but he merely looked upon her with a

triumphant, sneering smile, when she knelt at his feet, and implored him to be merciful. Neither tears nor prayers moved his depraved soul. Disappointed, and almost desperate, she sought the intercession of her son. Raoul was in a state of furious indignation at the sight of his mother's distress, and hastened to demand an apology from De Clameran. But he had reckoned without his host. He soon returned with downcast eyes, and moodily angry at his own powerlessness, declaring that safety demanded a complete surrender to the tyrant. Now only did the wretched woman fully fathom the abyss into which she was being dragged, and clearly see the labyrinth of crime of which she was becoming the victim. Raoul did his utmost to deserve this cordial reception. If his early education had been neglected, and he lacked those delicate refinements of manner and conversation which home influence imparts, his superior tact concealed these defects. He possessed the happy faculty of reading characters, and adapting his conversation to the minds of his listeners. Before a week had gone by, he was a favorite with M. Fauvel, intimate with Abel and Lucien, and inseparable from Prosper Bertomy, the cashier, who then spent all his evenings with the banker's family.

Raoul's intimacy with his cousins threw him

among a set of rich young men, and as a consequence, instead of reforming, he daily grew more dissipated and reckless. Gambling, racing, expensive suppers, made money slip through his fingers like grains of sand.

In three months, Raoul had squandered a little fortune. In the first place, he was obliged to have bachelor apartments, prettily furnished. He was in want of everything, just like a shipwrecked sailor. He asked for a horse and brougham, how could she refuse him? Then every day there was some fresh whim to be satisfied.

When she would gently remonstrate, Raoul's beautiful eyes would fill with tears, and in a sad, humble tone he would say: "Alas! I am a child, a poor fool, I ask too much. I forget that I am only the son of poor Valentine, and not of the rich banker's wife!"

This touching repentance wrung her heart. The poor boy had suffered so much that it was her duty to console him, and she would finish by excusing him. She soon discovered that he was jealous and envious of his two brothers—for, after all, they were his brothers—Abel and Lucien.

"You never refuse them anything," he would say; "they were fortunate enough to enter life by the golden gate. Their every wish is gratified;

they enjoy wealth, position, home affection, and have a splendid fortune awaiting them."

"But what is lacking to your happiness, unhappy child?" Madame Fauvel would ask in despair.

"What do I want? apparently nothing, in reality everything. Do I possess anything legitimately? What right have I to your affection, to the comforts and luxuries you heap upon me, to the name I bear? Have I not, so to say, stolen even my life?"

When Raoul talked in this strain, she was ready to do anything, so that he should not be envious of her two other sons. As spring approached, she told him she wished him to spend the summer in the country, near her villa at St. Germain. She expected he would offer some objection. But not at all. The proposal seemed to please him, and a few days after he told her he had rented a little house at Vésinet, and intended having his furniture moved into it.

"Then, just think, dear mother, what a happy summer we will spend together!" he said with beaming eyes.

She was delighted for many reasons, one of which was that the prodigal's expenses would probably diminish. Anxiety as to the exhausted state of her finances made her bold enough to chide him

at the dinner-table one day for having lost two thousand francs at the races the day before.

"You are severe, my dear," said M. Fauvel with the carelessness of a rich man. "Mamma De Lagors will pay; mammas were created for the special purpose of paying." And, not observing the effect these words had upon his wife, he turned to Raoul, and added: "Don't worry yourself, my boy; when you want money, come to me, and I will lend you some."

What could Madame Fauvel say? Had she not followed De Clameran's orders, and announced that Raoul was very rich? Why had she been made to tell this unnecessary lie? She all at once perceived the snare which had been laid for her; but now she was caught, and it was too late to struggle. The banker's offer was soon accepted. That same week Raoul went to his uncle, and boldly borrowed ten thousand francs. When Madame Fauvel heard of this piece of audacity, she wrung her hands in despair.

"What can he want with so much money?" she moaned to herself.

One day, after complaining more bitterly than usual of Raoul, and proving to Madame Fauvel that it was impossible for this state of affairs to continue much longer, the marquis declared that

he saw but one way of preventing a catastrophe. This was, that he (De Clameran) should marry Madeleine. Madame Fauvel had long ago been prepared for anything his cupidity could attempt. But if she had given up all hope of happiness for herself, if she consented to the sacrifice of her own peace of mind, it was because she thus hoped to insure the security of those dear to her. This unexpected declaration shocked her. "Do you suppose for an instant, sir," she indignantly exclaimed, "that I will consent to any such disgraceful project?"

With a nod, the marquis answered: "Yes."

"What sort of a woman do you think I am, sir? Alas! I was very guilty once, but the punishment now exceeds the fault. And does it become you to be constantly reproaching me with my long-past imprudence? So long as I alone had to suffer, you found me weak and timid; but, now that you attack those I love, I rebel."

"Would it then, madame, be such a very great misfortune for Mademoiselle Madeleine to become the Marchioness de Clameran?"

"My niece, sir, chose, of her own free will, a husband whom she will shortly marry. She loves M. Prosper Bertomy."

The marquis disdainfully shrugged his shoulders.

"A school-girl-love-affair," said he; "she will forget all about it when you wish her to do so."

"I will never wish it."

"Excuse me," he replied, in the low, suppressed tone of a man trying to control himself; "let us not waste time in these idle discussions. Hitherto you have always commenced by protesting against my proposed plans, and in the end you have consented. You will do so now."

* * * * *

He loved Madeleine too passionately to feel aught save the bitterest hate towards the man whom she had freely chosen, and who still possessed her heart. De Clameran knew that he could marry her at once if he chose; but in what way? By holding a sword of terror over her head, and forcing her to be his. He became frenzied at the idea of possessing her person, while her heart and soul would always be with Prosper. Thus he swore that, before marrying, he would so cover Prosper with shame and ignominy that no honest person would speak to him. He had at first thought of killing him, but he preferred to disgrace him. He imagined that there would be no difficulty in ruining the unfortunate young man. He soon found himself mistaken. Though Prosper led a life of reckless dissipation, he preserved

order in his disorder. If in a state of miserable entanglement, and obliged to resort to all sorts of make-shifts to escape his creditors, his caution prevented the world from knowing it. Vainly did Raoul with his pockets full of gold, tempt him to play high; every effort to hasten his ruin failed. When he played he did not seem to care whether he lost or won; nothing aroused him from his cold indifference. His mistress, Nina Gipsy, was extravagant, but her devotion to Prosper restrained her from going beyond certain limits. Raoul's great intimacy with Prosper enabled him to fully understand the state of his mind; that he was trying to drown his disappointment in excitement, but had not given up all hope.

"You need not hope to beguile Prosper into committing any serious piece of folly," said Raoul to his uncle; "his head is as cool as an usurer's. What object he has in view I know not. Perhaps when he has spent his last coin he will blow his brains out; he certainly never will descend to any dishonorable act; he will never have recourse to the money in the banker's safe."

"We must urge him on," replied De Clameran; "lead him into more extravagances; make Gipsy call on him for costly finery, lend him plenty of money."

Raoul shook his head, as if convinced that his

efforts would be in vain. "You don't know Prosper, uncle; we can't galvanize a dead man. Madeleine killed him the day she discarded him. He takes no interest in anything on the face of the earth."

"We can wait."

They did wait; and, to the great surprise of Madame Fauvel, Raoul once more became an affectionate and dutiful son, as he had been during De Clameran's absence. From reckless extravagance he changed to great economy. Under pretext of saving money, he remained at Vésinet, although it was very uncomfortable and disagreeable there in the winter. He wished, he said, to expiate his sins in solitude. The truth was, that, by remaining in the country, he insured his liberty, and escaped his mother's visits. It was about this time that Madame Fauvel, charmed with the improvement in Raoul, asked her husband to give him some employment in the bank. M. Fauvel was delighted to please his wife, and at once offered Raoul the place of corresponding clerk, with a salary of five hundred francs a month. The appointment pleased Raoul; but in obedience to De Clameran's command, he refused it, saying, he had no taste for banking. This refusal so provoked the banker, that he rather bitterly reproached Raoul, and told him not to expect him to do any-

thing to assist him in the future. Raoul seized this pretext for ostensibly ceasing his visits. When he wanted to see his mother, he would come in the afternoon or evening, when he knew that M. Fauvel would be from home; and he only came often enough to keep himself informed of what was going on in the household. This sudden lull after so many storms appeared ominous to Madeleine. She was more certain than ever that the plot was now ripe, and would suddenly burst upon them, without warning. She did not impart her presentiment to her aunt, but prepared herself for the worst.

"What can they be doing?" Madame Fauvel would say; "can they have decided not to persecute us any more?"

"Yes, what can they be doing?" Madeleine would murmur.

Louis and Raoul gave no signs of life, because, like expert hunters, they were silently hiding, and watching for a favorable opportunity of pouncing upon their victims. Never losing sight of Prosper for a day, Raoul had exhausted every effort of his fertile mind to compromise his honor — to ensnare him into some inextricable entanglement. But, as he had foreseen, the cashier's indifference offered little hope of success. De Clameran began to grow impatient at this delay, and had fully determined to bring matters to a crisis himself, when one night,

about three o'clock, he was aroused by Raoul. He knew that some event of great importance must have happened, to make his nephew come to him at that hour of the night.

"What is the matter?" he anxiously inquired.

"Perhaps nothing; perhaps everything. I have just left Prosper."

"Well?"

"I had him, Madame Gipsy, and three other friends to dine with me. After dinner, I made up a game of baccarat, but Prosper took no interest in it, although he was quite tipsy."

"You must be drunk yourself, to come here waking me up in the middle of the night, to hear this idle gabble," said Louis, angrily.

"Now wait until you hear the rest."

"Zounds! speak then!"

"After the game was over, we went to supper; Prosper became quite intoxicated, and betrayed the word with which he closes the money-safe."

At these words De Clameran uttered a cry of triumph. "What was the word?"

"His mistress's name."

"Gipsy! Yes, that would be five letters." Louis was so excited that he jumped out of bed, slipped on his dressing-gown, and began to stride up and down the room. "Now we have got him!" he said, with vindictive satisfaction. "There's no

chance of escape for him now! Ah! the virtuous cashier won't touch the money confided to him; so we must touch it for him. His disgrace will be just as great no matter who opens the safe. We have the word; you know where the key is kept."

"Yes; when M. Fauvel goes out he always leaves the key in a drawer of his secretary, in his bedroom."

"Very good. You will go and get this key from Madame Fauvel. If she does not give it up willingly, use force, then, when having got the key, you will open the safe, and take out every franc it contains. Ah! Master Bertomy, you shall pay dear for being loved by the woman I love! "

For five minutes, De Clameran indulged in such a tirade of abuse against Prosper, mingled with rhapsodies of love for Madeleine, that Raoul thought him almost out of his mind, and tried to calm him. "Before crying victory," he said, "you had better consider the drawbacks and difficulties. Prosper might change the word to-morrow."

"Yes, he might; but it is not probable he will. He will forget what he said while drunk; besides, we will be quiet."

"That is not all. M. Fauvel has given orders

that no large sum shall be kept in the safe over night; before closing time, everything is sent to the Bank of France."

"A large sum will be kept there the night I choose."

"You think so?"

"I think this; I have a hundred thousand crowns deposited with M. Fauvel; and if I desire the money to be paid over to me early some morning, directly the bank is opened, of course the money will be kept in the safe the previous night."

"A splendid idea!" cried Raoul, admiringly.

It was a good idea; and the plotters spent several hours in studying its strong and weak points. Raoul feared that he would never be able to overcome Madame Fauvel's resistance; and, even if she yielded the key, would she not go directly and confess everything to her husband, rather than sacrifice an innocent man? But Louis felt no uneasiness on this score. "One sacrifice necessitates another," he said: "she has made too many to draw back at the last one. She sacrificed her adopted daughter; therefore she will sacrifice a young man, who is, after all, a comparative stranger to her."

"But Madeleine will never believe any harm of Prosper; therefore —"

"You talk like an idiot, my verdant nephew!"

Before the conversation was ended, the plan seemed feasible. The scoundrels made all their arrangements, and fixed the day for committing the crime. They selected the evening of the 27th of February, because Raoul knew that M. Fauvel would be dining out, and Madeleine was invited to a party on that evening. Unless something unforeseen should occur, Raoul knew that he would find Madame Fauvel alone at half-past eight o'clock.

"I will ask M. Fauvel this very day," said De Clameran, "to have my money ready for Tuesday."

"That is a very short notice, uncle," objected Raoul. "You know there are certain forms to be gone through, and he can claim a longer time wherein to pay it over."

"That is true, but our banker is proud of always being prepared to pay any amount of money, no matter how large; and if I say I am pressed, and would like to be accommodated on Tuesday, he will make a point of having it ready for me. Then, you must ask Prosper, as a personal favor to you, to have the money on hand at the opening of the bank."

Raoul once more examined the situation, to discover if there was not the grain of sand which so often becomes a mountain at the last moment. "Prosper and Gipsy are to be with me at Vésinet this evening," he said; "but I can not ask him

anything until I know the banker's answer. As soon as you have arranged matters with him, send me word by Manuel."

"I can't send Manuel, for an excellent reason—he has left me; but I can send another messenger."

On Monday evening, about six o'clock, Raoul felt so depressed and miserable that he asked himself whether, even if he wished it, he would be able to obey.

"Are you afraid?" asked De Clameran who had anxiously watched these inward struggles.

"Yes," replied Raoul, "yes; I have not your ferocious will, and I am afraid!"

"What, you, my pupil, my friend! It is not possible. Come, a little energy, one more stroke of our oars and we are in port. You are only nervous; come to dinner, and a bottle of Burgundy will soon set you right."

They were walking along the boulevards. De Clameran insisted upon their entering a restaurant, and having dinner in a private room. Vainly did he strive, however, to chase the gloom from his companion's pale face. Raoul sat listening, with a sullen frown, to his friend's jest about "swallowing the bitter pill gracefully." Urged by Louis, he drank two bottles of wine, in hopes that

intoxication would inspire him with courage to do the deed. But the drunkenness he sought came not; the wine proved false; at the bottom of the last bottle he found nothing but anger and disgust. The clock struck eight.

"The time has come," said Louis firmly.

Raoul turned livid; his teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled so that he was unable to stand on his feet. "Oh, I cannot do it!" he cried in an agony of terror and rage.

De Clameran's eyes flashed angrily at the prospect of all his plans being ruined at the last moment. But he dared not give way to his anger, for fear of exasperating Raoul, whom he knew to be anxious for an excuse to quarrel; so he violently pulled the bell-rope. A waiter appeared. "A bottle of port," he said, "and a bottle of rum."

When the waiter returned with the bottles, Louis filled a large glass with the two liquors mixed, and handed it to Raoul. "Drink this!" he said.

Raoul emptied the glass at a draught, and a faint color returned to his pale cheek. He arose, and striking the table with his fist, cried fiercely, "Come along!"

But before he had walked thirty yards, the fictitious energy inspired by drink deserted him. He clung to De Clameran's arm, and was almost

dragged along, trembling like a criminal on his way to the scaffold.

"If I can once get him in the house," thought Louis, who had studied Raoul and understood him; "once inside, his rôle will sustain him and carry him through, and all will be well. The cowardly baby! I would like to wring his neck!"

As they walked along he said: "Now, don't forget our arrangements, and be careful how you enter the house; everything depends upon that. Have you the pistol in your pocket?"

"Yes, yes! Let me alone!"

It was well that De Clameran accompanied Raoul; for, when he got in sight of the door his courage gave way, and he longed to retreat. "A poor, helpless woman!" he groaned, "and an honest man who pressed my hand in friendship yesterday, to be cowardly ruined, betrayed by me! Ah, it is too base, too cowardly!"

"Come," said De Clameran in a tone of contempt, "I thought you had more nerve. When a fellow has no more pluck than that, he should remain honest!"

Raoul overcame his weakness, and, silencing the clamors of his conscience, hurried to the house and pulled the bell. "Is Madame Fauvel at home?" he inquired of the servant who opened the door.

"Madame is alone in the little drawing-room,"
was the reply.

And Raoul went up stairs.

* * * * *

De Clameran's injunction to Raoul was: "Be very cautious how you enter the room; your appearance must tell everything, and thus avoid impossible explanations."

The recommendation was useless. The instant that Raoul entered the room, the sight of his pale, haggard face and wild eyes made Madame Fauvel exclaim: "Raoul! What misfortune has happened to you?"

The sound of her tender, affectionate voice acted like an electric shock upon the young bandit. He shook like a leaf. But at the same time his mind seemed to change. Louis was not mistaken in his estimate of his companion's character. Raoul was on the stage, his part was to be played; his assurance returned to him; his cheating, lying nature assumed the ascendant. "This misfortune is the last I shall ever suffer, mother!"

Madame Fauvel rushed towards him, and, seizing his hand, gazed searchingly into his eyes, as if to read his very soul. "What is the matter? Raoul, my dear son, do tell me what troubles you."

He gently pushed her from him. "The matter

is, my mother," he said, in a voice of heart-broken despair, "that I am unworthy of you, unworthy of my noble father! "

She shook her head as though to protest.

"Alas!" he said, "I know and judge myself. No one can reproach me for my infamous conduct more bitterly than does my own conscience. I am not naturally wicked, but only a miserable fool. At times I am like an insane man, and am not responsible for my actions. Ah, my dear mother, I would not be what I am, if you had watched over my childhood. But brought up among strangers, with no guide but my own evil passions, nothing to restrain me, no one to advise me, no one to love me, owning nothing, not even my stolen name, I am cursed with vanity and unbounded ambition. Poor, with no one to assist me but you, I have the tastes and vices of a millionaire's son. Alas! when I found you, the evil was done. Your affection, your maternal love, the only true happiness of my life, could not save me. I, who had suffered so much, endured so many privations, even the pangs of hunger, became spoiled by this new life of luxury and pleasure which you opened before me. I rushed headlong into extravagance, as a drunkard long deprived of drink seizes and drains to the dregs the first bottle in his reach."

Madame Fauvel listened, silent and terrified, to

these words of despair and remorse, which Raoul uttered with remarkable vehemence. She dared not interrupt him, but felt certain some dreadful piece of news was coming. Raoul continued in a sad, hopeless tone: "Yes; I have been a weak fool. Happiness was within my reach, and I had not the sense to stretch forth my hands and grasp it. I rejected a delicious reality to eagerly pursue a vain phantom. I, who ought to have spent my life at your feet, and daily striven to express my gratitude for your lavish kindness, have made you unhappy, destroyed your peace of mind, and, instead of being a blessing, I have been a curse ever since the first fatal day you welcomed me to your kind heart. Ah, unfeeling brute that I was, to squander upon creatures whom I despised, a fortune, of which each gold piece must have cost you a tear! Too late, too late! I find that with you was happiness."

He stopped, as if overcome by the consciousness of his evil deeds, and seemed about to burst into tears.

"It is never too late to repent, my son," murmured Madame Fauvel in comforting tones.

"Ah, if I only could!" cried Raoul; "but no, it is too late! Besides, can I tell how long my good resolutions will last? This is not the first time that I have condemned myself pitilessly.

Stinging remorse for each new fault made me swear to lead a better life, to sin no more. What was the result of these periodical repentances? At the first temptation I forgot my remorse and good resolutions. I am weak and mean-spirited, and you are not firm enough to govern my vacillating nature. While my intentions are good, my actions are villainous. The disproportion between my extravagant desires, and the means of gratifying them, it is too great for me to endure any longer. Who knows to what fearful lengths my unfortunate disposition may lead me? However, I shall know how to do myself justice!" he finally said with a reckless laugh.

Madame Fauvel was too cruelly agitated to follow Raoul's skilful transitions. "Speak!" she cried, "explain yourself; am I not your mother? Tell me the truth; I am ready to hear the worst."

He appeared to hesitate, as if afraid to crush his mother's heart by the terrible blow he was about to inflict. Then in a voice of gloomy despair he replied: "I am ruined!"

"Ruined!"

"Yes, ruined; and I have nothing more to expect or hope for. I am dishonored, and all through my own fault; no one is to blame but myself."

"Raoul!"

"It is the sad truth, my dear mother; but fear

nothing. I shall not trail in the dust the name which you bestowed upon me. I will at least have the courage not to survive my dishonor. Come, mother, don't pity me, or distress yourself; I am one of those miserable beings fated to find no peace save in the arms of death. I came into the world with misfortune stamped upon my brow. Was not my birth a shame and disgrace to you? Did not the memory of my existence haunt you day and night, filling your soul with remorse? And now, when I am restored to you after many years' separation, do I not prove to be a bitter curse instead of a blessing? "

"Ungrateful boy! Have I ever reproached you? "

"Never! Your poor Raoul will die blessing you, and with your beloved name upon his lips."

"Die? You die, my son? "

"It must be, my dear mother; honor compels it. I am condemned by judges from whose decision no appeal can be taken — my conscience and my will."

An hour ago, Madame Fauvel would have sworn that Raoul had made her suffer all the torments that a woman could endure; but now she felt that all her former troubles were nothing compared with her present agony. "What, then, have you been doing, Raoul? " she gasped.

"Money was intrusted to me; I gambled, and lost it."

"Was it a very large sum?"

"No; but more than you can replace. My poor mother, have I not taken everything from you? Have you not given me your last jewel?"

"But M. de Clameran is rich. He placed his fortune at my disposal. I will order the carriage, and go to him."

"But M. de Clameran is away, and the money must be paid this evening, or I am lost. Alas! I have thought it all over and, although it is hard to die so young, still fate wills it so." He pulled the pistol from his pocket, and, with a forced smile, added: "This will settle everything."

Madame Fauvel was too upset and frightened to reflect upon the horror of Raoul's behavior; and that these wild threats were a last expedient. Forgetful of the past, careless of the future, her every thought concentrated upon the present, she comprehended but one fact; that her son was about to commit suicide, and that she was powerless to prevent the fearful deed. "Oh, wait a little while, my son!" she cried. "André will soon return home, and I will ask him to give me — how much did you lose?"

"Thirty thousand francs."

"You shall have them to-morrow."

"But I must have the money to-night."

Madame Fauvel wrung her hands in despair. "Oh! Why did you not come to me sooner, my son? Why did you not have confidence enough in me to come at once for help? This evening there is no one in the cashier's office to open the safe, otherwise —"

"The safe!" cried Raoul, "but you know where the key is kept?"

"Yes, it is in the next room."

"Well!" he exclaimed, with a bold look that caused Madame Fauvel to lower her eyes, and keep silent. "Give me the key, mother," he said in a tone of entreaty.

"O Raoul, Raoul!"

"It is my life I am asking of you."

These words decided her; she snatched up a candle, rushed into her bedroom, opened the secretary, and took out M. Fauvel's key. But, when about to hand it to Raoul, her reason returned to her. "No," she stammered, "no, it is impossible." He did not insist, and seemed about to leave the room. "True," said he; "then, mother, a last kiss."

"What could you do with the key, Raoul?" asked Madame Fauvel, stopping him. "You do not know the secret word."

"No; but I can try to open it."

"You know that money is never kept in the safe over night."

"Nevertheless, I can make the attempt. If I open the safe and find money in it, it will be a miracle, showing that Heaven has pitied my misfortunes."

"And if you are not successful, will you promise me to wait until to-morrow? "

"I swear it, by my father's memory."

"Then take the key and follow me."

Pale and trembling, Raoul and Madame Fauvel passed through the banker's study, and down the narrow staircase leading to the offices and cashier's room below. Raoul walked in front, holding the light, and the key of the safe. Madame Fauvel was convinced that it would be utterly impossible to open the safe, as the key was useless without the secret word and of course Raoul could not know what that was. Even granting that some chance had revealed the secret to him, he would find but little in the safe, since everything was deposited in the bank of France. The only anxiety she felt was, how Raoul would bear the disappointment, how she could calm his despair. She thought that she would gain time by letting Raoul make the attempt; and then, when he found he could not open the safe, he would keep his promise and wait until the next day. "When he sees there

is no chance of success," she thought, "he will wait as he promised; and then to-morrow — to-morrow —"

What she would do on the morrow she knew not, she did not even ask herself. But in extreme situations the least delay inspires hope, as if a short respite meant sure salvation. The condemned man, at the last moment, begs for a reprieve of a day, an hour, a few seconds. Raoul was about to kill himself; his mother prayed to God to grant her one night; as if in this short space of time some unexpected relief would come to end her misery. They reached Prosper's office, and Raoul placed the lamp on a high stool so that it lighted the whole room. He had then recovered all his coolness, or rather that mechanical precision of movement, almost independent of will, which men accustomed to peril always find ready in time of need. Rapidly, with the dexterity of experience, he slipped the buttons on the five letters composing the name of G,i,p,s,y. His features during this short operation, expressed the most intense anxiety. He was fearful that the awful energy he had shown might after all be of no use; perhaps the safe would remain closed, perhaps the money would not be there. Prosper might have changed the word, or neglected to have the money in the safe. Madame Fauvel saw these visible apprehensions with alarm.

She read in his eyes that wild hope of a man who, passionately desiring an object, ends by persuading himself that his own will suffices to overcome all obstacles. Having often been present when Prosper was preparing to leave his office, Raoul had fifty times seen him move the buttons, and lock the safe, just before the bank closed. Indeed, having a practical turn of mind, and an eye to the future, he had even turned the key in the lock on more than one occasion. He inserted the key softly, and turned it round once, pushed it farther in, and turned it a second time; then thrust it right in with a jerk, and turned it again. His heart beat so loudly that Madame Fauvel could hear its throbs. The word had not been changed; the safe opened. Raoul and his mother simultaneously uttered a cry — she of terror, he of triumph.

“Shut it again!” exclaimed Madame Fauvel, frightened at the incomprehensible result of Raoul’s attempt; “leave it alone, come away.”

And, half frenzied, she clung to his arm, and pulled him away so abruptly, that the key was dragged from the lock, and, slipping along the glossy varnish of the safe-door made a deep, long scratch. But at a glance the young man had perceived three rolls of bank notes on an upper shelf. He snatched them up with his left hand, and slipped them inside his vest. Exhausted by the

effort she had made, Madame Fauvel dropped his arm, and, almost fainting with emotion, leaned against the back of a chair.

“Have mercy, Raoul!” she moaned. “I implore you to put back that money, and I solemnly swear I will give you twice as much to-morrow. O my son, have pity upon your unhappy mother!”

He paid no attention to these words of entreaty, but carefully examined the scratch on the safe. This trace of the robbery was very visible, and alarmed him.

“At least you will not take all,” said Madame Fauvel; “just keep enough to save yourself, and put back the rest.”

“What good would that do? What I take will be missed just the same.”

“Oh, no! not at all. I can account to André; I will tell him I had a pressing need for some money, and opened the safe to get it.”

In the mean time Raoul had carefully closed the safe. “Come, mother, let us go back to the sitting-room. A servant might go there to look for you, and be astonished at our absence.”

Raoul’s cruel indifference and cold calculations at such a moment filled Madame Fauvel with indignation. She thought that she had still some influence over her son — that her prayers and tears would have some effect upon his heart. “Let them

be astonished," she cried; "let them come here and find us. Then there will be an end to all this. André will drive me from his house like a worthless creature, but I will not sacrifice the innocent. Prosper will be accused of this to-morrow. De Clameran has taken from him the woman he loved, and now you would deprive him of his honor! I will not allow it."

She spoke so loud and so angrily that Raoul was alarmed. He knew that one of the office-men passed the night in a room close by, and although it was still early in the evening he might be already in bed, and listening to them. "Come up stairs," he said seizing Madame Fauvel's arm.

But she clung to the table, and refused to move a step. "I have been cowardly enough to sacrifice Madeleine," she said, "but I will not ruin Prosper."

Raoul had an argument in reserve which he knew would make Madame Fauvel submit to his will. "Now, really," he said, with a cynical laugh, "do you pretend that you do not know Prosper and I arranged this little affair together, and that he is waiting to share the booty?"

"It is impossible!"

"What! Do you suppose, then, that chance alone told me the word, and placed the money in the safe?"

"Prosper is honest."

"Of course he is, and so am I too. The only thing is, that we both need money."

"You lie."

"No, dear mother. Madeleine dismissed Prosper, and the poor fellow has to console himself for her cruelty, and this sort of consolation is expensive."

He took up the lamp, and gently but firmly led Madame Fauvel towards the staircase. She mechanically suffered him to do so, more bewildered by what she had just heard, than she was at the opening of the safe-door. "What!" she gasped; "can Prosper be a thief?" She began to think herself the victim of a terrible nightmare, and that, when she awoke, her mind would be relieved of this intolerable torture. She helplessly clung to Raoul's arm as he assisted her up the little narrow staircase.

"You must put the key back in the secretary," said Raoul, as soon as they were in the bedroom again.

But she did not seem to hear him; so he went and put it in the place from which he had seen her take it. He then led, or rather carried, Madame Fauvel into the little sitting-room, and placed her in an easy-chair. The set expressionless look of the wretched woman's eyes, and her dazed manner, frightened Raoul, who thought that she was going out of her mind.

Raoul hurried away to De Clameran, who sprang to his feet, ghastly pale, and with great difficulty gasped out, "Well?"

"It is done, uncle, thanks to you; and I am now the greatest villain on the face of the earth." He unbuttoned his vest, and, pulling out the three bundles of bank-notes, angrily dashed them upon the table, adding, in a tone of hate and contempt: "Now I hope you are satisfied. This is the price of the happiness, honor, and perhaps the life, of three persons."

De Clameran paid no attention to these angry words. With feverish eagerness he seized the notes, and held them in his hands as if to convince himself of the reality of success. "Now Madeleine is mine," he cried, excitedly.

Raoul said nothing. This exhibition of joy, after the scene in which he had just been an actor disgusted and humiliated him. Louis misinterpreted his silence, and asked gayly: "Did you have much difficulty?"

"I forbid you ever to allude to this evening's work," cried Raoul fiercely. "Do you hear me? I wish to forget it."

De Clameran shrugged his shoulders at this outburst of anger, and said, in a bantering tone: "Just as you please, my handsome nephew; forget it if you like. I rather think, though you will not

refuse to accept these three hundred and fifty thousands francs as a slight memento. Take them — they are yours."

This generosity seemed neither to surprise nor satisfy Raoul. "According to our agreement," he said sullenly, "I was to have much more than this."

"Of course; this is only on account."

"And when am I to have the rest, if you please?"

"The day I marry Madeleine, and not before, my boy. You are too valuable an assistant to lose at present; and you know that, though I don't distrust you, I am not altogether sure of your sincere affection for me."

Raoul reflected that to commit a crime, and not profit by it, would be the height of absurdity. He had returned with the intention of breaking off all connection with De Clameran; but he now determined that he would not abandon his accomplice until there was nothing more to get out of him. "Very well," he said, "I accept this on account; but remember, I will never do another piece of work like this of to-night."

De Clameran burst into a loud laugh, and replied: "That is sensible; now that you are rich, you can afford to be honest. Set your conscience at rest, for I promise you I will require nothing more of you save a few trifling services. You can

retire behind the scenes now, while I appear upon the stage."

* * * * *

For more than an hour after Raoul's departure, Madame Fauvel remained in a state of torpor bordering upon unconsciousness. Gradually, however, she recovered her senses sufficiently to comprehend the horrors of her present situation; and with the faculty of thought, that of suffering returned. The dreadful scene in which she had taken part was still before her affrighted vision; all the attending circumstances, unnoticed at the time, now struck her forcibly. She saw that she had been the dupe of a shameful conspiracy; that Raoul had tortured her with cold-blooded cruelty, had taken advantage of her tenderness, and played with her sufferings. But had Prosper anything to do with the robbery? This Madame Fauvel had no way of finding out. Ah, Raoul knew how the blow would strike when he accused his friend. He knew that she would end by believing in the cashier's complicity. Knowing that Madeleine's lover was leading a life of extravagance and dissipation, she thought it very likely he had, from sheer desperation, resorted to this bold step to pay his debts; her blind affection, moreover, made her anxious to attribute the first idea of crime to any one, rather than to her son. She had heard that Pros-

per was supporting one of those worthless creatures whose extravagance impoverishes men, and whose evil influence perverts their natures. When a young man is thus degraded, will he stop at any sin or crime? Alas! Madame Fauvel knew, from her own sad experience, to what depths even one fault can lead.

* * * * *

On the following day De Clameran to sustain his part in the plot called on Mme. Fauvel, and in the presence of Madeleine, he slowly drew from his pocket several bundles of bank notes, and laid them on the mantle-piece. "Raoul stole three hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said; "I return the same amount. It is more than half my fortune. Willingly would I give the rest to insure this being his last crime."

Too inexperienced to penetrate De Clameran's bold, and yet simple plan, Madeleine was dumb with astonishment; all her calculations were upset.

Madame Fauvel, on the contrary, accepted this restitution as salvation sent from heaven, "Oh, thanks, sir, thanks!" she cried, gratefully clasping De Clameran's hand in hers; "you are goodness itself!"

Louis' eyes lit up with pleasure. But he rejoiced too soon. A minute's reflection brought back all of Madeleine's distrust. She thought this generos-

ity unnatural in a man whom she considered incapable of noble sentiment, and at once concluded that it must conceal some snare beneath. "What are we to do with this money?" she demanded.

"Restore it to M. Fauvel, mademoiselle."

"We restore it, sir, and how? Restoring the money is denouncing Raoul, and ruining my aunt. Take back your money, sir."

De Clameran was too shrewd to insist; he took up the money and seemed about to leave.

"I comprehend your refusal, mademoiselle, and must find another way of accomplishing my wish. But, before retiring, let me say that your injustice pains me deeply. After the promise you made me, I had reason to hope for a kinder welcome."

"I will keep my promise, sir, but not until you have furnished security."

"Security! What security? Pray explain yourself."

"Something to protect my aunt against Raoul after my — marriage. What is my dowry to a man who squanders a hundred thousand francs in four months? We are making a bargain; I give you my hand in exchange for my aunt's life and honor, and of course you must give me some security for the performance of your promise."

"Oh! I will give you ample securities," exclaimed De Clameran, "such as will quiet all your

suspicious doubts of my good faith. Alas! you will not believe in my devotion; what shall I do to convince you of its sincerity? Shall I try to save M. Bertomy? ”

“ Thanks for the offer, sir,” replied Madeleine disdainfully; “ if Prosper is guilty, let him be punished by the law; if he is innocent, God will protect him.”

Madeleine and her aunt rose from their seats to signify that the interview was over. De Clam-eran bowed, and left the room. “ What pride! What determination! The idea of her demanding security of me! ” he said to himself as he slowly walked away. “ But the proud girl shall be humbled yet. She is so beautiful! and, if I did not so madly love her — well! so much the worse for Raoul! ”

All winter, Madame Fauvel and Madeleine had declined invitations, but they found it necessary to attend the Jandidier ball, and they had no jewels. Neither of them could go to the ball without jewelry; and every jewel they owned had been taken by Raoul, and pawned, and he had the tickets. After thinking the matter over, Madeleine decided to ask Raoul to devote some of the stolen money to redeeming the jewels he had forced from his mother. She informed her aunt of her plan, saying: “ Make an appointment with Raoul; he

will not dare to refuse you; and I will go in your stead." And, two days after, the courageous girl took a cab, and, regardless of the inclement weather, went to Vésinet. She had no idea, then, that M. Verduret and Prosper were following close behind her, and that they witnessed her interview from the top of a ladder. Her bold step, however, was fruitless. Raoul swore that he had shared with Prosper; that his own half was spent, and that he was quite without money. He even refused to give up the pawn tickets; and Madeleine had to insist most energetically before she could induce him to give up four or five trifling articles that were absolutely indispensable. De Clameran had ordered him to refuse, because he hoped that in their distress they would apply to him for help. Raoul had obeyed, but only after a violent altercation witnessed by De Clameran's new valet, Joseph Dubois. The accomplices were at that time on very bad terms together. The marquis was seeking a safe means of getting rid of Raoul; and the young scamp had a sort of presentiment of his uncle's unfriendly intentions. Nothing but the certainty of impending danger could reconcile them; and this was revealed to them at the Jandidier ball. Who was the mysterious mountebank that had indulged in such transparent allusions to Madame Fauvel's private troubles, and then said

with threatening significance to Louis: "I was your brother Gaston's friend!"

Who he was, where he came from, they could not imagine; but they clearly saw that he was a dangerous enemy, and forthwith attempted to assassinate him upon his leaving the ball. Having followed him and then having lost him, they became alarmed: "We cannot be too guarded in our conduct," whispered De Clameran; "we shall know only too soon who he is."

Once more Raoul tried to induce him to give up his project of marrying Madeleine. "Never!" he exclaimed; "I will marry her, or perish!"

They thought that, now they were warned, the danger of their being caught was lessened. But they did not know the sort of man who was on their track.

* * * * *

Such are the facts that, with an almost incredible talent for investigation, had been collected and prepared by M. Verduret, the stout man with the jovial face who had taken Prosper under his protection. Reaching Paris at nine o'clock at night, not by the Lyons train as he had announced, but by the Orleans one, M. Verduret had hastened to the Hotel of the Grand Archangel, where he had found the cashier impatiently expecting him.

"You are about to hear something extraordi-

nary," he had said to Prosper, "and you will see how far back one has to seek in the past, for the primary causes of a crime. All things are linked together and dependent upon each other in this world of ours. If Gaston de Clameran had not entered a little café at Tarascon to play a game of billiards twenty years ago, your safe would not have been robbed three weeks back. Valentine de La Verberie is punished in 1866 for the murders committed for her sake in 1840. Nothing is ever lost or forgotten. Listen."

M. Verduret did not finish his report until four o'clock in the morning; then he exclaimed triumphantly: "And now they are on their guard; they are wary rascals too; but I can laugh at their efforts, for I have them safe. Before a week is over, Prosper, your innocence will be recognized by every one. I promised your father this."

"Is it possible?" murmured Prosper in a dazed way; "is it possible?"

"What?"

"All this you have just told me."

M. Verduret bounded like a man little accustomed to have the accuracy of his information doubted. "Is it possible, indeed?" he cried; "but it is truth itself, truth founded on fact and exposed in all its impressiveness!"

"But how can such rascalities take place in Paris, in our very midst, without —"

“Ah!” interrupted the stout man, “you are young, my friend! Crimes worse than this happen, and you know nothing of them. You think the horrors of the assize court are the only ones. Pooh! You only read in the ‘*Gazette des Tribunaux*’ of the bloody melodramas of life, where the actors, low-born villains, are as cowardly as the knife, or as stupid as the poison they use. It is at the family fireside, often under shelter of the law itself, that the real tragedies of life are enacted; in these days traitors wear gloves, scoundrels cloak themselves in public esteem, and their victims die broken-hearted, but smiling to the last. What I have just related to you is almost an every-day occurrence; and yet you profess astonishment.”

“I can’t help wondering how you discovered all this tissue of crime.”

“Ah, that is the point!” said M. Verduret, with a self-satisfied smile. “When I undertake a task, I devote my whole attention to it. Now, make a note of this: When a man of ordinary intelligence concentrates his thoughts and energies upon the attainment of an object, he is almost always certain to ultimately obtain success. Besides that, I have my own means of working up a case.”

“Still I don’t see what grounds you had to go upon.”

“To be sure, one needs some light to guide one in a dark affair like this. But the fire in De Clam-

eran's eye at the mention of Gaston's name ignited my lantern. From that moment I walked straight to the solution of the mystery, as to a beacon."

Prosper's eager, questioning looks showed that he would like to know the secret of his protector's wonderful penetration, and at the same time be more thoroughly convinced that what he had heard was all true — that his innocence would be clearly proved.

"Now confess," cried M. Verduret, "you would give something to know how I discovered the truth."

M. Verduret enjoyed Prosper's bewilderment. To be sure, he was neither a good judge nor a distinguished amateur; but sincere admiration is always flattering, no matter whence it comes. "Well," he replied, "I will explain my system. There is nothing marvellous about it as you will soon see. We worked together to find the solution of the problem, so you know my reason for suspecting De Clameran as the prime mover in the robbery. As soon as I had arrived at this conclusion my task was easy. You want to know what I did? I placed trustworthy people to watch the parties in whom I was most interested. Joseph Dubois took charge of De Clameran, and Nina Gipsy never lost sight of Madame Fauvel and her niece."

"I know, and I cannot comprehend how Nina ever consented to this service."

"That is my secret," replied M. Verduret. "Having the assistance of good eyes and quick ears on the spot, I went to Beaucaire to inquire into the past, so as to link it with what I was sure to learn of the present. The next day I was at Clameran; and the first step I took was to find the son of Jean, the old valet. An honest fellow he is, too; open and simple as nature herself; and he at once guessed that I wanted to purchase some madder."

"Madder?" said Prosper with a puzzled look.

"Of course I wanted to buy his madder. I did not appear to him as I do to you now. He had madder for sale, that was evident; so we began to bargain about the price. The debate lasted almost all day, during which time we drank a dozen bottles of wine. About supper time, Jean, the younger, was as drunk as a barrel, and I had purchased nine hundred francs' worth of madder which your father will sell for me." Prosper looked so astonished that M. Verduret laughed heartily. "I risked nine hundred francs," he continued, "but thread by thread I gathered the whole history of the De Clamerans, Gaston's love affair, his flight, and the stumbling of the horse ridden by Louis. I found also that about a year ago Louis returned

and sold the château to a man named Fougeroux, whose wife, Mihonne, had a secret interview with Louis the day of the purchase. I went to see Mihonne. Poor woman! her rascally husband has pounded nearly all the sense out of her; she is almost idiotic. I convinced her that I came from some De Clameran or other, and she at once related to me everything she knew." The apparent simplicity of this mode of investigation confounded Prosper. "From that time," continued M. Verduret, "the skein began to disentangle; I held the principal thread. I now set about finding out what had become of Gaston. Lafourcade, who is a friend of your father, informed me that he bought an iron foundry at Oloron, had settled there, and died soon after."

"You are certainly indefatigable!" said Prosper.

"No, but I always strike when the iron is hot. At Oloron, I met Manuel, who had gone there to make a little visit before returning to Spain. From him I obtained a complete history of Gaston's life, and all the particulars of his death. Manuel also told me of Louis' visit; and an inn keeper described a young workman who was there at the same time, whom I at once recognized as Raoul."

"But how did you know of all the conversation between the villains?" asked Prosper.

"You evidently think I have been drawing

upon my imagination. You will soon think the contrary. While I was at work in Oloron, my assistants here did not sit with their hands in their pockets. Mutually distrustful, De Clameran and Raoul preserved all the letters they received from each other. Joseph Dubois copied most of them, and had the more important ones photographed, and forwarded the copies to me. Nina spent her time listening at all the doors, and sent me a faithful report of everything she heard. Finally, I have at the Fauvels' another means of investigation, which I will reveal to you later."

"I understand it now," murmured Prosper.

"And what have you been doing during my absence, my young friend?" asked M. Verduret.

At this question Prosper turned crimson. But he knew that it would never do to keep silent about his imprudent step. "Alas!" he stammered, "I read in a newspaper that De Clameran was about to marry Madeleine; and I acted like a fool."

"What did you do?" inquired M. Verduret anxiously.

"I sent M. Fauvel an anonymous letter, in which I insinuated that his wife was in love with Raoul —"

M. Verduret here brought his clenched fist down upon the little table near which he sat, and broke it. "Wretched man!" he cried, "you have prob-

ably ruined everything." A great change came over him. His usually jovial face assumed a menacing expression. He rose from his seat, and strode up and down the room, oblivious of the lodgers on the floor below. "But you must be a baby," added he to the dismayed Prosper, "an idiot, or, worse than that, a fool."

"Sir! "

"Here you are drowning; a brave man springs into the water after you, and just as he is on the point of saving you, you cling to his feet to prevent his swimming! What did I tell you to do? "

"Well! "

The consciousness of having done a foolish thing made Prosper as frightened as a schoolboy, accused by his teacher of playing truant. "It was night, sir," he said, "and, having a violent headache, I took a walk along the quays. I thought there would be no harm in my entering a café; I took up a paper and read the dreadful announcement."

"Was it not settled that you should have perfect confidence in me? "

"You were not here, sir; this announcement had quite upset me; you were far away, and might have been surprised by an unexpected — "

"Nothing is unexpected except to a fool! " declared M. Verduret peremptorily. "To write an

anonymous letter! Do you know to what you expose me? You are the cause of my perhaps breaking a sacred promise made to one of the few persons whom I highly esteem among my fellow beings. I shall be looked upon as a cheat, a dastard, I, who — ” He stopped abruptly, as if afraid of saying too much, and it was only after some minutes that, having become calm again, he resumed: “It is no use crying over what is done. We must try and get out of the mess somehow. When and where did you post this letter? ”

“Last night, in the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. It hardly reached the bottom of the box before I regretted having written it.”

“Your regrets should have come sooner. What time was it? ”

“About ten o’clock.”

“Then your sweet little letter must have reached M. Fauvel this morning with his other correspondence; probably he was alone in his study when he opened and read it.”

“It is not probable, it is certain.”

“Can you recall the exact words of your letter? Stop and think, for it is very important that I should know.”

“Oh, it is unnecessary for me to reflect. I remember the letter as if I had just written it.” And he repeated almost verbatim what he had written.

M. Verduret listened most attentively with a perplexed frown upon his face. "That is a formidable anonymous letter," he murmured, "to come from a person who does not deal in such things. It insinuates everything without specifying a single thing; it is vague, jeering, and treacherous. Repeat it to me." Prosper obeyed, and his second version did not vary from the first in a single word. "Nothing could be more alarming than that allusion to the cashier," said the stout man, repeating the words after Prosper. "The question, 'Is it also he who has stolen Madame Fauvel's diamonds?' is simply horrible! What could be more exasperating than the sarcastic advice, 'In your place, I would not have any public scandal, but would watch my wife?' The effect of your letter must have been terrible," he added thoughtfully, as he stood with folded arms in front of Prosper. "M. Fauvel is quick-tempered, is he not?"

"He has a very violent temper."

"Then the mischief is perhaps not irreparable."

"What! do you suppose —"

"I think that an impulsive man is afraid of himself, and seldom carries out his first intentions. That is our only chance. If, upon the receipt of your bomb-shell, M. Fauvel, unable to restrain himself, rushed into his wife's room, exclaiming, 'Where are your diamonds?' our plans are done

for. I know Madame Fauvel, she will confess all."

"Why would this be so disastrous?"

"Because, the moment Madame Fauvel opens her lips to her husband, our birds will take flight."

Prosper had never thought of this eventuality.

"Then, again," continued M. Verduret, "it would deeply distress another person."

"Any one whom I know?"

"Yes, my friend, and very well too. I should certainly be vexed to the last degree, if these two rascals escape without my being thoroughly informed about them."

"It seems to me that you know sufficient."

M. Verduret shrugged his shoulders, and asked:

"Did you not perceive any gaps in my narrative?"

"Not one."

"That is because you don't know how to listen. In the first place, did Louis de Clameran poison his brother or not?"

"Yes; I am sure of it, from what you tell me."

"There you are! You are much more certain, young man, than I am. Your opinion is mine; but what decisive proof have we? None. I skilfully questioned Dr. C. He has not the shadow of a suspicion; and Dr. C. is no quack; he is a learned and observing man of high standing. What poisons produce the effects described? I know of none; and yet I have studied all sorts of poisons,

from the digitalis used by La Pommeraye to Madame Sauvresy's aconite."

"The death took place so opportunely —"

"That anybody would suspect foul play. That is true; but chance is sometimes a wonderful accomplice in crime. In the second place, I know nothing of Raoul's antecedents."

"Is information on that point necessary?"

"Indispensable, my friend; but we will soon know something. I have sent one of my men — excuse me, I mean one of my friends — who is very expert, M. Pâlot; and he writes that he is on the track. I am interested in the history of this sentimental, skeptical young rascal. I have an idea that, had he not known De Clameran, he might have been a brave honest sort of youth."

Prosper was no longer listening. M. Verduret's words had inspired him with confidence. Already he saw the guilty men arraigned before the bar of justice; and enjoyed, in anticipation, this assize-court drama, where he would be publicly righted, after having been so openly dishonored. More than that, he now understood Madeleine, her strange conduct at the dressmaker's was explained, and he knew that she had never ceased to love him. This certainty of future happiness restored all the self-possession that had deserted him the day he found the safe robbed. For the first time

he was astonished at the peculiarity of his situation. Prosper had at first only been surprised at the protection of M. Verduret and the extent of his investigations; now he asked himself, what could have been his friend's motives for acting thus? In a word, what price did he expect for this sacrifice of time and labor? His anxiety was so great on this point that he suddenly exclaimed: "You have no longer the right, sir, to preserve your incognito with me. When you have saved the honor and life of a man, you should at least let him know whom he has to thank."

"Oh!" said M. Verduret smilingly; "you are not out of the mess yet. You are not married either; so you must, for a few days longer, have patience and faith." The clock struck six. "Good heavens!" he added. "Can it be six o'clock? I did hope to have a good night's rest, but this is no time for sleeping." He went on to the landing, and leaning over the balusters, called: "Madame Alexandre! I say, Madame Alexandre!"

The hostess of the Grand Archangel, the portly wife of Fanferlot, the Squirrel, had evidently not been to bed. This fact struck Prosper. She appeared, obsequious, smiling, and eager to please. "What do you require, gentlemen?" she inquired.

"You can send me your — Joseph Dubois, and also Palmyre, as soon as possible. Have them

sent for at once, and let me know when they arrive. I will take a little rest in the meantime."

As soon as Madame Alexandre left the room, the stout man unceremoniously threw himself on the bed. "You have no objection, I suppose," he said to Prosper. In five minutes he was fast asleep; and Prosper, more perplexed than ever, seated himself in an easy-chair and wondered who this strange man could be. About nine o'clock some one tapped timidly at the door. Slight as the noise was, it aroused M. Verduret, who sprang up, and called out: "Who is there?" But Prosper had already opened the door. Joseph Dubois, the Marquis de Clameran's valet, entered. M. Verduret's assistant was breathless from running; and his little eyes were more restless than ever.

"Well, master, I am glad to see you once more," he cried. "Now you can tell me what to do; I have been perfectly lost during your absence, and have felt like a puppet with a broken string."

"What! you allow yourself to be disconcerted like that?"

"Bless me! I think I had cause for alarm when I could not find you anywhere. Yesterday afternoon I sent you three telegrams, to the addresses you gave me, at Lyons, Beaucaire, and Oloron, and received no answer. I was almost going crazy when your message reached me just now."

" Things are getting warm, then."

" Warm! They are burning! The place is too hot to hold me any longer."

Whilst speaking, M. Verduret occupied himself in repairing his toilet, which had become disarranged during his sleep. When he had finished, he threw himself in an easy-chair, and said to Joseph Dubois, who remained respectfully standing, cap in hand, like a soldier awaiting orders: " Explain yourself, my lad, and quickly, if you please; no long phrases."

" It is just this, sir. I don't know what your plans are, or what means you have of carrying them out; but you must wind up this affair and strike your final blow very quickly."

" That is your opinion, Master Joseph! "

" Yes, master, because if you wait any longer, good-by to our covey; you will only find an empty cage, and the birds flown. You smile? Yes, I know you are clever, and can accomplish anything; but they are cunning blades, and as slippery as eels. They know, too, that they are watched."

" The devil they do! " cried M. Verduret. " Some one must have blundered."

" Oh! nobody has done anything wrong," replied Joseph. " You know that they suspected something long ago. They gave you a proof of it, the night of the fancy dress ball; I mean that ugly

cut on your arm. Ever since they have always slept with one eye open. They were feeling easier, however, when all of a sudden, yesterday, they began to smell a rat! ”

“ Was that why you sent me those telegrams? ”

“ Of course. Now listen: yesterday morning when my master got up, about ten o'clock, he took it into his head to arrange the papers in his desk; which, by the way, has a disgusting lock which has given me a deal of trouble. Meanwhile, I pretended to be making up the fire, so as to remain in the room to watch him. That man has a Yankee's eye! At the first glance he saw, or rather divined, that his sheets had been meddled with; he turned as white as a sheet, and swore an oath, such an oath! ”

“ Never mind the oath; go on.”

“ Well, how he discovered his letters had been touched I can't imagine. You know how careful I am. I had put everything back in its place just as I found it. To make sure he was not mistaken, the marquis picks up each paper, one at a time, turns it over, and smells it. I was just longing to offer him a microscope, when all of a sudden he sprang up, and kicking his chair to the other end of the room, flew at me in a fury. ‘ Somebody has been at my papers,’ he shrieked; ‘ this letter has been photographed! ’ B-r-r-r! I am not a coward, but

I can tell you that my heart stood perfectly still; I saw myself dead, cut into mince-meat; and I even said to myself, 'Fanfer — excuse me — Du-bois, my friend, you are done for.' And I thought of Madame Alexandre."

M. Verduret was buried in thought, and paid no attention to the worthy Joseph's analysis of his personal sensations. "What happened next?" he asked after a few minutes.

"Why, I was needlessly frightened after all. The rascal did not dare to touch me. To be sure, I had taken the precaution to get out of his reach; we talked with a large table between us. While wondering what could have enabled him to discover the secret, I defended myself with virtuous indignation. I said: 'It cannot be; Monsieur the Marquis is mistaken. Who would dare touch his papers?' Bah! Instead of listening to me, he flourished an open letter, saying: 'This letter has been photographed! here is proof of it!' and he pointed to a little yellow spot on the paper, shrieking out: 'Look! Smell! It is —' I forget the name he called it, but some acid used by photographers."

"I know, I know," said M. Verduret; "go on; what next?"

"Then we had a scene; such a scene! He ended by seizing me by the coat collar, and shaking me

like a plum tree, to make me tell him who I am, who I know, and where I came from. As if I know, myself! I was obliged to account for every minute of my time since I had been in his service. He was born to be an investigating magistrate. Then he sent for the hotel waiter, who attends to his rooms, and questioned him closely, but in English, so that I could not understand. After awhile he cooled down, and when the waiter was gone, presented me with twenty francs, saying: 'I am sorry I was so hasty with you; you are too stupid to have been guilty.' "

"He said that, did he? "

"He used those very words to my face, master."

"And you think he meant what he said? "

"Certainly I do."

The stout man smiled, and whistled in a way that showed that he had a different opinion. "If you think that," he said, "De Clameran was right. You are not up to much."

It was easy to see that Joseph Dubois was anxious to give his grounds for his opinion, but dared not. "I suppose I am stupid, if you think so," he replied humbly. "Well, after he had done blustering about the letters, the marquis dressed and went out. He would not take his carriage, but hired a cab at the hotel door. I thought he would perhaps disappear forever; but I was mistaken. About

five o'clock he returned as gay as a lark. During his absence, I telegraphed to you."

"What! did you not follow him?"

"No; but one of our friends did, and this friend gave me a report of the dandy's movements. First he went to a broker's, then to a bank and a discount office. It is evident he is a man of capital. I expect he intends to go on a little trip somewhere."

"Is that all he did?"

"That is all; yes. But I must tell you that the rascals tried to get Mademoiselle Palmyre shut up, 'administratively,' you understand. Fortunately, you had anticipated something of the kind, and given orders so as to prevent it. But for you she would now be in prison." Joseph left off speaking, and looked up at the ceiling by way of trying to remember whether he had not something more to say. Finding nothing, he added: "That is all. I rather think M. Patrigent will rub his hands with delight when I take him my report. He has no idea of the facts collected to swell the size of his File No. 113."

There was a long silence. Joseph was right in supposing that the crisis had come. M. Verduret was arranging his plan of battle while waiting for the report of Nina — now Palmyre — upon which depended his point of attack.

But Joseph Dubois was restless and uneasy. "What am I to do now, master?" he asked.

"Return to the hotel; probably your master has noticed your absence; but he will say nothing about it, so continue —"

Here an exclamation from Prosper, who was standing near the window, interrupted M. Verduret. "What is the matter?" he inquired.

"De Clameran is there!" replied Prosper.

M. Verduret and Joseph ran to the window. "Where is he?" they asked.

"There, at the corner of the bridge, behind the orange woman's stall."

Prosper was right. It was the noble Marquis de Clameran, who, hid behind the stall, was watching for his servant to come out of the Grand Archangel. At first the quick-sighted Verduret had some doubt whether it was the marquis, who, being skilled in these hazardous expeditions, managed to conceal himself almost entirely. But a moment came when, elbowed by the pressing crowd, he was obliged to get off the pavement in full view of the window.

"Now you see I was right!" cried the cashier.

"Well," murmured Joseph, convinced, "I am amazed!"

M. Verduret seemed not in the least surprised, but quietly said: "The hunter is now being hunted."

Well, my boy, do you still think that your noble master was duped by your pretended injured innocence? ”

“ You stated the contrary, sir,” replied Joseph in a humble tone; “ and a statement from you is more convincing than all the proofs in the world.”

“ This pretended outburst of rage was premeditated on the part of your noble master. Knowing that he is being tracked, he naturally wishes to discover who his adversaries are. You can imagine how uncomfortable he must be whilst in this uncertainty. Perhaps he thinks his pursuers are some of his old accomplices, who, being hungry, want a piece of his cake. He will remain there until you go out; then he will come in to inquire who you are.”

“ But I can leave without his seeing me.”

“ Yes, I know. You will climb the little wall separating the hotel from the wine merchant’s yard, and keep along the stationer’s area, until you reach the Rue de la Huchette.”

Poor Joseph looked as if he had just received a bucket of ice water upon his head. “ Exactly the way I was going,” he gasped out. “ I heard that you knew all the houses in Paris, and it certainly must be so.”

The stout man made no reply to Joseph’s admiring remarks. He was wondering what advantage he

could reap from De Clameran's behavior. As to the cashier, he listened wonderingly, watching these strangers, who without any apparent reason, seemed determined to win the difficult game in which his honor, his happiness, and perhaps even his life, were the stake.

"I have another idea," said Joseph after deep thought.

"What is it? "

"I can walk quietly out of the front door, and with my hands in my pockets stroll slowly back to the Hôtel du Louvre."

"And then? "

"Well! then, De Clameran will come in and question Madame Alexandre, whom you can instruct beforehand; and she is smart enough to put any joker off the track! "

"Bad plan! " pronounced M. Verduret decidedly; "a scamp so compromised as De Clameran is not easily taken in; it will be impossible to reassure him." His mind was made up; for in a brief tone of authority, which admitted of no contradiction, he added: "I have a better plan. Has De Clameran, since he found out that his papers had been touched, seen De Lagors? "

"No, sir."

"Perhaps he has written to him? "

"I'll bet you my head he has not. Having your

orders to watch his correspondence, I invented a little system which informs me every time he touches a pen; during the last twenty-four hours the pens have not been touched."

"De Clameran went out yesterday afternoon."

"But the man who followed him says he wrote nothing on the way."

"Then we have time yet!" cried Verduret. "Be quick! I give you fifteen minutes to make yourself another head; you know the sort; I will watch the rascal until you are ready."

The delighted Joseph disappeared in a twinkling, and Prosper and M. Verduret remained at the window observing De Clameran, who, according to the movements of the crowd, kept disappearing and reappearing, but was evidently determined not to quit his post until he had obtained the information he sought.

"Why do you devote yourself exclusively to the marquis?" asked Prosper.

"Because, my friend," replied M. Verduret, "because — that is my business, and not yours."

Joseph Dubois had been granted a quarter of an hour in which to metamorphose himself; before ten minutes had elapsed he reappeared. The dandified coachman with whiskers, red vest, and foppish manners, was replaced by a sinister-looking individual, whose very appearance was enough

to scare any rogue. His black cravat twisted round a paper collar, and ornamented by an imitation diamond pin; his black frock coat buttoned up to the chin; his greasy hat and shiny boots and heavy cane — revealed the myrmidon of the Rue de Jérusalem, as plainly as the uniform denotes the soldier. Joseph Dubois had vanished, and from his livery, phoenix-like and triumphant, rose the radiant Fanferlot, surnamed the Squirrel.

When he entered the room, Prosper uttered a cry of surprise, almost of terror. He recognized the man who had assisted the commissary of police in his investigation at the bank on the day of the robbery.

M. Verduret examined his follower with a satisfied look, and said: "Not bad! There is enough of the police court air about you to alarm even an honest man. You understand me perfectly."

Fanferlot was transported with delight at this compliment. "What must I do now, chief?" he inquired.

"Nothing difficult for a smart man; but remember, upon the precision of our movements depends the success of my plan. Before occupying myself with De Lagors, I wish to dispose of De Clameran. Now that the rascals are separated, we must prevent their coming together again."

"I understand," said Fanferlot, winking his eye; "I am to create a diversion."

"Exactly. Go out by the Rue de la Huchette, and hasten to the Pont St. Michel; loaf along the river bank, and finally place yourself on some of the steps of the quay, so that De Clameran may perceive he is being watched. If he fails to see you, do something to attract his attention."

"I know! I will throw a stone in the water," said Fanferlot, rubbing his hands with delight at his own brilliant idea.

"As soon as De Clameran has seen you," continued M. Verduret, "he will be alarmed, and instantly decamp. You must follow him, and he, knowing that the police are after him, will do everything to escape you. You must keep both your eyes open for he is a cunning rascal."

"I was not born yesterday."

"So much the better. You can convince him of that. Well, knowing you are at his heels, he will not dare to return to the Hôtel du Louvre, for fear of finding some troublesome visitors awaiting him. Now it is very important that he should not return to the hotel."

"But suppose he does?" said Fanferlot.

M. Verduret thought for a minute, and then replied: "It is not at all likely; but if he should, you must wait until he comes out again, and con-

tinue to follow him. But he won't enter the hotel; very likely he will take the train; but in that event don't lose sight of him, no matter if you have to follow him to Siberia. Have you money with you? "

" I will get some from Madame Alexandre."

" Very good. Ah! one word more. If the rascal does take the train, send me a line here. If he beats about the bush until night time, be on your guard, especially in lonely places; he is capable of anything."

" If necessary, may I fire? "

" Don't be rash; but, if he attacks you, of course defend yourself. Come, 'tis time you were gone."

Dubois-Fanferlot went out. M. Verduret and Prosper resumed their post of observation. " Why all this secrecy? " inquired Prosper. " De Clam-eran is guilty of ten times worse crimes than I was ever accused of, and yet my disgrace was made as public as possible."

" Don't you understand," replied the stout man, " that I wish to separate Raoul's cause from that of the marquis? But, hush! Look! " De Clam-eran had left his place near the orange woman's stand, and approached the parapet of the bridge, where he seemed to be trying to make out some unexpected object. " Ah! " murmured M. Verduret; " he has just discovered our man." De Clam-

eran's uneasiness was quite apparent; he walked forward a few steps, as if intending to cross the bridge; then, suddenly turning round, walked rapidly away in the direction of the Rue St. Jacques. "He is caught!" cried M. Verduret with delight.

At that moment the door opened, and Madame Nina Gipsy, alias Palmyre Chocareille, entered. Poor Nina! Each day since she entered Madeleine's service seemed to have aged her a year. Tears had dimmed the brilliancy of her beautiful black eyes; her rosy cheeks were pale and hollow, and her merry smile was quite gone. Poor Gipsy, once so gay and spirited, now crushed beneath the burden of her sorrows, was the picture of misery. Prosper thought that, wild with joy at seeing him, and proud of having so nobly devoted herself to his interests, Nina would throw her arms around his neck and hold him in a tight embrace. He was mistaken; and though entirely devoted to Madeleine since he knew the reason of her harshness to him, his deception affected him deeply. Nina scarcely seemed to know him. She saluted him timidly, almost like a stranger. She stood looking at M. Verduret, with a mixture of fear and devotion, like a poor dog that has been cruelly treated by its master.

He, however, was kind and gentle in his manner

towards her. "Well, my dear," he asked encouragingly, "what news do you bring me?"

"Something is going on at the house, sir, and I have been trying to get here to tell you; at last, Mademoiselle Madeleine made an excuse for sending me out."

"You must thank her for her confidence in me. I suppose she carried out the plan we decided upon?"

"Yes, sir."

"She receives the Marquis de Clameran's visits?"

"Since the marriage has been decided upon, he comes every day, and mademoiselle receives him with kindness. He seems to be delighted."

These answers filled Prosper with anger and alarm. The poor fellow, not comprehending M. Verduret's intricate moves, felt as if he were being tossed about from pillar to post, and made the tool and laughing-stock of everybody. "What!" he cried; "this worthless Marquis de Clameran, an assassin, and a thief, allowed to visit at M. Fauvel's and pay his addresses to Madeleine? Where are the promises which you made me, sir? Have you merely been amusing yourself by raising my hopes, to dash them —"

"Enough!" interrupted M. Verduret harshly; "you are really too good a young man to under-

stand anything, my friend. If you are incapable of helping yourself, at least have sense enough to refrain from stupidly importuning those who are working for you. Do you not think you have already done sufficient mischief?" Having administered this rebuke, he turned to Nina, and said in softer tones: "Go on, my child; what have you discovered?"

"Nothing positive, sir; but enough to make me nervous, and fearful of impending danger. I am not certain, but suspect from appearances, that some dreadful catastrophe is about to happen. It may only be a presentiment. I cannot get any information from Madame Fauvel; she moves about like a ghost, never opening her lips. She seems to be afraid of her niece, and to be trying to conceal something from her."

"What about M. Fauvel?"

"I was just about to tell you, sir. Some fearful misfortune has happened to him, you may depend upon it. He wanders about as if he had lost his mind. Something certainly occurred yesterday; his voice even is changed. He is so harsh and irritable that mademoiselle and M. Lucien were wondering what could be the matter with him. He seems to be on the eve of giving way to a burst of anger; and there is a wild strange look about his eyes, especially when he looks at madame. Yester-

day evening, when M. de Clameran was announced, he jumped up, and hurried out of the room, saying that he had some work to do in his study."

A triumphant exclamation from M. Verduret interrupted Nina. He was radiant. "Ah!" he said to Prosper, forgetting his bad humor of a few minutes before; "ah! what did I tell you?"

"He has evidently —"

"Been afraid to give way to his first impulse; of course he had. He is now seeking for proofs of your assertions. He must have them by this time. Did the ladies go out yesterday?"

"Yes, a part of the day."

"What became of M. Fauvel?"

"The ladies took me with them; we left M. Fauvel at home."

"There is no longer a doubt, now!" cried the stout man; "he looked for proofs, and found them too! Your letter told him exactly where to go. Ah, Prosper, that unfortunate letter gives more trouble than everything else together."

These words seemed to throw a sudden light on Nina's mind. "I understand it now!" she exclaimed. "M. Fauvel knows everything."

"That is, he thinks he knows everything; and what he has been led to believe, is worse than the true state of affairs."

"That accounts for the order which M. Cavailon overheard him give to his valet, Evariste."

“What order?”

“He told Evariste to bring every letter that came to the house, no matter to whom addressed, into his study, and hand it to him; saying that, if this order was disobeyed, he should be instantly discharged.”

“At what time was this order given?” asked M. Verduret.

“Yesterday afternoon.”

“That is what I was afraid of,” cried M. Verduret. “He has clearly made up his mind what course to pursue, and is keeping quiet so as to make his vengeance more sure. The question is, Have we still time to counteract his projects? Have we time to convince him that the anonymous letter was incorrect in some of its assertions?”

He tried to hit upon some plan for repairing the damage done by Prosper’s foolish letter. “Thank you for your information, my dear child,” he said after a long silence. “I will decide at once what steps to take, for it will never do to sit quietly and let things go on in this way. Return home without delay, and be careful of everything you say and do; for M. Fauvel suspects you of being in the plot. Send me word of anything that happens, no matter how insignificant it may be.”

Nina, thus dismissed, did not move, but asked timidly: “What about Caldas, sir?”

This was the third time during the last fortnight that Prosper had heard this name, Caldas. The first time, it had been whispered in his ear by a respectable-looking, middle-aged man, who promised him his protection on one of the days he was at the Préfecture. The second time, the investigating magistrate had mentioned it in connection with Nina's history. Prosper thought over all the men he had ever been connected with, but could recall none named Caldas.

The impassible M. Verduret started and trembled at the sound of this name, but, quickly recovering himself, said: "I promised to find him for you, and I will keep my promise. Now you must go; good-by."

It was twelve o'clock, and M. Verduret suddenly remembered that he was hungry. He called Madame Alexandre, and the all-powerful hostess of the Grand Archangel soon placed a tempting breakfast before Prosper and his protector. But the dainty meal failed to smooth M. Verduret's perplexed brow. To the eager questions and complimentary remarks of Madame Alexandre, he merely answered: "Hush, hush! let me alone; keep quiet."

For the first time since he had known the stout man, Prosper saw him betray anxiety and hesitation. He remained silent as long as he could, and

then uneasily said: "I am afraid I have embarrassed you very much, sir."

"Yes, you have dreadfully embarrassed me," replied M. Verduret. "What on earth to do now, I don't know! Shall I hasten matters, or keep quiet and wait for the next move. And I am bound by a sacred promise. Come, I must go and consult the investigating magistrate. He can perhaps assist me. You had better come too."

* * * * *

As M. Verduret had anticipated, Prosper's anonymous letter had a terrible effect upon M. Fauvel. It was morning. M. Fauvel had just entered his study to attend to his correspondence. After opening a dozen letters on business, his eyes fell on the fatal missive. Something about the handwriting struck him as peculiar. It was evidently disguised, and although, owing to the fact of his being a millionaire, he was in the habit of receiving anonymous communications, sometimes abusive, but generally begging for money, this particular letter filled him with a presentiment of evil. With absolute certainty that he was about to read of some calamity, he broke the seal, and unfolding the coarse writing paper of the café, commenced to read. What he read was a terrible blow to a man whose life hitherto had been an unbroken chain of prosperity, who

could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remembering any sorrow deep enough to bring forth a tear. What! his wife deceive him! And among all men, to choose one vile enough to rob her of her jewels, and force her to be his accomplice in the ruin of an innocent young man! For did not the letter before him assert this to be the fact, and tell him how to convince himself of its truth? M. Fauvel was as bewildered as if he had been knocked on the head with a club. It was impossible for his scattered ideas to take in the enormity of what these dreadful words intimated. He seemed to be mentally and physically paralyzed, as he sat there staring blankly at the letter. But in a few minutes his reason returned.

Thus were realized all M. Verduret's presumptions. He had said, "If M. Fauvel does not yield to his first impulse, if he stops to reflect, we have time to repair the harm done." And after long and painful meditation, the banker had finally decided to wait and watch his wife. There was one simple means of ascertaining the truth. The letter stated that his wife's diamonds had been pawned. If it lied in this instance, he would treat it with the scorn it deserved. But if, on the other hand, it should prove to be true! At this moment, the servant announced that lunch was served, and M. Fauvel looked in the glass before leaving his study, to see

if his face betrayed the emotion he felt. He was shocked at the sight of his haggard features. "Shall I be able to control my feelings?" he asked himself. At table he did his utmost to look unconcerned, he talked incessantly, related several stories, hoping thus to distract the attention of the others. But, all the time he was talking, he was casting over in his mind various expedients for getting his wife out of the house long enough for him to search her room. At last he asked Madame Fauvel if she were going out at all that day.

"Yes," she replied, "the weather is dreadful, but Madeleine and I have some pressing matters to see after."

"At what time do you think of starting?"

"Immediately after lunch."

He drew a long breath as if relieved of a great weight. In a short time he would be able to learn the truth. His uncertainty was so torturing to the unhappy man that to it he preferred anything else, even the most dreadful reality. Lunch over, he lighted a cigar, but did not remain in the dining-room to smoke it, as was his habit. He went into his study, pretending he had some pressing work to attend to. He took the precaution to send Lucien out so as to be quite alone. After the lapse of half an hour, he heard the carriage drive away with his wife and niece. Hurrying into

Madame Fauvel's room, he opened her jewel drawer. Several of the cases he knew she possessed were missing, those that remained — there were ten or twelve of them — were empty. The anonymous letter had told the truth. "Oh, it cannot be!" he gasped in broken tones. "It is not possible!" He wildly pulled open other drawers in the hope of finding the jewels. Seemingly nothing was changed in his existence; he was not materially injured; the objects around him remained the same; and yet what a commotion had taken place, a commotion more unheard of, surprising than the changing of night into day. What! Valentine, the pure young girl whom he had so loved and married in spite of her poverty; Valentine, the tender, loving wife, who had become dearer and dearer to him as years rolled on; could she have been deceiving him? She, the mother of his sons! His sons? Bitter thought! Were they his sons? If she could deceive him now when she was silver-haired had she not deceived him when she was young? Not only did he suffer in the present, but the uncertainty of the past tortured his soul.

M. Fauvel did not long remain in this dejected state. Anger and a thirst for vengeance gave him fresh strength, and he determined to sell his past happiness dearly. He well knew that the fact of

the diamonds being missing was not sufficient ground upon which to base an accusation. But he had plenty of means of procuring other proofs. He began calling his valet, and ordering him to bring to him every letter that should come to the house. He then telegraphed to a notary at St. Remy, for minute and authentic information about the De Lagors family, and especially about Raoul. Finally, following the advice of the anonymous letter, he went to the Préfecture of Police, hoping to obtain De Clameran's biography. But the police, fortunately for many people, are as discreetly silent as the grave. They guard their secrets as a miser his treasure. Nothing but an order from the Public Prosecutor could reveal the secrets of those terrible green boxes which are kept in an apartment by themselves, guarded like a banker's strong room. M. Fauvel was politely asked what motives urged him to inquire into the past life of a French citizen; and, as he declined to state his reasons, he was told he had better apply to the above-mentioned functionary. This advice he could not follow. He had sworn that the secret of his wrongs should be confined to the three persons interested. He chose to avenge his own injuries, to be alone the judge and executioner. He returned home more enraged than ever; there he found a telegram answering the one which he had

sent to St. Remy. It was as follows: "The De Lagors are very poor, and there has never been any member of the family named Raoul. Madame De Lagors has no son, only two daughters." This information was the final blow. The banker thought, when he discovered his wife's infamy, that she had sinned as deeply as woman could sin; but he now saw that she had practiced a deception more shocking than the crime itself.

"Wretched creature!" he cried with anguish; "in order to see her lover constantly, she dared present him to me under the name of a nephew who never existed. She had the shameless courage to introduce him beneath my roof, and seat him at my fireside, between myself and my sons; and I, confiding fool that I was, welcomed the villain, and lent him money."

That day he succeeded in concealing his agitation, and kept up a flow of talk during the whole time the dinner lasted. But at about nine o'clock, when De Clameran called, he hastened from the house, for fear that he would be unable to control his indignation, and did not return home until late in the night. The next day he reaped the fruit of his prudence. Among the letters which his valet brought him at noon, was one bearing the post-mark of Vésinet. He carefully opened the envelope, and read, "DEAR AUNT — It is im-

peratively necessary for me to see you to-day; so I expect you. I will explain why I am prevented from calling at your house. — *RAOUL.*”

“ I have them now! ” cried M. Fauvel, trembling with satisfaction at the near prospect of vengeance. Eager to lose no time, he opened a drawer, took out a revolver, and examined the hammer to see if it worked easily. He certainly imagined himself alone, but a vigilant eye was watching his movements. Nina immediately upon her return from the Grand Archangel, stationed herself at the key-hole of the study door, and saw all that occurred. M. Fauvel laid the weapon on the mantelpiece, and nervously resealed the letter, which he then took to the place where the letters were usually left, not wishing his wife to know that Raoul’s letter had passed through his hands. He was only absent a few minutes, but inspired by the imminence of the danger, Nina darted into the study, and rapidly extracted the cartridges from the revolver. “ By this means,” she murmured, “ the immediate peril is averted, and M. Verduret will now perhaps have time to act. I must send Cavaillon to tell him what is happening.”

She hurried downstairs, and sent the clerk with a message, telling him to leave it with Madame Alexandre, if M. Verduret had left the hotel. An hour later, Madame Fauvel ordered her carriage,

and went out. M. Fauvel jumped into a hackney coach, and followed her.

“God grant that M. Verduret may be in time!” said Nina to herself, “otherwise Madame Fauvel and Raoul are lost.”

* * * * *

THE day that the Marquis de Clameran perceived that Raoul de Lagors was the only obstacle between him and Madeleine, he swore that the obstacle should be removed. He at once took steps for the accomplishment of his purpose. As Raoul was walking home at Vésinet about midnight, he was assailed at a lonely spot not far from the station by three men, who, determined, so they said, to see the time by his watch, fell upon him suddenly, and but for Raoul's wonderful strength and agility, would have left him dead on the spot. As it was, he soon, by his skilfully plied blows, for he was proficient in fencing, and had learned boxing in England, made his enemies take to their heels. He quietly continued his walk home, fully determined in future, to be well armed when he went out at night. He never for an instant suspected his accomplice of having instigated the assault. But two days afterwards, while sitting in a café he frequented, a burly, vulgar-looking man, a stranger to him, tried to draw him into a quarrel about nothing, and finally threw a card in his face,

saying he was ready to grant him satisfaction when and where he pleased. Raoul rushed towards the man to chastise him on the spot; but his friends held him back.

"Very well, then," said he; "be at home to-morrow morning, sir, and I will send two of my friends to you." As soon as the stranger had left, Raoul recovered from his excitement, and began to wonder what could have been the motive for this evidently premeditated insult. Picking up the card of the bully, he read:

W. H. B. JACOBSON

*Formerly Garibaldian volunteer,
Ex-staff officer of the armies of the South,
(Italy, America).
30, Rue Leonie.*

"Oh! oh!" thought Raoul, "this glorious soldier may very possibly have won his laurels in a fencing school!"

Still the insult had been offered in the presence of others; and, no matter who the offender was, it must be noticed. Raoul requested two of his friends to call upon M. Jacobson early the next morning, and make arrangements for the duel. It was settled that they should render him an account of their mission at the Hôtel du Louvre, where he arranged to sleep. Everything being ar-

ranged, Raoul went out to find out something about M. Jacobson. He was an expert at the business, but he had considerable trouble. The information he obtained was not very promising. M. Jacobson, who lived in a very suspicious-looking little hotel, frequented chiefly by women of loose character, was described to him as an eccentric gentleman, whose means of livelihood was a problem difficult to solve. He reigned despotically at an ordinary near by, went out a great deal, came home very late, and seemed to have no capital to live upon, save his military titles, his talent for entertaining, and a notable quantity of various expedients.

“That being his character,” thought Raoul, “I cannot see what object he can have in picking a quarrel with me. What good will it do him to run a sword through my body? Not the slightest; and, moreover, his pugnacious conduct is apt to attract the attention of the police, who from what I hear, are the last people this warrior would like to have after him. Therefore, for acting as he has done, he must have some reasons which I am unable to discern.”

The result of his meditations was, that Raoul, upon his return to the Hôtel du Louvre, did not mention a word of his adventure to De Clameran, whom he still found up. At half-past eight his seconds arrived. M. Jacobson had agreed to fight,

and had chosen the sword; but it must be that very hour, in the Bois de Vincennes. Raoul felt very uneasy, nevertheless he boldly said: "I accept the gentleman's conditions." They went to the place decided upon, and after an interchange of a few thrusts Raoul was slightly wounded in the right shoulder. The "Ex-staff officer of the armies of the South" wished to continue the combat; but Raoul's seconds — brave young men — declared that honor was satisfied and that they had no intention of subjecting their friend's life to unnecessary hazards. The ex-officer was forced to submit, and unwillingly retired from the field. Raoul went home delighted at having escaped with nothing more serious than a little loss of blood, and resolved to keep clear of all so-called Garibaldians in the future. In fact, a night's reflection had convinced him that De Clameran was the instigator of the two attempts on his life. Madame Fauvel having told him what conditions Madeleine placed on her consent to marry, Raoul instantly saw how necessary his removal would be, now that he was an impediment in the way of De Clameran's success. He recalled a thousand insignificant events of the last few days, and, on skilfully questioning the marquis, had his suspicions changed into certainty. This conviction that the man whom he had so materially assisted in his criminal plans, had

hired assassins to make away with him, made him mad with rage. This treason seemed, to him, monstrous. He was as yet not sufficiently experienced in ruffianism to know that one villain always sacrifices another to advance his own projects; he was credulous enough to believe in the old adage, of "honor amongst thieves." His rage was naturally mingled with fright, well knowing that his life hung by a thread, when it was threatened by a daring scoundrel like De Clameran. He had twice miraculously escaped; a third attempt would more than likely prove fatal. Knowing his accomplice's nature, Raoul saw himself surrounded by snares; he saw death before him in every form; he was equally afraid of going out, and of remaining at home. He only ventured with the most suspicious caution into the most public places; he feared poison as much as the assassin's knife, and imagined that every dish placed before him tasted of strychnine. This life of torture was intolerable, so with a desire for revenge as much as with a view of securing his personal safety, he determined to anticipate a struggle which he felt must terminate in the death of either De Clameran or himself. "Better kill the devil," said he, "than be killed by him." In his days of poverty, Raoul had often risked his liberty to obtain a few guineas, and would not have hesitated to make short work

of a person like De Clameran. But with money prudence had come. He wished to enjoy his four hundred thousand francs without being compromised by committing a murder which might be discovered; he therefore began to devise some other means of getting rid of his dreaded accomplice. In the meantime, he thought it would be a good thing to thwart De Clameran's marriage with Madeleine. He was sure that he would thus strike him to the heart, and this was at least a satisfaction. Raoul was persuaded that, by openly siding with Madeleine and her aunt, he could save them from De Clameran's clutches. Having fully resolved upon this course, he wrote a note to Madame Fauvel asking for an interview. The poor woman hastened to Vésinet convinced that some new misfortune was in store for her. Her alarm was groundless. She found Raoul more tender and affectionate than he had ever been. He saw the necessity of reassuring her, and winning his old place in her forgiving heart, before making his disclosures. He succeeded. The poor lady had a smiling and happy look as she sat in an armchair, with Raoul kneeling beside her.

"I have distressed you too long, my dear mother," he said in his softest tones; "but I repent sincerely; now listen to me."

He had not time to say more; the door was vio-

lently thrown open, and Raoul, springing to his feet, was confronted by M. Fauvel. The banker had a revolver in his hand, and was ghastly pale. It was evident that he was making super-human efforts to remain calm, like a judge whose duty it is to justly punish crime.

"Ah," he exclaimed with a horrible laugh, "you look surprised. You did not expect me? You thought that my imbecile credulity assured you an eternal impunity!"

Raoul had the courage to place himself before Madame Fauvel, and to stand prepared to receive the expected bullet.

"I assure you, uncle," he began.

"Enough!" interrupted the banker with an angry gesture, "let me hear no more infamous falsehoods! End this odious comedy, of which I am no longer the dupe."

"I swear to you —"

"Spare yourself the trouble of denying anything. Do you not see that I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who committed the robbery for which an innocent man was arrested and imprisoned!"

Madame Fauvel, white with terror, fell upon her knees. At last it had come — the dreadful day had come. Vainly had she added falsehood to falsehood; vainly had she sacrificed herself and others; all was

discovered. She saw that she was lost, and wringing her hands, with her face bathed in tears, she moaned: "Pardon, André! I beg you, forgive me!"

At these heart-broken tones, the banker shook like a leaf. This voice brought before him the twenty years of happiness which he had owed to this woman, who had always been the mistress of his heart, whose slightest wish had been his law, and who, by a smile or a frown, could make him the happiest or the most miserable of men. Could this wretched woman crouching at his feet be his beloved Valentine, the pure, innocent girl whom he had found secluded in the *château* of La Verberie? Could this be the cherished wife whom he had worshipped for many years? In the memory he seemed to forget the present.

"Unhappy woman," he murmured, "unhappy woman! What had I done that you should thus deceive me? Ah, my only fault was loving you too deeply, and letting you see it. One wearies of everything in this world, even happiness. Did pure domestic joys pall upon you, and weary you, driving you to seek the excitement of sinful passion? Were you so tired of the atmosphere of respect and affection which surrounded you, that you must needs risk your honor and mine by braving public opinion? Oh, into what an abyss you

have fallen, Valentine! If you were wearied by my constant devotion, had the thought of your children no power to restrain your evil passions? ”

M. Fauvel spoke slowly, with painful effort, as if each word choked him. Raoul, who listened with attention, saw that if the banker knew some things, he certainly did not know all. He saw that erroneous information had misled the unhappy man, and that he was a victim of false appearances. He determined to convince him of the mistake under which he was laboring.

“ Sir,” he began, “ will you consent to listen — ”

But the sound of Raoul’s voice was sufficient to break the charm. “ Silence! ” cried the banker with angry oath; “ silence! ”

For some moments nothing was heard but the sobs of Madame Fauvel.

“ I came here,” continued the banker, “ with the intention of surprising and killing you both. I have surprised you, but — my courage, yes my courage fails me — I cannot kill an unarmed man.”

Raoul once more tried to speak.

“ Let me finish! ” interrupted M. Fauvel. “ Your life is in my hands; the law excuses the vengeance of an outraged husband, but I refuse to take advantage of it. I see on your mantle-piece a revolver similar to mine; take it, and defend yourself.”

“Never!”

“Defend yourself!” cried the banker raising his weapon, “if you do not —”

Seeing the barrel of M. Fauvel’s revolver close to his breast, Raoul in self-defense seized his own and prepared to fire.

“Stand in that corner of the room, and I will stand in this,” continued the banker; “and when the clock strikes, which will be in a few seconds, we will both fire together.”

They took the places designated, and stood perfectly still. But the horror of the scene was too much for Madame Fauvel to witness it any longer without interposing. She understood but one thing; her son and her husband were about to kill each other before her eyes. Fright and horror gave her strength to rise and rush between the two men.

“For God’s sake, have mercy, André!” she cried, turning to her husband and wringing her hands with anguish; “let me tell you everything; don’t kill him.”

M. Fauvel mistook this burst of maternal love, for the pleadings of an adulterous wife defending her lover. He roughly seized his wife by the arm, and thrust her aside; “Get out of the way!” he cried.

But she would not be repulsed; rushing up to Raoul, she threw her arms around him, and said to

her husband: "Kill me, and me alone; for I alone am guilty."

At these words M. Fauvel's rage knew no bounds, he deliberately took aim at the guilty pair, and fired. As neither Raoul nor Madame Fauvel fell, the banker fired a second time; then a third. He was preparing for a fourth shot, when a man rushed into the room, snatched the revolver from the banker's hand, and, throwing him on the sofa, ran towards Madame Fauvel. This man was M. Verduret, who had been warned by Cavaillon, but who did not know that Nina had previously withdrawn the charges from M. Fauvel's weapon.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "she is unhurt."

But the banker had already regained his feet. "Leave me alone," he cried, struggling to get free, "I will have vengeance!"

M. Verduret seized his wrists in a vice-like grasp, and in a solemn tone, so as to give more weight to his words, he said: "Thank God you are saved from committing a terrible crime; the anonymous letter deceived you."

M. Fauvel never once thought of asking this stranger who he was and where he came from. He heard and understood but one fact: The anonymous letter had lied. "But my wife confesses her guilt," he stammered.

"Yes," replied M. Verduret, "but not of the crime you imagine. Do you know who that man is, that you wish to kill?"

"No."

"Her son!"

The presence of this well-informed stranger seemed to confound Raoul and to frighten him more than M. Fauvel's threats had done. Yet he had sufficient presence of mind to say: "It is the truth!"

The banker looked wildly from Raoul to M. Verduret; then, fastening his haggard eyes on his wife exclaimed: "What you tell me is not possible! Give me proofs!"

"You shall have proofs," replied M. Verduret, "but first listen."

And rapidly, with his wonderful talent for exposition, he related the principal events of the drama he had discovered. The true state of the case was terribly distressing to M. Fauvel, but nothing compared with what he had suspected. His throbbing, yearning heart told him that he still loved his wife. Why should he punish a fault committed so very long ago, and atoned for by twenty years of devotion and suffering? For some moments after M. Verduret had finished his explanation, M. Fauvel remained silent. So many strange events had happened, following each other

in such quick succession, and culminating in the shocking scene which had just taken place, that M. Fauvel seemed to be too bewildered to think clearly. If his heart counselled pardon and forgetfulness, wounded pride and self-respect demanded vengeance. If Raoul, the baleful witness, the living proof of a far-off sin, were not in existence, M. Fauvel would not have hesitated. Gaston de Clameran was dead; he would have held out his arms to his wife, saying: "Come to my heart! your sacrifices for my honor shall be your absolution; let the sad past be forgotten." But the sight of Raoul froze the words upon his lips.

"So this is your son," said he to his wife, "this man, who has plundered you and robbed me!"

Madame Fauvel was unable to utter a word in reply to these reproachful words.

"Oh!" said M. Verduret, "Madame will tell you that this young man is the son of Gaston de Clameran; she has never doubted it. But, the truth is —"

"What!"

"That in order to swindle her more easily, he has perpetrated a gross imposture."

During the last few minutes Raoul had been quietly creeping towards the door hoping to escape while no one was thinking of him. But M. Verduret, who anticipated his intention, was watch-

ing him out of the corner of his eye, and stopped him just as he was about leaving the room. "Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the apartment; "It is not polite to leave us so unceremoniously. Let us have a little explanation before parting!"

M. Verduret's jeering words and mocking manner were a revelation for Raoul. "The merry-andrew!" he gasped, starting back with an af-frighted look.

"The same, my friend," said the stout man. "Ah, now that you recognize me, I confess that the merry-andrew and myself are one and the same; here is proof of it." And turning up his sleeve he showed his bare arm. "I think that this recent wound will convince you of my identity," he continued. "I imagine you know the villain that gave me this little decoration, that night I was walking along the Rue Bourdaloue. That being the case, you know, I have a slight claim upon you, and shall expect you to relate to us your little story." But Raoul was so terrified that he could not utter a word. "Your modesty prevents your speaking," said M. Verduret. "Bravo! modesty belongs to talent, and for one of your age you certainly have displayed a talent for knavery."

M. Fauvel listened without understanding a

word of what was said. "Into what abyss of shame have we fallen!" he groaned.

"Reassure yourself, sir," replied M. Verduret in a serious tone. "After what I have been constrained to tell you, what remains to be said is a mere trifle. This is the end of the story. On leaving Mihonne, who had given him a full account of the misfortunes of Mademoiselle Valentine de La Verberie, De Clameran hastened to London. He had no difficulty in finding the farmer's wife to whom the old countess had intrusted Gaston's son. But here an unexpected disappointment greeted him. He learned that the child, who was registered on the parish books as Raoul-Valentin Wilson, had died of the croup when eighteen months old."

Raoul tried to protest. "Did anyone dare say that?" he commenced.

"It was not only stated, but proved, my pretty youth," replied M. Verduret. "You don't suppose I am a man to trust to mere gossip; do you?" He drew from his pocket several stamped documents, and laid them on the table. "These are the declarations of the nurse, her husband, and four witnesses. Here is an extract from the registry of births, this is a certificate of registry of death; and all these are authenticated at the French Embassy. Now are you satisfied, young man?"

"What next?" inquired M. Fauvel.

"De Clameran," replied M. Verduret, "finding that the child was dead, supposed that he could, in spite of this disappointment, obtain money from Madame Fauvel; he was mistaken. His first attempt failed. Having an inventive turn of mind, he determined that the child should come to life again. Among his large circle of rascally acquaintances he selected the young fellow who stands before you."

Madame Fauvel was in a pitiable state. And yet she began to feel a ray of hope; her acute anxiety had so long tortured her, that the truth was a relief. "Can this be possible?" she murmured, "can it be?"

"What?" cried the banker; "can an infamous plot like this be planned in the present day?"

"All this is false!" said Raoul boldly.

M. Verduret turned to Raoul, and, bowing with ironical respect, said: "You desire proofs, do you? You shall certainly have convincing ones. I have just left a friend of mine, M. Pâlot, who brought me valuable information from London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you the little story he told me, and then you can give your opinion of it. In 1847 Lord Murray, a wealthy and generous nobleman, had a jockey named Spencer, of whom he was very fond. At the Epsom races this jockey was thrown from his horse, and

killed. Lord Murray grieved over the loss of his favorite, and having no children of his own, declared his intention of adopting Spencer's son, who was then but four years old. Thus James Spencer was brought up in affluence as heir to the immense wealth of the noble lord. He was a handsome, intelligent boy, and gave satisfaction to his protector until he was sixteen years of age, when he became intimate with a worthless set of people, and went to the bad. Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults; but one fine morning he discovered that his adopted son had been imitating his signature upon some checks. He indignantly dismissed him from his house, and told him never to show his face there again. James Spencer had been living in London about four years, managing to support himself by gambling and swindling, when he met De Clameran, who offered him twenty-five thousand francs to play a part in a little comedy which he had himself arranged."

"You are a detective!" interrupted Raoul, not caring to hear any more.

The stout man smiled blandly.

"At present," he replied, "I am merely Prosper Bertomy's friend. It depends entirely upon yourself, as to which character I shall hereafter appear in."

"What do you require me to do?"

"Where are the three hundred and fifty thousand francs which you have stolen?"

The young rascal hesitated a moment and then said: "The money is here."

"Very good. This frankness will be of service to you. I know that the money is in this room, and also that it is at the bottom of that cupboard. Do you intend to refund it?"

Raoul saw that his game was lost. He tremblingly went to the cupboard, and pulled out several rolls of bank notes, and an enormous package of pawnbroker's tickets.

"Very well done," said M. Verduret, as he carefully examined the money and papers; "this is the most sensible step you ever took."

Raoul relied on this moment, when everybody's attention would be absorbed by the money, to make his escape. He crept towards the door, gently opened it, slipped out, and locked it, for the key was on the outside.

"He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel.

"Of course," replied M. Verduret, without even looking up; "I thought he would have sense enough to do that."

"But is he to go unpunished?"

"My dear sir, would you have this affair become a public scandal? Do you wish your wife's

name to be brought into a case of this nature at the police court? ”

“ Oh! sir.”

“ Then the best thing you can do is to let the rascal go. Here are receipts for all the articles which he has pawned, so that we should consider ourselves fortunate. He has kept fifty thousand francs, but that is all the better for you. That sum will enable him to leave France.”

Like every one else, M. Fauvel yielded to M. Verduret’s ascendancy. Gradually he had awakened to the true state of affairs; prospective happiness no longer seemed impossible. With earnest gratitude he seized M. Verduret’s hand, and said in broken tones: “ Oh, sir! How can I ever repay the great service you have rendered me? ”

M. Verduret reflected a moment, and then replied: “ If you consider yourself under any obligations to me, sir, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“ A favor! you! ask of me! Speak, sir, you have but to name it. My fortune and my life are at your disposal.”

“ I will not hesitate, then, to explain myself. I am Prosper’s friend. You can restore him to his former honorable position. You can do that much for him, sir! He loves Mademoiselle Madeleine — ”

“ Madeleine shall be his wife, sir,” interrupted the banker; “ I give you my word. And I will so

publicly exonerate him, that not a shadow of suspicion will ever rest upon his name."

The stout man quietly took up his hat and cane, as if he had been paying an ordinary call. "You will excuse my importuning you," said he, "but Madame Fauvel —"

"André," murmured the wretched woman, "André!"

The banker ran to his wife, and, clasping her in his arms, said tenderly: "No, I will not be foolish enough to struggle against my heart. I do not pardon, Valentine; I forget; I forget all!"

M. Verduret had nothing more to do at Vésinet. Without taking leave of the banker, he quietly left the room, and, jumping into his cab, ordered the driver to return to Paris, and drive to the Hôtel du Louvre as rapidly as possible. His mind was filled with anxiety. He knew that Raoul would give him no more trouble; the young rogue was now probably far off. But De Clameran should not escape unpunished; but how, without compromising Madame Fauvel, was the problem to be solved. M. Verduret thought over various expedients. De Clameran would certainly escape before long. He was bemoaning his inability to come to a satisfactory decision, when the cab stopped in front of the Hôtel du Louvre. It was almost dark. A crowd of people was collected round

about the entrance, eagerly discussing some exciting event which seemed to have just taken place.

"What has happened?" asked M. Verduret of one of the crowd.

"The strangest thing you have ever heard of," replied the man: "yes, I saw it with my own eyes. He first appeared at that seventh story window, he was only half dressed. Some men tried to seize him; but, bah! with the agility of a squirrel, he jumped out upon the roof, shrieking, 'Murder! murder!' The recklessness of his conduct led me to suppose —" The gossip stopped short in his narrative, very much surprised and vexed; his questioner had vanished.

"If it should be De Clameran!" thought M. Verduret; "if terror has deranged that brain, so capable of working out great crimes!"

While thus talking to himself, he elbowed his way into the courtyard of the hotel. At the foot of the principal staircase he found M. Fanferlot and three peculiar looking individuals waiting together.

"Well!" cried M. Verduret, "What has happened?"

"This is what has happened, sir," said Fanferlot dejectedly. "I am doomed to ill luck. You see how it is; this is the only chance I ever had of

working out a beautiful case, and puff! my criminal goes and sells me."

"Then it is De Clameran who —"

"Of course it is. When the rascal saw me this morning, he scampered off like a hare. You should have seen him run, I thought he would never stop this side of Ivry; but not at all. On reaching the Boulevard des Ecoles, a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he made a bee-line for his hotel; I suppose, to secure his pile of money. Directly he gets here, what does he see? these three friends of mine. The sight of these gentlemen had the effect of a sunstroke upon him; he went raving mad on the spot."

"Where is he now?"

"At the Préfecture, I suppose. Some policemen handcuffed him, and drove off with him in a cab."

M. Verduret and Fanferlot found De Clameran in one of the private cells reserved for dangerous prisoners. He had on a strait-waistcoat, and was struggling violently against three men, who were striving to hold him, while a physician tried to force him to swallow a potion.

"Help!" he shrieked, "help, for God's sake! Do you not see my brother coming after me? Look! he wants to poison me!"

M. Verduret shuddered as he left the Préfecture. "Madame Fauvel is saved," he murmured,

"since God has himself punished De Clameran! The File No. 113 will never leave its portfolio."

* * * * *

ONE morning some days later, M. Lecoq — the official Lecoq, who resembles the head of a department — was walking up and down his private office, looking at the clock at every moment. At last, a bell rang, and the faithful Janouille ushered in Madame Nina and Prosper Bertomy.

"Ah," said M. Lecoq, "you are punctual, my fond lovers; that is well."

"We are not lovers, sir," replied Madame Gipsy. "Only M. Verduret's orders have brought us together here to meet him."

"Very well," said the celebrated detective; "then be good enough to wait a few minutes; I will tell him you are here."

During the quarter of an hour that Nina and Prosper remained alone together, they did not exchange a word. Finally a door opened, and M. Verduret appeared.

Nina and Prosper eagerly started towards him; but he checked them by one of those looks which no one ever dared to resist. "You have come," he said severely, "to hear the secret of my conduct. I have promised, and will keep my word, however painful it may be to my feelings. Listen,

then. My best friend is a loyal, honest fellow, named Caldas. Eighteen months ago this friend was the happiest of men. Infatuated by a woman, he lived for her alone, and, fool that he was, imagined that as she owed all to him, she loved him."

"Yes!" cried Nina, "yes, she loved him!"

"So be it. She loved him so much, that one fine night she went off with another man. In his first moments of despair, Caldas wished to kill himself. Then he reflected that it would be wiser to live, and avenge himself."

"But then —" faltered Prosper.

"Then Caldas avenged himself in his own way. He made the woman who deceived him recognize his immense superiority over his rival. Weak, timid, and without intelligence the latter was disgraced and falling into the abyss, where Caldas' powerful hand saved him. For you have understood, have you not? The woman is Nina; the seducer is yourself; and Caldas is —"

With a quick, dexterous movement, he threw off his wig and whiskers, and stood before them the real, intelligent and proud Lecoq.

"Caldas!" cried Nina.

"No, not Caldas, nor Verduret either, but Lecoq, the detective!"

There was a moment of astonished silence, then

M. Lecoq turned to Prosper and said: "It is not to me alone that you owe your salvation. A noble girl in confiding in me rendered my task easy. I mean Mademoiselle Madeleine; I promised her that M. Fauvel should never know anything. Your letter made it impossible for me to keep my promise. That is all."

He turned to leave the room, but Nina stopped him. "Caldas," she murmured, "I implore you to have pity on me! I am so miserable! Ah, if you only knew! Be forgiving to one who has always loved you, Caldas! Listen—"

Prosper departed from M. Lecoq's office alone.

* * * * *

On the fifteenth of last month was celebrated, at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, the marriage of M. Prosper Bertomy and Mademoiselle Fauvel.

The banking house is still in the Rue de Provence; but as M. Fauvel has determined to retire from business, and live in the country, the name of the firm has been changed, and is now: "Prosper Bertomy & Co."

PART III

FOREWORD TO PART III

THE greatest achievement in all detective annals — considering its character and scope — the subjugation of the reckless but resolute “Mollie Maguires” in Pennsylvania fifty years ago by Allan Pinkerton, is detailed by him in the present volume — a breathless narrative. The atmosphere of sheer fact — which is never lost sight of even by the most ingenious of dealers in imaginary detective fiction — is further contributed to in the story of the formation of the first thoroughly-trained detective force in America under Inspector Thomas Byrnes of New York City, with some familiar side-lights on the character of that remarkable man.

To take up the fictional thread again, two of the first and best tales by acknowledged past-masters of the art, Anna Katharine Green and Conan Doyle, are presented, and in addition an early tale of Stevenson’s which is quite worthy of a place in this redoubtable company.

J. L. F.

Inspector Byrnes

COSTELLO

THE Editor has permitted himself a little "historical" latitude in order to set the great figure of Inspector Byrnes in the proper background. Unknown to the present generation, he is the foremost example of a great operative in the entire history of the New York Police Department. As will be seen from the accompanying narrative the detective-service was rather primitive before his time. He reorganized it, applied new methods, and for the first time in the history of New York City showed what a Police officer could really accomplish. Byrnes was a genius as a policeman and the memory of his achievements will pervade and uplift the morale of "the finest" for many a day to come. — EDITOR.

Inspector Byrnes

A. E. COSTELLO ¹

IN Chief Matsell's time Detectives were called "shadows."² After Sergeant Lefferts, who was appointed to the command of the Detective Squad in 1857, and who served for one year, Captain George W. Walling, of the City Hall Station, was placed in charge. He alternated between the station house and the Detective office, which was in the basement of the then Headquarters, in Broome Street. He remained in command from 1858 to 1860. Next came John Young, who served from 1860 to 1867. He was succeeded by James J. Kelso, who was in charge from 1867 to 1870, and who retired to make room for James Irving. Irving's term extended from 1870 to 1875. Captain James Kealy was the next commandant, and remained as such from 1876 to 1880. Then the present incumbent, Inspector Byrnes, took charge. This really marked the first serious and successful

¹ From *Our Police Protectors*. New York, 1885.

² 1893.

attempt to give New York City a Detective Department worthy of the name.

In the latter part of 1857 the Board of Police adopted a resolution giving to the Deputy Superintendent the power to detail to his office twenty Policemen, to be designated "Detectives." This resolution was carried into effect by Deputy Superintendent Carpenter, by selecting those whose peculiar talents adapted them for such important service. Some of those men had for years belonged to the old force, and were attached to the office of George W. Matsell. Others were highly recommended by their respective Captains. And others, newly appointed members, but whose character for integrity and experience of life in New York, rendered them valuable acquisitions to the Detective force.

This force was divided into squads, each squad having particular cognizance of a certain class of crimes. Their instructions were to make themselves thoroughly conversant with the mode and manner by which each species of crime was committed, and the class of persons engaged in its commission.

Besides looking after these particular duties, they were directed to attend at night all large assemblies, and to arrest or drive away all known pickpockets, or others whose actions led them to

suppose they were pickpockets, or thieves of any kind. Also, to arrest any known pickpockets they might see in a crowd, and carefully to watch all known shoplifters, and to take such measures as they might deem expedient to prevent their committing any depredations.

Sergeant William H. Lefferts was appointed a special aid, and placed in command of this squad.

At the suggestion of Mr. Lefferts, there was established in the Detective office an ambrotype gallery, composed of pickpockets, shoplifters, watch-stuffers, etc., as well as those arrested for crime of a higher grade. This gallery was open to the view of the public, particularly those who had suffered by the loss of their property, or been otherwise imposed upon.

In 1859 the Detective force of New York and Brooklyn consisted of such number of Patrolmen, not exceeding forty, as the General Superintendent might detail for that service. The Detective force of Brooklyn was under the immediate command of the Deputy Superintendent; but the Detective force of New York, because of its larger number, was under the command of a Captain of the Police, and constituted a company corresponding to that of a precinct, and was subject to the general rules and regulations governing the company of a precinct. The members of the force in the different

precincts assigned to Detective duties (if any) should report to the Captain of the Twenty-fifth Precinct (Detective force), as well as to the Captain of their respective precincts, at or before nine o'clock each morning.

Nine years after, or to be categorical, in the year 1866, restrictions were drawn closer; other rules were adopted. Each member of the Detective Squad was obliged to make daily report to the superintendent of the business transactions submitted to his care, the progress made therein, and the disposition and results of each case, and such report was certified to by the Captain in command of said squad. The likeness of persons collected for the use of the Detective Squad should not be exhibited to any person, unless such person was accompanied by an officer of the Department.

Other rules and regulations for the government of the Detective Squad were promulgated in the years 1873 and 1877, some of which may be referred to briefly as follows:

A book of records, of complaints, and applications, calling for the services or attention of the Detective Squad, was kept in the Detective Office under the supervision of the Superintendent; and in his absence, the Office Inspector had supervision of all Detective business in general and in detail; and it was the duty of the Superintendent, or in

his absence, the Office Inspector, to give special attention to the business, and see that all proper Detective cases were diligently and properly attended to and worked up. The Captain and each member of the Detective Squad should report to the Superintendent, or in his absence, to the Office Inspector, all complaints and applications requiring the services of the Detective Squad, and have a proper record made thereof; and the Superintendent or his representative were authorized to assign officers to the investigation of all Detective cases; and each member of the Detective Squad should report to the Superintendent or Office Inspector concerning his action in each case assigned, from time to time, to his charge, and as often as required; such reports should be verified by the Captain. A record of arrests, by the Detective Squad, of all persons imprisoned at the Central Department, was kept in the Detective office, in which were entered the name of the person arrested, with a full description of such person, the time and cause of arrest, and the disposition made of each prisoner arrested. The Superintendent should, on the first of each month, make a report in writing to the Board of Police for the month preceding such report, of all arrests by the Detective Squad, and of all persons held in custody at the Central Department, setting forth the time

and cause of arrest in each case, and how and when each case was disposed of.

The officer commanding the Detective force should keep a blotter and record of all the Police transactions of the "Special Service Squad," with the lost time of all the members thereof, and make a morning return to the Superintendent, under the rules and regulations applicable to precincts, and make out and attend to the settlement of the payroll, and pay off the members of the Squad. He possessed the same powers, and performed the same duties relating to the discipline of the Squad as were conferred and enjoined on the Captains of precincts.

On May 25, 1882, the Detective Bureau was created by an Act of the legislature. This was done at the urgent solicitation of Inspector Byrnes. Forty Detective Sergeants were then appointed, with an increased salary of one thousand six hundred dollars per annum.

On May 8, 1883, all the Ward Detectives were consolidated under one head, and placed under Inspector Byrne's jurisdiction, he believing that united action was necessary in order to cope more successfully with existing evils. Most of the Ward Detectives were sent on post duty, and their places filled by younger men from the various precincts. Subsequently, this arrangement was dispensed with,

and the Ward Detectives were sent back to do service as before under the direct command of the Captain of their respective precincts.

Inspector Thomas Byrnes came to this country from Ireland when he was quite a child. In 1863 he was appointed Patrolman in the Fifteenth Precinct, and after five years of Patrol duty he was appointed Roundsman in the Third Precinct. In 1869 he was made Sergeant, and in 1870 attained the rank of Captain, when he was assigned to the Twenty-third Precinct. He was then successively transferred to the Twenty-third, Twenty-first and Fifteenth Precinct, thence to the Broadway Squad. He then returned to the Fifteenth, and remained there until he was sent to Headquarters and took charge of the Detective Bureau. He was raised to the rank of Inspector in 1880.

When interrogated by the Roosevelt Committee as to his official pedigree, Inspector Byrnes gave the following responses:

By Mr. Russell: Q. How old are you? A. Forty-three, going on forty-four. Q. You are now Inspector of Police, are you? A. Yes, sir. Q. How long have you been Inspector? A. Four years. Q. Of what Bureau are you the head? A. The Detective Bureau. Q. Have you been the head of that Bureau ever since you were appointed Inspector? A. Before that, while I was under

the Captain. Q. How long have you been on the Police force? A. Nearly twenty-one years. Q. What is the date of your first appointment? A. December 10, 1863. Q. As Patrolman? A. Yes, sir. Q. How long did you remain a Patrolman? A. About four years. Q. And then you became what? A. Roundsman, Sergeant and Captain. Q. When did you become a Roundsman? A. Latter part of 1868. Q. How long were you Roundsman? A. Ten or twelve months. Q. And then you were appointed Sergeant? A. Yes, sir. Q. How long a Sergeant? A. About a year. Q. And was appointed Captain when? A. I think it was in 1870; July 1, 1870. Q. And you remained a Captain until what date? A. April 23, 1880. Q. You were in what precinct as Captain? A. Twenty-third, Twenty-first, Fifteenth and Twenty-fifth. Q. What is the number of the precinct where you were when you first came here? A. The Fifteenth. Q. And it was in your precinct that the Manhattan Bank burglary occurred? A. Yes, sir. Q. And you got a good share of the burglars? A. I did; we became intimate; you were Assistant District Attorney at the time in the prosecution of those cases. Q. When you became Inspector of Police, or when you took charge of the Detective Bureau, what was done? A. The Commissioners sent for me. Q. What Commissioners? A. Mr.¹ French; he was

¹ Stephen B.

President of the Board, and I assume he was very desirous of making a change in that Bureau; he thought it was inefficient in some respects, and wanted to have it reorganized; I was transferred there on the twelfth of March, 1880. I found there some twenty-eight or thirty men, some of whom had been there for very many years; the place was in a state of disorganization; there did not appear to be any head to it at all, and I came to the conclusion that morning, after calling the roll and looking the men over, that if there was any Detective talent in the Police Department it should be used during the daytime in the lower part of the city. On that day, the twelfth of March I went down to Wall Street and hired an office, No. 17, and stationed ten men there, from nine and a half in the morning until four in the afternoon. A day or two after that Mr. Brayton Ives¹ had an interview with me and asked what I intended to do. I told him that I intended, if possible, to protect those gentlemen from thieves, as there had been a great deal of money for the last four or five years stolen there, amounting probably to one or two million dollars; he asked me how he could assist me in any way. I said if anything occurs in your office you would have to send to Police Headquarters, over two miles. In establishing this Bureau I intend to connect it, with telephone, to

¹ President of the Stock Exchange

every bank and banking house in every part of New York, and you ought to have an officer from the time you ask for him by telephone, in any part of the lower section of the city, in any of those banks or banking houses, in the course of from one to five minutes. He thought it was a very good thing and called a meeting of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and I was called before them, and made that statement to them. I said: "If I come here and do your work, and do it for nothing, and be able to do it better than anybody else (and what I do I am responsible for), you will give me your work after awhile quicker than to a man that is responsible to nobody." Q. Give us the result? A. They gave me an office in the Stock Exchange; they connected that office by telephone with every bank and banking house in the lower part of New York, so that if any of those banking houses want an officer, in about five minutes I can have a Detective in any bank in the lower part of New York. Q. Was it the wish on the part of the Police Commissioners that you should take charge of that work? A. The Police Commissioners expressed the wish through Mr. French. Q. You are at liberty to express to this committee what the result has been. A. Immediately after that — if you will pardon me and let me go back, the twelfth of March, 1880, I

think it was twenty-one men out of twenty-eight were transferred from the office — and their places substituted by new men whom I selected from various parts of the city, and educated them to do Detective duty. From the twelfth of March, 1880, until to-day, they have not lost a ten cent stamp in Wall Street by a professional thief; not a penny, not a cent. Q. Have you in your possession the statistics of the arrests made through your Bureau? A. I think I gave it to you. Q. You may state, if you will, the work of your Bureau for the last few years. A. I would like to state here that from the twelfth of March, 1876, to the twelfth of March, 1880, there were one thousand nine hundred and forty-three arrests made by the Detective force for the four years previous to my going to that office; they got five hundred and five years of conviction; for the four years that I have been there, ending on the twelfth of last month, there were three thousand three hundred and twenty-four persons arrested, and they got two thousand four hundred and eighty-eight years, two months and three days of conviction; we have recovered nearly six hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. Q. State in detail; take each of those cases that you have tabulated. A. I have them marked down here as follows: "Misdemeanors" — Q. State them in detail. A. There were one

thousand eight hundred and eighty-four felonies, eight hundred and thirty-six misdemeanors, six hundred and thirty-four suspicious persons; arrested for insanity, fifteen; truancy, forty-six; for violating the poor law, twenty-nine; gambling, twenty-five; felonies, and delivered to the authorities in other cities, two hundred and eighteen; sent to the State Prison, three hundred and fifty-eight; to the Penitentiary, two hundred and ninety-one; to the City Prison, fifty-nine; to House of Refuge, twenty-seven; Elmira, ninety-four; hanged, one; arrested for murder, thirty-five."

When Inspector Byrnes accepted his present trust, and was transferred to Police Headquarters on the twelfth of March, 1880, he found, after he had assumed control, thirty-one men classified as Detectives, a clerk who was not a member of the Police force, and who simply kept the books of the office without any responsibility being imposed on him other than that of an ordinary employee. These Detectives had been at Police Headquarters for several years, had grown old in the service, and a great many of them were unfit to perform their duties satisfactorily. There were also some young men among them who had not the slightest conception of their duty as Detective officers, who used to loll around in the morning until the roll was called. Nobody had the remotest

idea where these men kept themselves from the time they left the office in the morning until roll-call on the following morning. Inspector Byrnes, from his intimate knowledge of the Police Department, having risen from the ranks, and having had charge of a precinct adjoining Police Headquarters for a number of years, had a thorough knowledge of the ability and shortcomings of almost every man in the office.

When the Inspector took command at Headquarters, had called the roll, and had looked the men over, he came to the conclusion that there must be a radical change, and that the worthless members should be promptly weeded out. This was no easy task. The duties and responsibilities of his office were of the most trying and onerous nature, but Inspector Byrnes, with his characteristic energy, overcame them all. He soon fashioned the raw material of his office into shape, and under his manipulation the Detective Department, from being a very unpretentious and not over useful arm of the Police service, suddenly blazed into national importance, earning in an inconceivably short space of time a world wide reputation.

In the neighborhood of Wall Street, where a great portion of the financial business of the country is transacted, gangs of thieves of the

better class — such as bank sneaks, forgers, and adroit pickpockets, had for years been carrying on their depredations. The disappearance of tin boxes containing money, bonds, and valuable papers, was almost of monthly occurrence, and complaints were very frequent. The Inspector thought that the men engaged in Wall Street and that neighborhood, who were doing a business of millions and millions every day, were entitled to special Police protection. About eleven o'clock on the same day that he had been appointed to take charge of the Detective Bureau, he went down town and hired a room at his own expense at No. 17 Wall Street. He returned to his office, and the next morning selected nine of his best men and sent them down to the new office to cover that section of the city bounded by Fulton Street on the north, Greenwich on the west, down to the Battery, and across to the East River. He at once gave positive orders to his men to arrest any thief that might be found within the specified district who could not give a good account of himself as being there for legitimate purposes. On the afternoon of the thirteenth of March, 1880, Brayton Ives sent for the Inspector, and asked him what he intended doing in that locality relative to the protection of business interests. Inspector Byrnes said that he intended to establish a special Detective bureau in

Wall Street, and that he would succeed in protecting business people from the machinations of thieves. The Inspector further explained to Mr. Ives that the New York Police Detectives were a responsible body, and that the private Detectives, who were often employed by financiers, were in a great many cases not over scrupulous in their official dealings. The result of the interview was that the President of the Stock Exchange invited Inspector Byrnes to take possession of, and establish his business in, a room of the Stock Exchange. This invitation was accepted, and ten or twelve Detectives are now constantly on hand in that building. So complete is the system thus established that, on receipt of a call, a Detective can be sent to almost any place in the lower part of the city in two or three minutes. There is, in fact, no more perfect system of Detective supervision in any part of the world, and, as a consequence, thieves have given Wall Street and its vicinity a wide berth, whereas previously thousands had been stolen. Any attempt to enumerate the distinguished achievements of Inspector Byrnes within ordinary limits would be futile.

Inspector Byrnes' methods are not new. But like all bright and successful men, the very commonplaces of his profession assume the witchery of originality when manipulated by his practiced hand.

Like the few really clever men who, by their astuteness and sagacity, have lifted the prosaic and plodding life of a Detective into the realms of romance, Inspector Byrnes is a consummate judge of human nature, and can "size a man for all he's worth" with an unerring judgment that is intuitive. His manners, too, are adapted to the profession which he adorns. He can be "all things to all men," as circumstances demand. In his official capacity as the head and guiding spirit of the Detective Department, he fills the bill in every particular.

No man has been more constantly or prominently before the public as the Nemesis of the law than Inspector Byrnes. In this respect no man in this country, or in Europe, holds so commanding a position. His name as a successful chief of Detectives will for all time be associated with Vidocq, Coco-Lacour, and M. Mace, whose fame is worldwide.

"But how do Detectives operate?" is a question frequently propounded by the uninitiated. A proper answer to this query would make a very interesting book in itself. There is no manual, no set rule, to control or guide a Detective. It is safe to say that a Detective, unlike a poet, is made, not born. If he be a man of average astuteness, alertness and physical activity, in time the ex-

periences of his calling and the circumstances with which he has to struggle, will fully educate him up to the proper standard in his warfare on the criminal classes. Our Detectives are men who have been admirably trained, who have seen active service, who are veterans but still retain the ardor and enthusiasm of novices, directed and controlled by good judgment and a wise discretion. The corps consists of forty Detective Sergeants, who, animated by their chief, keep in check the whole criminal population of this city, a fact which speaks for itself. They follow the chase with the zest of hunters; and when they run down their quarry, their countenances flush with real delight. Such men must possess nerves of steel, and the highest courage—the true courage, that finds itself alone, and in the dark in the presence of a constant danger, but a danger of an unknown kind, which may suddenly assume the least expected shape.

The devotion of these men is not always understood, even in New York, though many instances of this quality is recorded. The sagacity with which the red Indian follows the trail of his enemies, in Fenimore Cooper's works, is not greater than the eager keenness with which a New York Detective scents his prey. Sometimes he watches under the shadow of a wall a whole winter night,

under heavy snow, cutting sleet, drenching rain, or piercing wind; or stands for a day before one of our many fashionable hotels, theatres, or big dry goods, or banking houses; wherever his duty calls him, waiting and watching for the favorable opportunity to lay a firm and relentless hand on the shoulder of the transgressor, who, desperado as he generally is, and armed, finds himself overmatched and overreached at the game at which he has played in his warfare on society. The perseverance born of such experiences is extraordinary, and only equals its sagacity and penetration. It happens with some mental talents as it happens with the muscles of the body; through continual exercise they become developed beyond measure. Habitual close observation, and great experience, enable them, from the most insignificant signs, to construct a complete theory, which is seldom incorrect; just as the practiced physician sees at a glance the nature of a patient's malady. It is related of Cauler (a celebrated French Detective) that, from four words written on a piece of paper in which some butter was wrapped up, he discovered the clue to a murder. This is characteristic of Detectives as a class. They, in time, acquire a wonderful memory, and they never fail to recognize a face they have once seen, however altered or disguised it may be. A single instance of this

may be cited. One day Inspector Byrnes and the writer left the public thoroughfare of Broadway, in the vicinity of Police Headquarters, and strolled into the less frequented by-ways, while the Inspector, who was on his way home, was explaining the facts in the case of a recent arrest of some importance, the writer being then attached to the *Herald* Police Bureau as a reporter. The Inspector is an inveterate smoker. As usual, he was enjoying the weed, and in his peculiarly earnest way he was, while talking, seemingly absorbed in his subject, and apparently oblivious to all things else. Without raising his eyes, altering his tone, or changing his gait, he remarked: "See that fellow on the other side of the street; isn't he a dandy? I'll bet five dollars I know him." The reporter looked and beheld a "solitary figure," a nobby young man with a silk "tile," a silk-lined overcoat, and carrying a cane. His face was not within view, as he was walking in the same direction, but faster, and he was some yards in advance. "One of your friends, eh?" queried the reporter, languidly and mechanically, the interruption not being relished. There was a queer twinkle in the Inspector's eye. Removing his cigar, he uttered a low but penetrating sibilant sound with his half-closed lips. The man heard it, started, looked back over his shoulder, turned pale, and

stood still. "I told you so," said the Inspector, with a quiet and amused smile, addressing himself to the reporter, who was now wide-awake and interested. "Sam," said the Inspector, still moving ahead in a half-abstracted manner, as before. The petrified statue again heard, and regaining animation, he slowly crossed the street diagonally and stood by the side of the Inspector and reporter, looking nervous, but remaining silent. "You are looking splendid, Sam; times must be good," said the Inspector, with a chilling sarcasm in his tone. The man's teeth were chattering now; his tongue refused to give utterance to his thoughts, and the change that had come over him in a brief moment was both radical and remarkable. From being the rakish-looking, light-hearted sport, he was metamorphosed into a cringing, frightened, abject creature, with pallid cheeks, downcast eyes, and cowering form. The three men were standing still now. The Inspector, critical and austere, the stranger cringing and frightened, and the reporter curious and observant. "It is a long time since I saw you, Sam; I thought you dead or —"

"Sam" at last found his tongue. "I know what you want to add, Inspector. The latter supposition is the correct one. I have been in a tight snap; did my bit and have been out a few

months. For God's sake don't run me in. I swear to you I have been keeping straight."

The man's knees shook under him, and his voice was husky with emotion.

"Sam," said the Inspector, very quietly and almost gently, only for the frigidness of the tone. "It is a long time since we've met. You did not look quite so dapper then; and there have been times since when I would have given a finger nail to have found you. How long is it since the night you shot at the officer and escaped over the house-tops?" "Six years, going on seven, Inspector," said the man thus interrogated.

"Call at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Sam," said the Inspector, moving a step forward, "I want to have a word with you privately."

The man bent his head, stood still a second, and then darted forward in a rapid walk, never once looking back.

"This is the second time I have ever met or seen that man in my life," said the Inspector, in a reminiscent way and reflectively. "The first time, he and two other men were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a butcher wagon highway robbery case. Proof of guilt could not be brought home to Sam, and he was let go; but he was a

marked man. Some months after a Broadway store was broken into, the burglars surprised, two of them captured, the third making his way to the roof, and, when pursued, emptying his pistol at the officer, none of the balls taking effect, however. I always suspected Sam of being that man, and, in his fright, now he has confessed to it." "Will he not get away out of the city?" "Not a bit of it; he is too much scared for that; besides, he is shadowed. Look there!"

At that moment Sam disappeared around the corner of a street, and a man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up (it was in winter) came into view, stood still a brief second, threw a salute in the direction of the Inspector, which was returned, accompanied by a low chuckle on the part of the Inspector, and the mysterious figure in the flowing ulster rapidly disappeared in the direction "Sam" had taken.

One more incident may be narrated.

The case of the Frenchman, Louis Hanier, who was shot dead on his own stairway, at midnight, by the young "tough" McGloin, who, with others, had broken into Hanier's liquor store for the purpose of robbery, will readily be recalled. For some time the murder remained a deep mystery. Inspector Byrnes dispatched one of his trustiest men to investigate the circumstances of

the case. This man was sent on no novel or untried mission. Having made an exhaustive study of the scene of the murder, and familiarized himself with such facts in connection therewith as were obtainable, he returned to report progress to his chief. Practically he had accomplished but very little, if anything at all; theoretically he had, in his own estimation, achieved wonders. From these bewildering theories and fancies, Inspector Byrnes, by a process of inductive reasoning, sifted the very small grains of fact, and on this established his case. Three glasses had been found on the counter, each containing a small quantity of brandy. The Inspector fastened on this one central clue. His first exclamation was: "It was Hanier's rum that killed him." This remark was unintelligible to the Detective to whom it had been made. "I mean," said the Inspector, to his puzzled subordinate, "that three men (young men, most probably) were engaged in the murder. They broke into Hanier's saloon more with the expectation of finding rum than money. They drank deeply, and the brandy crazed their brains. They became noisy, and Hanier, arming himself, came to the stair-landing, when one of the half-drunken rowdies let fire at him, wounding him fatally. Terrified at their bloody work, all three escaped."

The Inspector could reason the case thus

far, but there, in the absence of more specific data, he was stopped. But he had come to one highly important conclusion. He had settled it in his mind that the murderer was to be found among the young rowdy element (and there was a superabundance of the material) in the neighborhood. At the autopsy the bullet was found. Now, then, this was a tangible clue. Calling a dozen of his best men, the Inspector instructed them singly, giving each to understand that he was the only man on the case, and pledging him to strict secrecy, to make a tour of all the gun shops, pawnbrokers shops, etc., of the city, and find out if cartridges of the calibre found in the body of the wounded man, or a revolver carrying that calibre bullet, had been sold within a reasonable period. A week or ten days previous to the shooting several such sales had been made. All these were investigated without arriving at tangible results. A box of cartridges, it had been learned, was sold to a youth about a week previous to the murder. They were of the calibre sought after. This clue was followed up, and this was the beginning of the solving of the mystery of the murder of Louis Hanier. Inspector Byrnes had arrived at just conclusions; his handling of the case was marked by great Detective sagacity, and the subsequent steps taken by him to fasten guilt on the beardless murderer, who had

boasted of being a "tough," and gloried in having knocked out his man, were characterized by good judgment, sagacity, penetration and energy — qualities which Inspector Byrnes possesses in an eminent degree.

To unravel plots, unmask falsehoods, and extort the truth, is singularly interesting to those practiced in the arts of mental warfare. The members of the Detective force are so accustomed to the study of human physiognomy that an involuntary change of countenance may reveal a weak spot, whence confession may be extracted from the criminal. Stern, harsh language, or threats, only harden the criminal, and render him more impenetrable; words of kindness are the only means of unlocking his tongue. No man understands this better than Inspector Byrnes himself. Even the greatest ruffians are amenable to the influences of a friendly address, and no man is so utterly depraved or lost as not to possess a soft chord in his heart. The question is how to strike upon it. None but a master hand can play upon this chord. Inspector Byrnes' imperturbable temper and his keenness of intellect enable him to subdue the most obstinate and tenacious prisoner; and it is possible that some of his remarkable success may have been achieved by valuable hints furnished him by grateful criminals, as no man knows better how to be

just and at the same time merciful than Inspector Byrnes. Such hints, doubtless, have, on occasions, assisted him in unraveling many an entangled skein.

“I never met a thief in my life, provided he could benefit by peaching on his confederates, from whom I could not find out anything I was desirous to know. There is no such thing as honor among thieves,” is one of Inspector Byrnes’ maxims.

McParlan and The "Mollie Maguires"

PINKERTON

MEN are still living who remember the reign of terror inaugurated by the "Mollie Maguires" in the coal regions of Pennsylvania more than half a century ago. It is quite enough to state that no similar demonstration ever attained the force and effectiveness of this outbreak in all the history of this country. The forces of law and order were powerless, and finally after nearly a decade with the outlook always growing worse Allan Pinkerton was instructed to take the matter in hand. He was the one man who could do the job. This greatest of American executives and operatives was born in Scotland—and performed eminent Secret Services to the government during the Civil War, at one time being body-guard to President Lincoln. The story of his chief operative—McParlan—in the campaign against the "Mollies" reads like a romance—there is nothing in all detective literature to compare with it—and yet it is—every word of it—true—gathered from the detective's daily detailed reports and his subsequent conversations with Mr. Pinkerton. The book from which these extracts are taken is long out of print and will probably never be reprinted, and while the story may seem rather long for a book of selections we are sure our readers will follow it breathlessly—it is entirely new to the present generation. — EDITOR.

McParlan and the "Mollie Maguires"

ALLAN PINKERTON

EARLY in the month of October, 1873, I was in Philadelphia, and one day received a note from Mr. F. B. Gowen, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company saying that he desired to see me at his place of business. I immediately responded to the invitation, accompanied by Superintendent Franklin, and met the gentleman in his private apartment, in the Company's elegant building on Fourth Street.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Pinkerton," said the President of the two great Pennsylvania corporations after we had exchanged greetings, "upon business of importance."

I made known my willingness to hear what it was.

"The coal regions are infested by a most des-

perate class of men, banded together for the worst purposes — called, by some, the “Buckshots,” by others the “Mollie Maguires” — and they are making sad havoc with the country. It is a secret organization, has its meetings in hidden and out-of-the-way places, and its members, I have been convinced ever since my residence in Pottsville and my connection with the criminal courts as District Attorney in the county of Schuylkill, are guilty of a majority of all the murders and other deeds of outrage which, for many years, have been committed in the neighborhood. I wish you to investigate this mysterious order, find out its interior workings, expose its evil transactions, see if the just laws of the State cannot again be made effective in bringing criminals to justice. At present, whenever an assassination is consummated, and, as a consequence, a trial is instituted, a convenient *alibi* steps forward and secures for the prisoner his freedom. Municipal laws are thus incapable of execution; sheriffs of counties are powerless, and the usual run of detectives are of as little value as the open, uniformed police of the different cities. All of these have been tested, and all have failed. Now, if you cannot disperse the murderous crew, or give us grounds upon which to base prosecutions, then I shall believe that it never will be effected.”

I considered the proposition for a moment, turn-

ing over in my mind the magnitude of the labor to be performed.

“ Let me think of it a little,” I answered; “ and, in the meantime tell me more about the ‘ Mollie Maguires.’ ”

“ As far as we can learn, the society is of foreign birth, a noxious weed which has been transplanted from its native soil — that of Ireland — to the United States, some time within the last twenty years. It lived and prospered in the old country considerably earlier. Its supporters there were known as “ Ribbonmen,” the “ White Boys,” and sometimes as “ Mollie Maguires,” but their modes of procedure were the same as now pursued in the coal regions. Men were then, as they are at this time, killed — sometimes in broad daylight, sometimes at night, and invariably by strangers — persons at least unknown to chance spectators, and the parties violently put out of the way. Suspected individuals would be apprehended, but in the end nobody could be found able to identify the criminals. It was only after a protracted struggle in Ireland that the proper evidence could be elicited to convict the tools doing the bloody behests of the society. I suppose it will not be easy to do this in Pennsylvania. The same minds, the same combinations, are to be encountered here. The “ Mollies ” rule our people with a rod of iron. They do this

and make no sign. The voice of the fraternity is unheard, but the work is performed. Even the political sentiments of the commonwealth are moulded by them, and in their particular field they elect or defeat whomsoever they may please. They control, in a measure, the finances of the State. Their chiefs direct affairs this way, and that way, without hinderance. Men without an iota of moral principle, they dictate the principles of otherwise honorable parties. In its ultimate results this complexion of affairs in Pennsylvania touches, to a considerable degree, the interests of the citizens of the whole country. Wherever anthracite is employed is also felt the vise-like grip of this midnight, dark-lantern, murderous-minded fraternity. Wherever in the United States iron is wrought, from Maine to Georgia, from ocean to ocean — wherever hard coal is used for fuel, there the "Mollie Maguire" leaves his slimy trail and wields with deadly effect his two powerful levers: secrecy — combination. Men having their capital locked up in the coal-beds are as obedient puppets in his hands. They have for some time felt that they were fast losing sway over that which by right should be their own to command. They think, with some show of reason, their money would have profited them as much had it been thrown to the fishes in the sea, or devoted to the devour-

ing flames. Others, wishing to engage in mining operations, and who are possessed of the capital and experience necessary, are driven away. They cannot intrust their hard-earned property to a venture which will be at the beck and call of a fierce and sanguinary rabble and its heedless and reckless directors. They wisely turn aside and seek other and less hazardous uses for their talents and their means. The entire population of this State feel the shock, and it is in due season communicated to the most distant parts in which anthracite is used and ores reduced or smelted."

I had heard of many assassinations by these "Mollie Maguires," and also about those performed by the Ku-Klux and similar political combinations in the Southern States. It had always seemed to me that it was a sacred duty which Pennsylvania owed to herself, to her own citizens, and to the country at large, to clear her garments of the taint resting upon them and bring to punishment the persons who, for so many years, habitually outraged decency, spilt human blood without stint, and converted the richest section of one of the most wealthy and refined of all the sisterhood of States into a very golgotha — a locality from which law-abiding men and women might soon be forced to flee, as from the threatened cities of the plain, or from a spot stricken with plague and pestilence.

“I will enter upon the business, but it will require time, sharp work, and plenty of both!”

“Yes! We duly appreciate this,” responded Mr. Gowen. “What we want, and everybody wants, is to get within this apparently impenetrable ring; turn to the light the hidden side of this dark and cruel body, to probe to its core this festering sore upon the body politic, which is rapidly gnawing into the vitals and sapping the life of the community. Crime must be punishable in the mountains of Pennsylvania, as it is in the agricultural counties, and in all well-regulated countries. We want to work our mines in peace, to run our passenger and freight trains without fear of the sudden loss of life and property through the malicious acts of the “Mollie Maguires”; we want people to sleep unthreatened, unmolested in their beds, undisturbed by horrid dreams of midnight prowlers and cowardly assassins; we want the laboring-men, of whatever creeds or nationalities, protected in their right to work to secure sustenance for their wives and little ones, unawed by outside influences. We want the miner to go forth cheerfully to the slope, or the shaft, for labor in the breast or in the gangway, wherever it may seem to him for the best, void of the fear in his heart when he parts from his wife at the cottage-gate in the morning, that it may be their last farewell on earth, and by evening his

bullet-riddled corpse may be taken back to his home, the only evidence that he has encountered the murderer — the agent of those who would compel him to refuse all employment unless the regulations of the order were complied with. The State cannot attain these things; she has repeatedly tried, and tried in vain. You can do it. I have seen you tested on other occasions and in other matters, and know your ability to conduct the business; we are willing to supply everything within our power to make your task a success."

"I believe that it can be accomplished, but I am also aware that it is a stupendous undertaking. I accept the responsibility, however, with its accompanying consequences, which, I perceive, will prove no small burden to bear. I also see that I shall encounter no little difficulty in detailing from the many able and trustworthy men in my force one perfectly qualified for this very unusual charge. And an error in the outset would bring irreparable disaster before the end could be reached. It is no ordinary man that I need in this matter. He must be an Irishman, and a Catholic, as only this class of persons can find admission to the "Mollie Maguires." My detective should become, to all intents and purposes, one of the order, and continue so while he remains in the case before us. He should be hardy, tough, and capable of laboring,

in season and out of season, to accomplish, unknown to those about him, a single absorbing object. In the meanwhile, I shall have to exact from you a pledge that, whoever I may dispatch upon this errand, he shall not, through you, become known to any person as a detective. This is highly necessary to be strictly attended to. If possible, you should shut your eyes to the fact that I have an employé of my Agency working in the mining country. If you can do so consistently, it might as well be given out to everybody interested that the idea of investigating the "Mollies" through the means of detectives, if ever thought of, has been abandoned as a hopeless job, and that the present status of affairs in the mines is totally incapable of being changed. Take the further precaution that my name, and those of my superintendents and employés, do not appear upon any of your books. Keep my reports in your own custody, away from all prying eyes. I would also ask, if my agents are engaged for one week, for one month, or for years, that these requests still be complied with, and further, whatever may be the result of the examination, no person in my employ — unless the circumstances are greatly changed and I demand it — shall ever be required to appear and give testimony upon the witness stand."

"To all of this I give willing consent. I se

how necessary it is. As I said before, we will do anything in our power, and within the bounds of reason, to aid you and protect your detectives."

I then agreed that the operation should begin as soon as I might make the proper arrangements, and, after some further conversation, principally upon the purely financial portion of the engagement, took my leave.

Immediately after leaving Mr. Gowen's office I telegraphed for Mr. Bangs, General Superintendent. He arrived from New York early the ensuing day, and a consultation was held in my private parlor, over the business offices of the Agency, at No. 45 South Third Street, Mr. Bangs, Mr. Franklin and myself forming the parties to the council. The details of the case were discussed at length and a general plan of operations decided upon, after which I started for my return trip westward.

It was the ending of a delightfully cool and pleasant Indian summer day, and as I was being rapidly whirled through the most beautiful portion of New Jersey, my face toward the open window, inhaling the invigorating atmosphere, and enjoying a view of the fast-fading, swift-passing panorama of plain and valley, village and stream, I continually dwelt upon the service in which I had recently enlisted. Forgetting the sunset, the agreeable

evening, and every immediate surrounding, my mind was absorbed in contemplating the subject then nearest my heart. Mentally I brought in review the different devoted attachés of the Agency, who, through nativity and early training, were eligible to the place to be filled. All were trustworthy, as far as that went; all were courageous, faithful and efficient in positions and under circumstances ordinarily calling for the exercise of these qualities. But the man now wanted was to meet peculiar dangers. He must be perfectly qualified in every respect, or he would not do. It was no discredit to my corps of detectives, that I quickly dismissed many of them as inadequate for the duty. It was not their fault. Had I one man who would go against his life-long habits, early impressions, education, and his inherited as well as acquired prejudices? Was there one who held sufficiently broad and deeply-grounded notions of the real duty of a true Irishman to his country and his fellow-countrymen to intrust with this great mission? I believed that I had, but which one was it in the number thus, in my mind, competing for the honor? He must be able to distinguish the real from the ideal moral obligation, and pierce the veil separating a supposed from an actual state of affairs. He must have the gift of seeing that the misguided people of the mining districts who had joined this

order were unquestionably working evil, and only evil, to Ireland, Irishman, and the church, in lieu of doing their native land and their kindred at home and in America a service.

While Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, had early placed his seal of condemnation upon the "Mollie Maguires" in the coal regions, and the clergy had followed, almost to a man, in bringing the individual members of the clan before them and their congregations, and heaped dread maledictions upon their heads, calling the persons by name in public, and even cut them from the church until such time as they should renounce their membership, still I knew many good Catholics, and honest men at heart, were remaining in the organization, and that, in some more peaceable sections of the State, the priesthood, if not tacitly countenancing the society said little against it. To their credit be it stated, however, they were unanimous in their abhorrence of the violent acts of the "Mollie Maguires" in Schuylkill, Carbon, Columbia, and Luzerne counties. I had to find a man who, once inside this, as I supposed, oath-bound brotherhood, would yet remain true to me; who could make almost a new man of himself, take his life in his hands, and enter upon a work which was apparently against those bound to him by close ties of nationality, if not of blood and kindred; and for months,

perhaps for years, place himself in antagonism with and rebellion against the dictates of his church — the church which from his earliest breath he had been taught to revere. He would perforce obtain a reputation for evil conduct, from which it was doubtful that he could ever entirely extricate himself. Would the common run of men think such a position at all tenable? Would they consent to ostensibly degrade themselves that others might be saved? My man must become, really and truly, a “Mollie” of the hardest character, attend their meetings, and possibly be charged with direct participation in certain of their crimes. He must face the priest, and endure the bad opinion of his countrymen even until the end. For an indefinite period he was to be as one dead and buried in the grave — dead to his family and friends — sinking his individuality — and be published abroad as the companion and associate of assassins, murderers, incendiaries, thieves, and gamblers. In no other way could I hope to secure admission to the inner circle of this labyrinth of iniquity. By no other plan could the clan be exposed and its volume of crime clasped forever. Another thing: The “Mollie Maguires” were working in opposition to the Welsh, English, and German miners. Their hatred of the English, especially, they had imbibed with their mothers’ milk. I was, if possible, to destroy

the "Mollie Maguires." Therefore, my operatives must be the instruments of that destruction. Then how difficult for any Irishman to enter upon the warfare? If he had the ability to see far enough, however, it would be understood that the leaders of the obnoxious society were simply apostates — men disloyal to the land of their birth — engaged in an unholy effort, and one which, successful or not, reflected discredit upon all of their countrymen. Beholding and understanding this, the detective would not be working merely to right the wrongs of this man or that man, but to wipe off a dark blot which had fallen upon the escutcheon of Ireland, and which clouded the fair fame of every Irishman in America. Then he would meet the cry, in the mines and elsewhere, of "persecution for opinion's sake," and the danger of "a conflict between capital on the one side and labor on the other." Would he be shrewd enough to detect the untruthfulness of one and the insincerity of the other? Surely here was a task for me, in the very outset, the fellow of which I had not encountered since the war of the rebellion.

By the time I had reached headquarters in Chicago, I imagined that I might need a man for the "Mollie Maguire" operation, who, among other acquirements and qualifications, was also a practical miner. My plans had even partially as-

sumed shape for a flying visit to some of the coal districts of Southern Illinois and Ohio, where it was possible I might chance upon a person of the needed character. Then it occurred to me, even though I could secure an experienced worker in the bituminous shafts and drifts, he would naturally be almost as much at fault in the art of delving in the slopes and gangways of the anthracite fields as one entirely uneducated in mining. He might have the trained muscle and capacity of bodily endurance, yet possess no available knowledge of the anthracite branch of the business. Then a party of this sort must necessarily be a stranger to the intricate duties of my profession, and have about everything to acquire from the lowest round of the ladder upward. There was another objection — and it had more weight than everything before enumerated: I could not rely upon the truthfulness and faithfulness of a new acquaintance as I might upon that of one who after years of training under my own direction, had made himself an expert in the detection of criminals. Clearly, then, I must select my operative for this case as for any other, from my regular force — at least employ a detective that had been connected with one or all of the offices in the Chain of Agencies. Who should it be? This was the all-important question. Several of my best men, who were, in

most emergencies, mentally and physically capable of filling the place, I took occasion to carefully approach and sound as to their opinions and acts under certain supposititious and somewhat analogous circumstances but such as were not too nearly similar to those under consideration, and soon found that they would never do. One, who was precisely the man called for in other particulars, had an invalid wife and a family of small children, and I would not ask him to take the position. There was a chance that he might be disabled, or even lose his life, and thus leave his mate and their helpless innocents to the cold charity of an unfeeling world. Another almost as good was soon to be married to an estimable young lady. A third had some blemish excluding him from the list, and I had not yet hit upon the agent to be sent to the land of mountains and dales and the home of the "Mollie Maguires."

One morning, however, as I was riding from home to Fifth Avenue — standing, as usual, upon the rear platform of a crowded West Side street car — I recognized in the person of the conductor an operative previously escaping consideration. He was engaged working his part of a delicate job connected with the railway interest, and for some months had not been in a position in which he was called upon to report to me personally. The

thought instantly found lodgment in mind: "If this man is mentally correct, and willing, he is just the instrument fitted for my mining operation." I was satisfied that he could be spared from his car and the case he was assisting in, and another detective put in his place, and immediately upon reaching the office, sent a note to the young man's boarding-house, asking him to meet me at my rooms as soon as his day's work was ended, as I had something to submit for his consideration.

James McParlan, the detective alluded to, was born in the province of Ulster, County Armagh, Parish of Mullabrack, Ireland, in 1844; consequently, at the date mentioned, was in his twenty-ninth year. His father and mother were living. He had been a member of my force for about a year. Coming to America in 1867, having previously seen some service in chemical works, at Gateshead, County Durham, England, and subsequently, in the same capacity, at Wallsend, England, the first place he filled after landing at Castle Garden was that of second clerk in a small grocery house on Ninth Avenue, city of New York. At a later period he became salesman for a country dealer in drygoods, named Cummings, at Medina, Orleans County, in the same State. His salary was exceedingly small, and besides, not easily collectible; and, after a short apprenticeship to the

profession of counter-jumping and measuring ribbons, laces, and calicoes, he resigned, and adopted Greeley's advice to young men, with a course of travel due westward. Reaching Buffalo, he tarried there but a few days and then came to Chicago. After filling different situations, he applied for and secured employment in my establishment.

Of medium height, a slim but wiry figure, well knit together; a clear hazel eye; hair of an auburn color, and bordering upon the style denominated as "sandy;" a forehead high, full, and well rounded forward; florid complexion, regular features, with beard and mustache a little darker than his hair, there was no mistaking McParlan's place of nativity, even had not his slight accent betrayed his Celtic origin. He was in fact a fine specimen of the better class of immigrants to this country from the poet's

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

He was passably educated, had beheld and brushed against the people of a considerable portion of the New World during the short time he had been in it, and earned a reputation for honesty, a peculiar tact and shrewdness, skill and perseverance in performing his numerous and difficult duties, and worked himself into the position of a firm favorite with those of my employés intimately

associated with him. Thus far I certainly found no particular fault with McParlan.

The same day McParlan, clad in his ordinary but cleanly citizen's attire, entered my private office, and I invited him to take a seat. The conference which immediately followed was long, confidential, and interesting to the two taking part in it; but particulars need not be given here, as results achieved will exhibit the nature of the conversation, which has also been foreshadowed in the preceding pages. More light will be thrown upon the subject during the progress and development of events. Suffice it that in James McParlan I recognized the very person to whom I could safely and confidently intrust my plans for the campaign in Pennsylvania. While he was not left in the dark as to the dangers to be encountered — and, in fact, these were as fully explained as it was possible to perceive them at the time — he made known his desire to assume the part, and said he would experience pleasure in being sent where he could be of use to me and to his country.

"I will do my utmost to bring the job to a speedy and successful termination," he remarked with earnestness.

"Remember, McParlan," I urged, at the close of this portion of our interview, "your refusal to accept the responsibility — while I can but ac-

knowledge it would prove a disappointment — will not injure you in my estimation, or prevent your employment by me in the future."

"Mr. Pinkerton," answered the operative, rising from his chair, "I am not in your Agency to object to such a thing as this seems to be; on the contrary, I am anxious to go, and ready to start at the word of command! "

"That settles it, then," said I. "Report to me to-morrow forenoon, when your instructions and credentials will all be prepared, and you can take the night train for Philadelphia."

Seemingly satisfied, the young man went his way.

It was easy to see, by the expression of his countenance, that McParlan's sympathies were earnestly enlisted in the case, only the bare outlines of which had as yet been committed to his care, and if he failed it would not be from want of zeal, or lack of earnest desire to well and truly perform his duty.

"And so Mr. Pinkerton is after sending me to England, as he kindly says, for the betterment of my health, an' to look after the 'King Bee' of all the forgers," remarked McParlan, in his pleasant way, the next afternoon, to my cashier, as he received the advance of money for his expenses. He repeated about the same manner of adieu when handed his papers by the chief clerk and it soon

spread throughout the apartment, among the clerical force, that the happy man was "to take the tour of Europe at my expense." After bidding all good-by, and the reception of a warm grasp of the hand and an earnest word of caution from me to "have a care of himself," McParlan left the Agency.

The man had been found, and was at last entering upon his extra-hazardous mission — not bound for England, however. It was well enough, under the circumstances, that all of the detective's personal friends and acquaintances — especially those outside the office — should believe that he was about to cross the wide Atlantic.

McParlan's instructions were as complete and comprehensive as they well could be made at short notice; but of course, after generally counseling him concerning the true object of his labors, considerable had to be confided to his own judgment and discretion, at least until fairly launched upon his undertaking, when all would see what was best, and not best, to be done. Leaving the detective to perform his difficult *rôle*, under my directions, I shall now proceed to give, in detail, a description of his acts, as represented in the reports. It should be understood, however, though the fact may not appear in this narration of events, that McParlan was almost daily in communication with me, through

Mr. Franklin, the Philadelphia superintendent, and was required to keep us aware of his every important movement, by letter. He was particularly enjoined to use discretion in the sending of messages and documents, and a plan, not necessary to be divulged, arranged by which all interruptions through the mails would be prevented. I was to know where and how to connect with him any day of the week, and all changes of locality were to be noted as early as might be possible. The detective's adventures in the mountains of Pennsylvania are sufficiently romantic and attractive, if properly related, to satisfy the most exacting reader, without the author having recourse to the smallest amount of extraneous matter, employing any of the powers of the imagination, or the tricks of the professional novel-writer in enchainning attention. As

“ Loveliness

Is, when unadorned, adorned the most,”

so with the simple truth.

After several days very profitably spent among the coal, canal, and dock hands, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, acquiring some knowledge of their habits and occupations, and at the same time, in a measure, habituating himself to the wearing of a rather novel and uncomfortable costume with which Mr. Franklin had been kind enough to pro-

vide him, the agent, according to orders, returned and reported to the superintendent that he was fully prepared to commence his work in the mining country.

When the young man glanced at his figure, as reflected in a mirror, he found it difficult to believe he was really himself and not some wild vagabond who had usurped his place. The transformation was satisfactorily complete. He beheld in the glass the shadow of a man of about his height and proportions, it was true, his head covered by an old, dilapidated and dirt-colored slouch hat, with plentiful space for his cutty-pipe in its narrow, faded band; a grayish coat of coarse materials, which had from appearances, seen service in a coal bin, and, while never very fine in make or fashion, was considerably the worse about the cuffs and skirts, both being frayed out to raveled raggedness, from rough usage by its former owner. The vest was originally black, but the years had come and gone in such numbers since, that the dye was washed away, and with it had fled the surface of the cloth and most of the worsted binding in the region of the pockets. The pantaloons, of brown woollen stuff, were whole, but too large for him in the body, and worn strapped tight at the waist with a leather belt, which, from its yellowish and broken condition, might have been a former bell-

thong off the neck of some farmer's cow, appropriated after exposure to all kinds of wear and weather for a series of years. The bosom of a heavy gray shirt was seen beneath the waistcoat, and exhibited no visible vestige of a collar; but a substitute was formed by a red yarn cravat, or knitted comforter, drawn closely around the wearer's neck and tied in a sailor's knot in front. The under garment had that which ordinary shirts are seldom supplied with — a pocket, at the left inner side, for tobacco. His boots were of the stoga, hob-nailed, high-topped style, and in their capacious legs easily rested the bottoms of the pantaloons. With face unshaven for a week or ten days, and hair quite dry and straggling, from want of proper attention, it is probable that McParlan's mother, had she been present, would have refused him recognition. He could only be convinced that he was himself, by reference to his voice, which sounded familiar to the ear. In his satchels, ready packed, were supplies of writing paper, envelopes, stamps, etc.; also a suit of clothes a little better than that upon his person, for occasional Sunday wear. Razor and strop he had none. Their absence was no loss, however, as he did not propose shaving his face until circumstances might call for the resumption of his natural character.

Monday, the 27th of October, 1873, was an

eventful day at the Philadelphia Agency, and formed an epoch in the life-history of at least one man, remembrance of which will never fail until his latest breath. Then it was that James McParlan, attired and accoutred as just described, his heart hopeful for the future, but in fact unknowing and unknown, kicked the dust of the city from his heels, at the Callowhill street depot of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, and after purchasing a ticket for Port Clinton, depositing his two valises — which bore every outward evidence of having seen much tough usage and extended travel in domestic and foreign parts — in the seat beside himself, in the smoking-car of the afternoon train, set out upon his voyage of discovery in the stronghold of the “Mollie Maguires.” He was James McParlan no longer — but James McKenna, as I must hereafter call him — and he looked backward upon the receding town, and considered whether he would survive ever again to take his old name and place in the world and see the broad, teeming streets, handsome structures, and beautiful girls of the Quaker City. To him it then seemed he was cutting loose from all the nether world. Those who knew him best would pass him by unheeded in his transforming disguise and adopted name, and even his intimate associates — excepting Mr. Franklin and I — in Chicago and

elsewhere, fully believed him to be adrift upon the blue waters, shaping his course to lands "beyond the seas," only to return after the lapse of many months. Would he *ever* return? That was a question, he soon decided, which, for a favorable response, rested with himself and the manner in which he conducted his researches. He was sure that I watched anxiously over him, and that Mr. Franklin was prepared to do everything for his good, but very largely would he be the worker-out of his own destiny. His life and success, or his failure and death, reposed in his own strength, guarded by his own intellect. While these and similar thoughts crowded upon his brain, the detective was traveling onward. Smoothly and swiftly the cars glided over the track, past Belmont Glen, and beyond the outskirts of the city. Then came Fairmount Park, Laurel Hill, seen from the far distance, and closer at hand the broad, still waters of the Schuylkill, of which Ireland's great poet sang and on whose shores he once found that repose which his weary head had elsewhere sought in vain. It was not within the heart of a man of McKenna's temperament, or in one born on the soil of the beautiful land that gave him birth, to resist the temptation to search out Tom Moore's cottage and feast his eyes upon its walls and roof; and he raised the blind, admitted the sunlight, and

his senses drank in, in reverent silence, the variegated and pleasing landscape. After a time came Valley Forge, the scene of so much suffering by the American soldiers under General Washington, in the memorable winter of 1777-8. Indeed, the country throughout this vicinity is replete with points bringing to recollection interesting dates and facts of history. Through the kindness of a fellow-traveler, who sat smoking in a seat near him, my officer was made familiar with some of these most eventful localities. And still there appeared to be no end to the succession of hills and vales, wooded mountain sides and fertile fields. Yet onward swept the train, bearing its precious living freight.

Passing beyond the populous city of Reading, late in the afternoon, the agricultural lands began, as the stranger thought, a silent struggle with rocks and rills and more rugged mountains. As they still proceeded swiftly on their route, the rough country gained the mastery, and the fleeting show increased in boldness, culminating in a grand and craggy beauty when the locomotive whistled "down the brakes" at a point some distance short of Port Clinton. By this time portentous clouds had arisen darkly in the west, as the sun sunk to its couch, and there were other premonitions of an impending storm of wind and rain.

Port Clinton is seventy-eight miles from Philadelphia, at a spot where the two great forks of the Schuylkill — the Schuylkill proper and the little Schuylkill — form a union, both having had their origin, not so far separated, in the distant northern coal-fields.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when McKenna, with baggage swinging from his shoulder, stood for the first time upon the floor of the massive, brown-stone, turret-roofed depot building at Port Clinton and looked about him for a house which might yield him a night's lodging and supper, as he was both sleepy and hungry after his ride and the unusual excitements of the day. Starting out into the increasing darkness, he was unable to see and appreciate the tall mountains towering above him on all sides; but, feeling his way carefully, he crossed the canal bridge and sought a public house. Seeing a bright light not far away, he directed his steps toward it, and in a short time came to a structure which proved to be a village tavern or saloon. Thinking, despite the sounds of revelry heard within, that it might be a proper stopping-place for him, he entered, rested his burden on the floor — weary enough with its carriage, and wishing thus early, he had been content to leave one-half the baggage at home — and civilly inquired of the presiding genius — a big, burly fellow, with

milky-white eyes, a cherry-red nose, and very stiff, black, straight hair, planted widely apart on his bullet-shaped head—who had evidently “too much taken” of the liquids he dispensed to others—when they had funds to pay for them—if he could have supper and lodging at his hotel. He did not half fancy the crowd he had come up with. Mostly of the lower class of Germans, the men were in the midst of a spree that bid fair to last until another day. Liquor had already gained control of their senses, and their personal appearance was even more forbidding than that of the person who so suddenly appeared among them, and for this there was no possible necessity. Those of the number who labored at all found employment in digging a tunnel, which was in course of excavation in the neighborhood. These were a few points which the new arrival gathered from the talk of the occupants of the small, low, smoke-be-grimed bar-room. Cocking up one of his eyes very fiercely, the landlord looked scowlingly out of his other, from beneath its black, beetling brow, and insultingly replied:

“No! I geepe no victuals nor shake-downs for peebles like you! Gid oud! You wants der beds and der meats, don’t ye? Gid oud der haus! Go makes your schleeps mit der bigs! Oud of dis blace, or, mein Gott in himmel, I gicks ye right away oud!”

The stranger, not choosing to move as fast as he thought he should, the landlord continued, while he advanced upon McKenna:

“Look dis way, poys! Dish is anoder of dose blundering dramps! Pitch him oud! Teach the skalawag better manners than to pass de country around schteeeling peeble’s horses, cows, and dings! Put him oud quick! ”

Protesting that he was no tramp, but seeing there seemed no hope of securing rest or food under that inhospitable roof, the traveler took up his baggage and hurriedly retreated from the apartment, just as a general rush was made for him by the bystanders, the desire being to seize upon his person with no peaceable intent.

It was not a part of McKenna’s business in those regions to have a set-to with half a dozen infuriated and intoxicated men, though he would willingly have risked something to give that inn-keeper a beating; hence, he slackened not his speed until he had reached the middle of the street, where he stopped a moment to consider which direction he should take.

Here was a dilemma! Here was luck for him! To make matters worse, the rain, which for some hours had threatened, began to pour down in torrents. Presently a man made his appearance, coming from the bar-room and approaching the detective. When near him the citizen said:

“Faith, an’ ye jist missed being kilt enthirely by the mane scuts there within!”

McKenna gathered hope. This man was an immigrant from the ould sod.

“Where do you come from, and what is it ye’d be afther havin’ here?”

“I’m late from New York — later from Colorado — an’ what is it I’m here fur? Is that it? What should a dacent Irish lad want whose stomach is full of emptiness and ne’er a morsel of bread or mate in the wallet? What I want is worruk, and somethin’ to relave my hunger! A place to slape in wouldn’t be inconvanient, aither!”

This seemed to content the man from the tavern.

“An’ if ye are sakin’ work, you’re no thramp, for little’s the hand’s turn of that they ever do; an’ I know you’re no thafe, from your accint, which is like me own, barrin’ the Dublin twang, so I’ll even be better to ye than the Dutchman — who, by the way, is not as bad as he seems. You jist came upon him in an unlucky time, an’ the drink at the fore too! Only yesterday it was that a brace of strollers stole away his only cow — begging the pardon of the whiskey barrel, an’ its contints is not exactly suitable for swatening the coffee, sure, — and they druv her off to the next neighbor’s beyant, where they sold the baste, fur all the worruld as if they owned her — the blackguards! As natu-

ral as iver can be, Mr. Staub — that's the tavern-keeper's name, and mine's Timmins, be the same token — has no love left to squander on tramps; an' takin' you fur one — an' where could have been his two eyes, an' his ears, meanwhiles? — he gives you the back of his hand nately, and the hardest words he can lay his crooked tongue to! He thought you a thramp and he mistrated you as one! Still, Staub's a clever man when the drink's not in him, an' many's the poor fellow I've seen him take in out of the cowl'd, and give a sup an' a bed, who hadn't the shadow o' sixpence to bless himself wid."

"Sure, an' I'm no tramp!" answered McKenna, "an' what I wants in the way of atin' an' drinkin', for the present, at laste, I'm able to pay fur! I've two strong arms, an' an honest heart, God be thanked! an' when my cash is all spent, I can dig, or do something honorable for more, without help from such rubbish as big Misther Staub!"

Timmins, the soft-hearted, responded:

"I'll e'en do better by you, me laddy-buck, than the scullions you have left! Come home wid me fur the night, an' stay longer if ye likes; you are as welcome as the birds in spring — an' tho' its comin' late we are, my old woman will give you somewhat for your stomach, an' a bed to rest your tired bones upon, at all events!"

As an argument in favor of his acceptance of the offer, just at that moment the rain poured down heavier than before, and the wind beat the large drops into the faces of the men with a force which was uncomfortable.

"I'll go wid you, Mr. Timmins — an' many thanks for your kind offer!"

And, taking one valise in his left hand, keeping the right free for whatever might occur, the operative committed the remainder of his portable property to Timmins' care. Permitting that personage to lead the way, they started.

"I wonder if I'm about to be robbed and murdered, thus early in my career in these mountains," was the thought that flitted through the detective's mind as he followed the form of his retreating host, with his right hand resting on his repeater, which he had convenient in his coat pocket. But nothing to further excite his fears occurred.

Mrs. Timmins, good woman that she was, rekindled a fire and prepared an excellent supper for the stranger, consisting of bacon and eggs, and baked potatoes with strong coffee, to which McKenna helped himself with unwonted relish. After satisfying his appetite, he and Timmins played a couple of games of euchre, took a few drinks from a keg kept in one corner, supported on a couple of

sticks, and which was under the exclusive control of Mrs. Timmins — she sold the liquor to her customers from a tin cup — then the wet, weary, and sleepy traveler retired to his bed quite in the dark, in a room in the second story of the building, first having thrown his damp clothes down the staircase to Mr. Timmins, with a request that they be allowed to dry before the kitchen fire.

Anthony Timmins and his wife kept what was known as a railroad boarding-house or tavern, for the accommodation of laborers employed on the adjacent tunnel, and a fair living, and something smart beside, did they realize from their trouble and toil.

The ensuing day the agent settled his bill at Timmins' tavern, and, as the weather had cleared up finely during the night, bid adieu to the landlord, his wife and family, and started for Schuylkillhaven. Arrived there, he found many men at work, but no possible chance for him to earn a dollar. The operations carried on were mostly for the railroad. He encountered a few miners just from the collieries above, and they gave the visitor nothing in the way of hopefulness as to the condition of affairs where they had been. Laborers could hardly find engagements anywhere. And as for his especial subject of pursuit and object

of inquiry, the element predominating was still German; hence, there was very little to detain him in the neighborhood.

The next point attended to was Auburn, about five miles from Port Clinton, a small country place, boasting a couple of planing-mills and a number of business houses. Here nothing transpired of importance, and McKenna toiled back on foot over the mountain, toward the hour of sunset, to Schuylkillhaven, where he had deposited his baggage.

A day later the stranger went to Tremont, and thence to Sweet Arrow. Returning to the first-mentioned place about the middle of the afternoon, he formed the acquaintance of a number of his countrymen; but they had no hints to volunteer — and he was very far from asking any foolish questions in this connection — showing that they were even aware of the existence of such an organization as the “Mollie Maguires.”

A day later McKenna encountered Nicholas Brennan, a coal-miner from the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant, near Minersville. Brennan gave out that he was also a traveler, engaged in going from one place to another for the purpose of securing work at his calling for the winter. Their pursuits being ostensibly similar, McKenna and Brennan soon struck up an intimacy. After the latter had more than once tasted liquor at McKenna's expense, he

thawed out considerably, became pliable and talkative, and soon had much to remark about "the power that made English landlords quake." But he gave it as his opinion that such a force could accomplish very little, if anything, in the anthracite country of Pennsylvania, and pretended to believe the Miners' and Laborers' Union, which had recently been formed, would prove of no benefit to working-men. Brennan prided himself upon his discerning shrewdness, and said, early in his conversation with the operative, he knew, at once, upon first fixing his eye on him that he, McKenna, was a boatman, or canal hand, the correctness of which allegation, for his own purposes, that gentleman felt constrained to acknowledge. Brennan recommended his new-found associate to go to Tamaqua, or Mahanoy City, where he thought mining was moving more briskly than in any other portion of the State — especially was it more lively than in the neighborhood of Pottsville. He concluded his lengthy harangue by remarking, in a significant way — referring to the localities named:

"There's the ground where the boys are true!"

"Then they are the very places I want to get work in," responded McKenna, and, watching the countenance of Brennan, he was sure he discovered in it an expression of disappointment, as though the reply made to "the ground where the

boys were true" was not exactly the one he had anticipated receiving. Pretending, however, not to notice it, the detective proposed a game at cards, "jist for the fun of the thing," and, after that ended, Brennan was so much under the influence of spirits, his companion was forced to cut loose from him. Nothing more could be elicited, but McKenna was well satisfied that, if not a simon-pure "Mollie Maguire," his late opponent in euchre knew more about the society than he cared to impart to a stranger. He made mental note of the words: "There's the ground where the boys are true!" and could not help thinking they were in some way connected with the mysterious order. Brennan was kind enough to give him the names of some of his friends in the mines; these he also treasured in his memory, to be made use of as occasion presented.

The next day Brennan was perfectly sober, and, it being the first of November and a Catholic holiday, he accompanied McKenna to church, and, after service, introduced him to everybody he knew as "a young man from Colorado, in quest of work," the stranger soon becoming quite popular with a certain class. In the afternoon all adjourned to a convenient saloon, where McKenna kept up a continuous round of amusements for several hours, relating wonderful stories of his adventures in the

United States Navy during the late war, all drawn from his own fertile fancy, but certainly very interesting to his listeners, and by singing, in good style, some genuine Irish melodies. Brennan and his companions started, the same afternoon, for Pottsville, only three miles distant, and urged McKenna to accompany them. He excused himself, on the score of being compelled to await money, due him for work, which had been promised by post at that place, and the young fellows reluctantly departed without him.

During the succeeding Wednesday the detective remained in Tremont, and, after dinner, enjoyed a walk on the railway track, the weather being fine, continuing an intimacy previously begun between himself and the switch-tender, an aged Emerald Islander, who was found sitting nigh the entrance to his little box, or cabin — short, stumpy, gray-haired, brown-faced, roughly clad, but honest and sturdy-looking withal — smoking his pipe contentedly, and receiving pleasurably the cool breeze sweeping up the valley. Mike Fitzgibbons, the switchman, was a genuine specimen of the hard-working, steady, reliable Irish peasantry, and he was never known to neglect a duty.

The detective learned while Fitzgibbons was a decided and outspoken enemy of the "Mollie Maguires," yet he was thoroughly informed as to

their movements throughout the coal regions. This knowledge was secured by a careful study of the local newspapers, and talking with his neighbors and friends formerly holding membership in the organization. It was Fitzgibbons' idea, judging after several years' close consideration of the matter, that the home-nests, the chief dens, of the "Mollies," might be located at Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Shamokin, Pittston, and Wilkesbarre, and that nearly all of the smaller places had lodges of more or less magnitude. In one of these principal strongholds McKenna must make his headquarters, but in which he could only decide after personal investigation.

Returning to his boarding-place, the traveler secured Donahue's¹ letter to his father, and about the middle of the ensuing day took stage, with three other gentlemen, for Minersville, some thirteen miles distant, over the mountain and near Pottsville.

Entering the principal hotel, McKenna judged that his dress and presence were again a bar to his introduction to respectable society. The gracious and affable landlord — gracious and affable to all excepting the roughly clad gentleman from Ireland — was with difficulty persuaded to allow him to remain in the house. But finally he did consent, and under its proper heading for the seventeenth

¹ A friendly acquaintance in Tower City

of November, 1873, on the hotel register, the detective inscribed the following:

"Jas. McKenna, Denver, Colorado Ter."

The hotel-keeper was on the lookout for disreputable characters, as he should be, but his humanity, added to the protests of the detective's late traveling companions, would not consent to his turning a person out in the snow, possibly to freeze to death, even though his clothing were poor and his face, hair, beard, and general appearance the opposite of prepossessing. A five dollar note, which the stranger had changed at the bar, while paying for a hot toddy for himself and the stage passengers — not forgetting the driver — after the bill had been closely scrutinized and pronounced not counterfeit, exerted its influence in determining the matter, and prompted the innkeeper to be generous, even though there was a remote chance that his business might suffer thereby. The young man, it was decided, should have food for his stomach and a place to sleep in. The supper was spread on a barrel-head in the cold, dreary slab kitchen, at the rear of the cook room proper, through the wide chinks in the walls of which the keen blast whistled mournfully, and the snow-flakes stole in with a whisk and a whirl, painting delicate and curiously enameled pictures on the greasy floor. His chair

was like that upon which the late James Gordon Bennett, senior, sat, when writing his leading editorials for the embryo New York *Herald* — an inverted and empty nail keg — but the food was warm and palatable, and he ate it in silence, as he well knew that grumbling would result in no good. He was, for the occasion, a wandering refugee, and must necessarily put up with such treatment as those in his condition usually receive from the world's people. He could plainly hear the tantalizing clatter of crockery, inhale the savory odor arising from epicurean dishes, and listen to the conversation of other and more favored guests, coming from the comfortable, well-lighted dining-hall, when the door chanced to be open, and that was all. Later at night he climbed a rough ladder, nearly to the top of the house, he believed, found his loft, with its straw bed and blankets, and an old saddle for a pillow. Extinguishing his candle, he rolled himself, full dressed as he was, in his coverings, and soon fell asleep. Not all the insects in the place, nor the rats that ran over him, nor the cats that made night hideous with their wailings and spittings could, for more than a few moments at a stretch, banish sleep from McKenna's eyelids.

He at once changed his quarters from the hotel to a private boarding-house, where the style of liv-

ing was less pretentious, the price charged patrons not nearly so exhaustive of their finances — and yet the accommodations, as far as this particular boarder was concerned, were considerably more comfortable. Beside, he was quite at home, and in a better position for work. And here were many acquaintances to form.

While insinuating himself into a new town, or community, McKenna properly adopted widely differing devices, but an extended experience instructed him that the best course to pursue, in any given case of the sort, was the one appearing the most natural. It was a cardinal principle, impressed upon his mind, never to make open and direct inquiries regarding people and things of which he was really in search — a place for permanent employment was, as the reader has all along understood, merely a cover for his actual purpose in visiting the coal country. In fact, unless it brought him in close contact with the right men, and revealed to him hidden things, in no other way attainable, a chance for himself to dig in the mines might, for the present, be deferred. It would be well, he believed, after a while, to divert attention from his real occupation. But to look up a job was a good excuse for much traveling, over a large field, with the topography of which he was required to become accurately familiar. Private

objects he left to be worked out in a private way, occasionally giving them a slight and unremarked start, or direction, as he went from place to place.

Night was his favorite time for accomplishing progress. Then his friends were generally relieved from labor and gathered where they could be reached. He sauntered unconcernedly about, after darkness had set in, and if he heard a row, or "bit of a shindy" going on in a drinking place, would enter and make himself in some manner companionable with the persons within—excepting they chanced to be of the character of Mr. Staub, the portly landlord at Port Clinton, who proved so inhospitable, mistaking the agent for a thief—and in that event he usually caused himself to become invisible as rapidly as possible. With an assumption of unlimited assurance, and pretending to be more than half way under the influence of liquor, other conditions being favorable, he broke out with such a roaring, rollicking ditty as he supposed might please those about him, or, if he felt in the mood, began a spirited Irish jig, performed with much agility and many comical contortions of countenance and body, to the measure of no music at all, excepting he chose to whistle a tune meanwhile. In the course of a little time, the out-door training, and the exercise in singing and dancing, made him quite an expert, and his

fame preceded him from Schuylkillhaven to Summit, and, as he learned from his companions, had journeyed even as far as Pottsville. At any rate, he never failed, with those in whose company he cared, for the purposes of his undertaking, to be received, in immediately placing himself upon a secure and friendly footing. The climax of miner's friendship was usually reached by asking the persons present to come to the bar and indulge in something to drink, if it was to be had, at his expense; otherwise, the invitation emanated from some one of the company and included the stranger. Either result was equally satisfactory.

If he happened, as he sometimes would, to fall in with rogues — indeed his search was for and among this class — he had prepared a device and history calculated quickly to attract their sympathies and give him a warm place in their circle.

When in the presence of sober, civil, and sedate people — which was occasionally the case — the operative tried another and different scheme, perhaps relating a cheerful ghost-story, or giving one or more of the many pathetic, patriotic, or sentimental ballads, of which he had quite a collection stored away in his brain to be expended upon such associates. In almost any company of his own countrymen he was certain of finding hearty welcome, and, as it was among Irishmen he expected to labor, he

scarcely ever essayed entrance to the homes of persons of other nationalities. The time might come, he supposed, should he succeed in his labors, when the doors of most respectable families from his native land, even, would be closed against him — but, at the end, he believed he would be perfectly justified in the course he was pursuing.

The storm, in the opening of which he entered Minersville, continued, snow falling almost incessantly during three or four days, and the operative could not meanwhile accomplish much in the streets. As soon as the sun came out again, and the paths and roads were broken over the mountains, he visited Miner's Hill, two miles away, returned to Minersville, and then took the horse car for Pottsville. His first work in that city was to secure a cheap and decently comfortable boarding-place, which he found at the residence of Mrs. O'Regan, in East Norwegian Street. The widow kept house neatly, beside a bottle of poteen, from which, without paying license, she sold an occasional drop.

Among the occupants of Mrs. O'Regan's house was a young man named Jennings, apparently possessing more than ordinary intelligence, and, the afternoon of McKenna's arrival, knowing he was a stranger, this sociable person proposed to show his new-found friend the sights to be seen in the city. McKenna accepted the offer, and the two

started out, not intending to be long absent. During the visits made to different places, of course the saloons were not omitted, and both of the men drank somewhat, but no more than to them seemed respectable and companionable. The operative was introduced by Jennings to a number of his intimate associates and friends, but met none of those with whom he was anxious to open communication.

As they were on Center Street, passing quietly along, the stranger read a sign over the door of a liquor store, or tavern, "Pat Dormer," and said:

"Let's go in here!"

"It's no place for us," answered Jennings. "You are not of 'the stuff,' I guess! At least, I know *I* am not!"

"'The stuff!' Phat is it ye mane by 'the stuff'?"

"Come away, across the street, and I'll tell you! It's not the safe or proper thing to be conversing of such things so near this particular house!"

So saying, Jennings led the way to another corner, where the young men stopped, well out of the sweep of the wind, in the lee of a large building, and the conversation was at once resumed by Jennings:

"Dormer is a *captain*!"

"Captain of a militia company, is it ye mane?"

"No! That's not it! I believe that you are a

good sort of a fellow, and I think I may venture to warn you — yet I want you to promise me never to repeat what I say. It might lead to trouble! ”

“ Av coorse, I’ll be as silent as the catacombs of Agypt! Niver you fear Jim McKenna fur that, sure! ”

“ You must understand, then, that Pat Dormer is a captain of the ‘ Sleepers ’ ! ”

“ One of the notorious sivin, we rade about, is he? Indade, an’ I supposed they were all kilt entirely, more’n thirteen hundred years ago! ”

“ No! Not one of that number, but of the great secret order, here called the ‘ Sleepers ’ ! ”

“ An’ phat are the ‘ Slapers ’ ? Plaze to explain it — or is it another conundrum you are after axin’ me? ”

“ The ‘ Sleepers ’ are the ‘ Mollie Maguires ’ ! There’s a heap of them in this district, and Dormer is, or was, an officer high in authority in the organization. You’ve certainly heard of the society? ”

“ Sure, an’ I hev heard much about them in the ould counthry! But nothing till America! Are you sure they’ve ever crossed the say? ”

“ They have, and there are thousands of them in this and some adjoining counties. If you stop here awhile you’ll read about some of their work! They do not rest long without doing something in the way of murder or outrage! ”

The young man then proceeded, with some particularity, to relate to his apparently astonished listener many of the stories he had gathered regarding the "Mollie Maguires," with an outline of their known aims and objects. His words do not call for repetition here, as they allude to things already within the reader's knowledge. Jennings, in conclusion, remarked:

"Of course *I* do not belong to the order — would not if I could, and could not if I would — as I am American born and both of my parents not from Ireland. But there are any number of them in the neighborhood. Dormer is a sort of 'King Bee' among the brethren, and his house their rendezvous when in the city. Dormer filled the office of County Commissioner for some six years in all, but was defeated at the last election, through the interference of the society, which, for some reason, during a short time was opposed to him, but I hear it talked that he is in its good graces again, ready once more to run for office, should occasion offer. He was once quite a respectable man, but place and a long lease of power, and bad liquor taken by wholesale, have brought him to moral and almost physical ruin. One great fault that the order found with him was that he had affiliated with some other secret associations popular among Protestants. He was, and is now, comparatively, a very powerful

man. Standing six feet four inches in his stockings, and pulling the beam at two hundred and thirty pounds, he is considered a dangerous individual to tamper with! ”

“ As my countrywomen are often heard to remark, ‘ what a handsome corpse he would make, to be sure! ’ What do Dormer look like, in other regards? ”

“ His hair is gray, eyes light hazel, and he has a countenance, which, from its mildness of expression, can be taken as no index to his inward character, for he is cruel and bloodthirsty, especially when in his cups. He calls his hotel the Sheridan House — you see that it is popular. There are many people constantly going in and coming out! But such as you and I do not belong there! ”

The young man again cautioned McKenna to say nothing of his revelations, and, after promising compliance, they entered a saloon, had some refreshments, and then went home in time for supper.

The detective could not retire to his bed that night without at least attempting to see the man he had heard so much about. He might prove the very person he desired to meet. Therefore, excusing himself by saying he needed to make some purchases up town, he procured a lamp, went to his bedroom, carefully examined his revolver, placed it convenient in his hip pocket, and sallied forth.

Making sure, after walking some distance, that Jennings was not in the vicinity, he soon reached Dormer's saloon.

* * * * *

For the purpose of properly carrying out the *rôle* of a truthful historian of actual occurrences, we will change the scene, for a short season, and, leaving McKenna to seek adventure with Pat Dormer and his associates, in Pottsville, take a view of acts performed in the same portion of the country, several years anterior to the time heretofore alluded to.

The "Mollie Maguires" were more than usually active and bloodthirsty in 1865. On the 25th of August of that year, David Muhr, superintendent of a colliery, was killed in Foster township. He was shot on the public highway, in the broad light of day, within two hundred yards of the house he was employed in, and where a large number of men were congregated, all of whom heard the report of firearms, and many being involuntary witnesses of the transaction. While this was the fact, no reliable testimony could be elicited by the Commonwealth, when the matter was under investigation, fixing the commission of the butchery upon any suspected party. Nobody knew the men, where they had come from, or where they had flown to. It was reported that signals had been seen burning that

night on the hills, soon after the occurrence, and it was surmised they were built by confederates, to aid the principals in the murder to make their way to safety.

Again, on the tenth of January, 1866, Mr. Henry H. Dunne, a well-known citizen of Pottsville, and superintendent of one of the largest coal-mining corporations in all that circuit of country, was murdered on the turnpike, within two miles of the city, while riding home in his carriage, from a visit to a colliery over which he had control. Even up to the present date, no arrests have been made, nor has any information presented itself which promises to lead to the apprehension of the assassins. That they killed Mr. Dunne through complicity in some labor troubles was always the prevailing belief.

To continue the barbarous record, on Saturday, the seventeenth of October, 1868, Alexander Rae, another mining superintendent, was killed on the wagon road, near Centralia, in the township of Conyngham, Columbia County. Several persons were distrusted, and a number arrested, charged with the crime, and a strong chain of circumstantial evidence made out by the Commonwealth against them. The highway on which the event occurred was that passing from Centralia to Mt. Carmel, in Northumberland County, and the exact location of the tragedy at a point distant about a

mile and a half from the latter place, in the neighborhood of a spring where, for the convenience of travelers, there had been erected a rude watering-trough, so that men, as well as animals, might quench their thirst. Mr. Rae was riding in his buggy, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, coming from his home, and going in the direction of the Coal Ridge Improvement Company's colliery. He was a peaceable, inoffensive, but naturally fearless man, entirely unarmed, and only intent, at the time, on performing his duty to his employers in the pursuit of his regular calling. The fatal shots once discharged by the assassins, from their ambush near the road, the actors in the drama, without waiting to learn the result of their bloody work, fled precipitately to their refuge in the mountains, and for a long time entirely avoided capture, or even the shadow of suspicion. The lifeless remains of Mr. Rae were discovered, Sunday morning, pierced by six bullets, and resting near the spot where the attack had been made. As a natural consequence of such an outrage, the utmost indignation pervaded the community in which the victim had for years been a widely-known and much-respected resident. The particulars, as far as they were learned, were repeated from person to person, and the news spread like wildfire to the most distant parts of the coal country. Mr. Rae left an

estimable widow and six children to mourn his death. John Duffy, of Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, Michael Prior, of Branchdale, Thomas Donahue, of Ashland, both in the same county, and Pat Hester, of Mt. Carmel township, Northumberland County, *as was then believed*, were the assassins. Some change in this regard was made by subsequent events. Pat Hester was a married man, forty-five years of age, and had several young children. Prior was also married, said to be forty years of age. Donahue had a wife and one child, and was apparently forty-three. Duffy was a bachelor, of about twenty-five years. Thomas Dooley, of Palo Alto, Schuylkill County, standing, by his own confession, in the position of an accomplice in the wicked assassination, about a month after the commission of the deed gave out facts which caused the apprehension of the others just named. The cause came up, was heard on an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*, before Judge Kline, one of the Associates of Schuylkill County; and all the defendants were held for and sent to Columbia County jail to await trial, which began at Bloomsburg, Tuesday afternoon, the second of February, 1869. Donahue, Prior, Hester, and Duffy were brought into court, arraigned by the Prothonotary, and a plea of "not guilty" entered on the part of each. Upon application of

Mr. Freeze, for the defense, separate trials were granted, and the Commonwealth elected to proceed against Donahue. Wednesday morning the prisoner entered court, accompanied by the sheriff, and took a seat by his counsel, Messrs. John W. Ryon, John G. Freeze, Meyer Strouse, S. P. Wolverton, and Wm. A. Marr, an array of talent which was well met by that included in the list of counsel for the Commonwealth, Messrs. Linn Bartholomew, Robert F. Clark, Edward H. Badly, M. M. L'Velle, and E. R. Ikler, the last-named the District Attorney. After a patient hearing the defendant was acquitted by the jury, and the prosecution, thereafter, thought it advisable to abandon the rest of the indictments. If Donahue could not be convicted—and that had been demonstrated by the defeat in his case—it was considered by the District Attorney and his corps of assistants it would be impossible, at that time, to fasten the murder upon any of the remaining defendants.

So commanding and pervading in the community was the subtle power of the "Mollie Maguires," it was with the utmost difficulty that a jury could be secured to try the cause, and so abject had become the condition of terror under which the people submissively bowed their necks, seeing no possible avenue of escape, that witnesses accredited with

knowledge of important points bearing against the prisoners, dare not, in fear of their lives, mount the witness stand.

So united were the "Mollie Maguires," or whatever at that time they were called, they swore to *alibis* without number and barred all further immediate proceedings.

The next important outrage of this character, charged to the sanguinary clique under consideration, was that upon the person of Wm. H. Littlehales, Superintendent of the Glen Carbon Coal Company, which occurred March 15, 1869. Mr. Littlehales was also killed on the road, in Cass township, Schuylkill County, while *en route* for his home in Pottsville. The act was witnessed by several persons, but the perpetrators escaped, and, up to the hour that I sent James McParlan, otherwise James McKenna, into the coal region, no information had been obtained concerning the identity of the guilty persons.

Frequent violent outcroppings of the organization also occurred in Carbon County, which adjoins Schuylkill, extending over a period of fifteen years, and including the killing of F. W. S. Langdon, Geo. K. Smith, and Graham Powell, all of whom were either superintendents of collieries, or in some manner connected with mining operations. Mr. Smith was assailed by a body of murderers in his

own dwelling and quickly dispatched, almost in the presence of his panic-stricken family. Although several persons were under the ban of suspicion, and supposed to have participated in the affair, it was impossible, until after the lapse of many years, to obtain any information as to the absolute guilt of the mistrusted parties. Some of these were then arrested, put in jail at Mauch Chunk, and in a short time thereafter forcibly rescued, at night, by their associates in the order.

It appeared that superintendents and bosses might continue to be shot down, and there remained no power in the law for reparation. The assassins were sure to escape.

The object of many of these dark deeds was doubtless revenge. But the track of the avenger—or supposed avenger—was covered, as with the obliterating leaves of autumn, and not to be followed. The assassinations were all skilfully planned, relentlessly carried out, and the bleeding bodies and evidences on the ground of a deadly struggle were all remaining to tell the tale of cruelty. The country was disgraced, but seemingly there was no help for it.

In 1870 occurred the murder of a man named Burns, near Pottsville, and nothing was learned regarding his assassins.

But the crowning act of the "Mollie Maguires,"

up to the time of my engagement in the matter of their investigation, and the one reaching the culmination of many previous and similar events, which exasperated the good people of the anthracite region to the pitch where endurance ceases to be a virtue, was the unprovoked killing, during the early evening of December 2, 1871, of Morgan Powell, Assistant Superintendent of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal and Iron Company, at Summit Hill, Carbon County. The murder was done at about seven o'clock, on the street, no more than twenty feet from the store of Henry Williamson, which place Powell had but a few moments earlier left to go to the office of Mr. Zehner, the General Superintendent of the Company. It seems that one of three men, who had been seen by different parties waiting near the store, approached Mr. Powell from the rear, close beside a gate leading into the stables, and fired a pistol shot into the left breast of the victim, leaning toward and reaching over the shoulder of Powell to accomplish his deadly purpose. The bullet passed nearly through Powell's body, lodging in the back near the spinal column, producing immediate paralysis of the lower limbs, and resulting in death two days afterward. The wounded man was carried back to the store by some of his friends and his son, Charles Powell, the latter then but fourteen years

of age, and there remained all night. The next day he was removed to the residence of Morgan Price, where his death occurred as stated.

Hardly had the smoke from the murderous pistol melted into and mingled with the air of that starlit winter evening, when the assassins were discovered rapidly making their way from the scene of their savage deed toward the top of Plane No. 1. They were met by Rev. Allan John Morton and Lewis Richards, who were hurrying to the spot to learn what had caused the firing. Mr. Morton asked, as they stopped on the rigging-stand, what was the trouble, when one of the three strangers answered: "I guess a man has been shot!" One of this trio was described as a short person, wearing a soldier's overcoat, and the second also as being low in stature, but the third seemed taller, and had on a long, black coat. Mr. Morton and his friend passed on, and the murderers started forward, taking the direction in which Mr. Powell had pointed when asked by Morrison which way the attacking party had gone. They paused but a moment, when confronted by Mr. Morton and Richards, and appeared to be surprised to see any one in the vicinity. Mr. Morton thought that he might identify the smaller individual, should he see him again, as he was only four or five yards from him when he spoke in response to his inquiry.

"I'm shot to death! My lower limbs have no feeling in them!" was the exclamation of Mr. Powell when Williamson raised his head. Yet who it was that had killed him no one could tell. They were strangers, it was evident, but where they had come from was a dark, impenetrable mystery. Patrick Kildea, however, who was thought to resemble one of the shorter men, was arrested and tried, but finally acquitted, from lack of evidence to convict. This, for the time, was the end of that matter.

* * * * *

The Sheridan House, Patrick Dormer, proprietor, situated in Centre Steet, Pottsville, was somewhat celebrated in the annals of the town, and its reputation among the inhabitants by no means doubtful or uncertain. While in some regards the tavern boasted entire respectability, in certain others it bore a name far from enviable. Its isolated honors were due to Mrs. Dormer; its many dishonors to her physically gigantic but morally erratic lord and master, and the calling he followed. Many were the drunken brawls and midnight orgies transpiring beneath its steep roof and within its tawny brick walls; but against the lady of the house nothing could be truthfully charged — except she was Dormer's wife. The edifice was neither private residence nor hotel, but a compound of the two. Three

stories in height, having a long, low extension in its rear, lighted by a skylight, and in which was located the well-patronized ten-pin alley; the basement of the main structure was employed as dining-room, kitchen, and laundry, and the first, or business floor, front, for saloon purposes. Just back of the latter was a card-playing and bagatelle division. Entering from the street, the first place to the southward, or right hand of the visitor, was the bar, the counter of which extended as far as the partition dividing the tap-room proper from the small parlor. In the last-named apartment were stands and chairs for card-players, and the bagatelle table. From this sitting-room admission was found to a gallery, or small balcony, overlooking the ball-alley and from which spectators might watch the progress of the game going on below. Leaving the same corridor, or hallway, a staircase led to the sleeping and other apartments of the second story. There were two approaches to the house from the street, one at the south and right hand penetrating to the rooms above-stairs, without troubling people in the public places, and the other at the centre reaching directly to the bar room. The latter was a capacious, comfortable affair, and the supply of drinkables in cut-glass decanters, and beer, ale, and porter on draught, always quite large, if not select as to

quality and brand. The patronage extended to the saloon was miscellaneous, but apparently very profitable to the keeper.

When McKenna paused before the house, from the interior came sounds of rude music, evidently emanating from some discordant and faultily-fingered violin. He succeeded, however, in recognizing an air to which he had tripped many a jig in the old country. Considering for a moment the course he should take, the detective gave his tangled locks an extra twist, stuck his hat on one side of his head, rolled unsteadily up to the door, fumbled awkwardly with the knob, finally turned it, and stood in the bar room. The picture then presented to his eye was considered not uncommon to behold in the mining district, yet rather striking to and never to be forgotten by an uninitiated spectator. The place exposed to view was about half-filled with men, the majority of whom were clad in rough attire — somewhat different from the miner's shifting clothes, however — and, with their companions, stood and sat around a sprinkling of citizens, mechanics, street laborers, and others. Pat Dormer, towering high above all, and whose form the detective was not slow to single out and know, through Jennings' description, seemed to be making himself actively useful outside, conversing glibly with his customers, while his spouse, fresh-faced,

short in figure, and matronly looking, stood behind the counter, dispensing with steady hand, ready smile, and pleasant word the various stimulants in demand by her patrons.

In one corner, uneasily perched at the top of an empty whisky barrel—stolid of eye and face, frowzy-haired, low-browed, stunted in body, long of arm, and crooked spined—was the spasmodic little fiddler, drawing away industriously at his bow, his sallow cheek resting caressingly on the old violin, and producing semi-musical tones not so easily understood as entering into the composition of that frolicsome piece, called "The Devil's Dream." With one big, boot-clad foot he kept time irregularly against the staves forming part of his throne.

All in the saloon were perfect strangers to McKenna, but that made no difference. He staggered about near the threshold for an instant, while he mentally measured the people in whose company he was, and made a hurried inventory of the immediate surroundings; then, appearing to gather inspiration from the lively squeak of the fiddle, he advanced to the middle of the floor, where remained a few square yards of vacant space, struck an attitude, and, without further prelude, began his best Irish break-down. The steps were nimble, well chosen, emphasized with heel and toe, and,

despite his assumed state of semi-intoxication, the time was fairly kept with the measure of the tune. Dormer looked upon the strange intruder, at first, as though undecided whether he should toss him outside his door, as he would a mangy cur, or applaud his terpsichorean performance. Then he gradually absorbed the magnetism of the dance, and the music made by feet and bow and string, and, seating himself on a convenient chair, held his face between his two brawny hands, the elbows resting on his knees, and interestedly scanned McKenna's movements, keeping the rhythm, meanwhile, by swaying his broad shoulders from side to side. The agile shuffling evidently gave him pleasure, and, turning to the sleepy musician he loudly ordered him to "play faster!" The request was instantly obeyed, and quicker and quicker came the inspiriting notes, faster and faster were the manœuvres of the dance executed, and the more fantastically the dancer turned and whirled, and threw out leg and arm, in gesticulations more grotesque than graceful.

"Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in his heels."

It was not long before every occupant of the place, Mrs. Dormer inclusive, took up the measure

and, while none but the central personage actually indulged in a reel, beat time to the chords the violinist touched.

Dormer, as usual, was somewhat overcome by liquor, but arose at the conclusion of the jig, advanced to McKenna who stood, for a few seconds, almost exhausted by his exertions, took the detective by the hand and warmly welcomed him to the place, saying:

"Very good! Very good! Be the sowl of me great-grandfather! I've niver seen such a jigger since the days of jolly Dan Carey! Walk up, stranger, an' have a sup of the best in the house; an' be the same token, let everybody else take somethin' at my cost! I am greatly plazed, that I am, to recave such iligant company!"

"Av coorse I hev no objection in the worruld," answered McKenna, returning Dormer's strong grasp with interest, "wid the understandin', if it be quite convanient, that I'm to give all of yez a bit of a song afther the wettin' of me whistle!"

"Sure, an' a stave or so of song is jist what we're afther the wantin'," responded a man the operative had heard called Kelly.

The drinks were prepared by Mrs. Dormer with even more than her usual dexterity. Then the uncanny fiddler vacated his barrel-head, McKenna assumed his place, hat on head, arms akimbo, and,

without any accompaniment, gave the following ballad:

“ Pat Dolan, it’s my Christian name,
Yes, an’ my surname too, sir;
An’ oft you’ve listened to me sthrane,
I’ll tell you somethin’ new, sir!
In Cavan-town, where we sat down,
Our Irish hearts to inspire,
There’s bould recruits an’ undaunted yout’s,
An’ they’r led by Mollie Maguire!

CHORUS.

“ With my riggadum du, an’ to h—l wid the crew
Wouldn’t help to free our nation;
When I look back, I count ’em slack,
Wouldn’t join our combination!

“ Said Mollie to her darlin’ sons,
‘ What tyrant shall we tumble?
That filthy tribe we can’t abide,
They rob both meek and humble;
There is one Bell, a child of h—l,
An’ a Magistrate in station,
Let lots be drew an’ see which av you
Will tumble him to damnation!’ — CHORUS

“ The lot’s now cast, the sentence passed,
I scorn to tell a lie, sir!

I got my chance, it wur no blank;
I wur glad to win the prize, sir!
To swate Bill Cooney's I did repair,
To meet the parson, Bell, sir!
At his brain I took me aim,
Sayin' 'Come down, ye fin' o' h—l, sir!'
— CHORUS

"Those Orangemen, they gathered then,
An' swore they'd kill us all, sir!
For their frien' Bell, who lately fell,
An' got a terrible fall, sir!
But Mollie's sons, wid swords an' guns,
Wid pikes — pitchforks — glancin',
Those bould recruits an' undaunted yout's,
Stepped into the field just prancin'. — CHORUS

"Those Orangemen, they all stood then,
To fight they thought it a folly;
They'd rather run an' save their lives,
An' leave the field to Mollie!
Altho' I'm in a foreign land,
From the cause I'll ne'er retire,
May heaven smile on every chil'
That belongs to Mollie Maguire! — CHORUS

"One night as I lay upon me bed,
I heard a terrible rattle;

Who wor it but Bell, come back from h—I,
To fight another battle!
Then at his brain I took me aim —
He vanished off in fire —
An' as he went the air he rent
Sayin', 'I'm conquered by Mollie Maguire! '
— CHORUS

“ Now I'm in America,
An' that's a free nation!
I generally sit an' take my sip
Far from a police station!
Four dollars a day — it's not bad pay —
An' the boss he likes me well, sir!
But little he knows that I'm the man
That shot that fin' o' h—I, sir!

CHORUS.

“ With my riggadum du, an' to h—I wid the crew
Wouldn't help to free our nation;
When I look back, I count 'em slack,
Wouldn't join our combination! ”

During the progress of the ditty — the air of which no description can do justice to — the audience, the members of which had gradually drawn nigh the singer, joined in the refrain with a strength of lung and depth of voice causing the

casements to rattle and the air to resound. The enthusiasm evolved was so intense and found such loud vent, that some moments necessarily elapsed before quiet was so far restored as to permit McKenna to make himself understood after descending once more to the floor, as wanting the friends present to "stand furninst the bar an' have a noggin of poteen wid him!" The request, when fairly heard, was readily complied with.

It was very soon revealed to the acute senses of the operative that he had made an impression which could not well fail in being useful to him in the future. The effect, in the landlord's case, was not to be misunderstood, and he, Jennings had said, was a "captain among the 'Sleepers,' or 'Mollies.'" The overgrown fellow was zealous in his openly-expressed, newly-awakened regard for the stranger, and after hearing some sentimental and comical songs, seated himself by McKenna's side and entered upon a course of minute inquiry as to the detective's nativity, residence, last occupation, business in the mines, etc. Mrs. Dormer, in the meantime, attended to the drinks, and was not long in perceiving that their visitor — the lion of the evening, in fact — had some money with him, and was sailor-like, dispensing it freely for the gratification of her guests. Dormer, on his part, was soon in possession of the fact that McKenna was from

Colorado — but latest from New York — looking for work, after which he proposed a trial at cards in the back sitting-room, honoring the stranger by choosing him as his partner. Kelly and a scowling, heavy-set, large-boned man, named Frazer, were to be pitted against them. It was euchre that they entered upon, the stakes being refreshments for the four. The game progressed peacefully, Dormer and his friend at first gaining some advantages, but the landlord soon losing his little remaining wit, with accession of more whisky, they began to fall off in the winnings. McKenna was quick to see plentiful cause for this ill-success. Frazer, when dealing, passed himself six cards instead of the proper number, and played other tricks generally classed as among cheats and frauds. The operative seized Frazer's hand and exposed the deceit to the gaze of his companions denouncing the swindler in no measured terms. The game was broken up; Dormer was raving furiously, and all hands returned to the bar, where many of its former occupants still remained. Once there, Frazer threw off his coat, and challenged his accuser to fight him, saying:

“ I'll maul the sod wid any cowardly bog-trotter in sivin counties that says I chate at cards! ”

McKenna, in spite of the liquor he had been compelled to imbibe, still retained his mental

faculties and physical strength in perfection — although, following the scheme he had started, he pretended to be more deeply intoxicated than when he first made his appearance at Dormer's — and he scornfully looked upon his opponent's portly form as he defiantly responded:

“ Do ye think, fur wan moment, that I'm afraid of the likes of you? Ye may live to larn better. I'll bate ye fairly, an' wid the coat on me back, at that! ”

The detective tossed only his hat aside and squared himself pluckily, while Dormer volunteered to act as his second, giving the word to his friends, who cheered lustily for the stranger.

Mrs. Dormer had disappeared at the first signs of a rupture, and the bar took care of itself.

Kelly seconded Frazer. The ring was formed and the two men entered it, Frazer confident in his great strength and the detective relying upon some experience in the manly art of self-defense. The contest commenced. At the outset McKenna acted purely on the defensive, only seeking to throw off or evade Frazer's many unskillful but heavy strokes. He desired to study his antagonist's tactics and test his muscle before using offensive measures. The result was, at the end of a protracted round, the smaller sparrer was dropped to the floor by a sledge-hammer blow, fair on the ear.

First blood and first knock-down were claimed for the heavy-weight. But these were all he secured to boast of during the continuance of the fight — excepting severe punishment — as McKenna carried off the honors in five consecutive rounds, at the close of all of which he deftly sent his opponent to the earth, each time with a new wound of some sort to remember him by. Between the bouts Dormer would take him to their corner, place spirits to his principal's lips, sponge off his face and arms in regular prize-ring fashion, and return him in due season for more work. The opposing man was equally well served by Kelly but, after so many fast-following and disastrous defeats, his right eye being fully closed and useless and the other badly damaged, Frazer could not be coaxed or driven to come forward to the mark again. Then his backer gave him up, and Kelly took him away, a badly whipped and quite crestfallen bully. Victory was proclaimed by Dormer for McKenna, and the Pottsville Giant was in great glee, stroking the shoulder of his new-discovered pet and making grimaces that he intended to be pleasing, but which were more like demoniacal grins than smiles. Dormer shouted as Frazer went out:

“Good! Good! for me laddy-buck from the West! He's the true grit from head to toe! An’

hereafter, if anybody in Schuylkill County jist wants to bother wid him, they must deal wid Pat Dormer fust! An' he's no dawshy infant! "

" I'll have the laste taste of gin in mine! " said McKenna, " an' I belave all here present will join us in drinkin' confusion to all mane scuts and chates! "

The sentiment was applaudingly echoed and the drinks very quickly absorbed.

Among others, one whom McKenna had heard called Tom Hurley, came up and congratulated the victor, hoping he had received no serious hurts.

" Oh! nothing but a wee flea-bite on me smeller," answered McKenna, " which by the mornin' will be all correct again! A scrimmage like this every avenin' in the wake, would only jist give me jints nadeful exercise! "

Thus ended the detective's first experience in the amateur prize-ring.

As the reader is aware — but as the " Mollie Maguires " were not aware — the detective was only too anxious to place himself within the pale of the order; yet he believed it best that he move slowly, and it would not do to exhibit too much anxiety. Great haste might spoil all and end in disappointment.

In about a week's time armed with a complimentary letter from the landlord of the Sheridan

House to Lawler,¹ the operative started for Shenandoah. At that place, if anywhere in the mines, he made up his decision he would necessarily locate his headquarters. There, if at all, he must solve the mystery surrounding the "Mollie Maguires."

He therefore took his baggage to the depot and procured a ticket for that place. Bidding the few friends he had made at Tamaqua farewell for the present, he mounted the smoking-car and soon afterward found himself in the then hot-bed and grand centre of the "Mollies" for Schuylkill County. Framing the usual excuse, that he was looking for a job in some colliery, he managed to extract the information, without exactly making inquiries, that Lawler was still absent in Pottsville and not likely to return for several days. He at once determined to go there and make the gentleman's acquaintance, if possible, in Dormer's saloon, where he knew he would be surrounded by true and faithful friends. The weather was freezing cold and he would have a good reason to urge for the short journey, in that his wardrobe sadly needed replenishing. An overcoat and some other articles of comfort were in pressing demand. Consequently he remained in Shenandoah but a few hours, going by the next train to Pottsville. It was not long before he was again at the Sheridan House

¹ A leading "Mollie" of Shenandoah.

in company with his former companion and fellow "Mollie" big, smiling, ugly Pat Dormer. The innkeeper was so highly elated to once more behold McKenna, that he quickly entered upon a grand spree, that bid fair to last him a week, during which time he would do little more than guzzle whisky and beer and sound high the praises of the "d—st best Irishman in the whole of Schuylkill County," as he frequently designated his particular friend from Denver. Without appearing too deeply interested, the detective discovered that Lawler was yet in Pottsville and habitually frequenting certain bar-rooms more industriously than seemed exactly incumbent upon a perfectly sober citizen. Hence he waited the time when he should arrive at Dormer's house.

It was Wednesday, the twenty-first of January, that the detective encountered the object of his secret search, Michael Lawler, upon entering the Sheridan House, after breakfast. Lawler was deeply in his cups thus early in the day, yet sufficiently sober to walk erect and know exactly what he was about. It was cloudy, rough, and stormy outside, and the sort of day well calculated to tempt men to seek comfortable corners. A number of prominent and active "Mollies" were in Dormer's place, with Lawler, when McKenna made his appearance there. He recognized,

in the man he had been looking for, a rather prepossessing personage, something past forty in years, above medium height, heavily but not clumsily built—yet more fleshy than the generality of miners—with black hair and heavy side whiskers of the same dark color, the chin being shaven; eyes a deep hazel, and withal, “Muff” was slightly bald at the crown of the head. His cheeks wore a ruddy and healthful look, and the skin was fair and clear. As McKenna subsequently learned, Lawler claimed a wife and six children, the oldest of the offspring a girl of eighteen, and the youngest a boy past three years of age. He was quite pleasant in manner, free-spoken, and used a noticeable shade of Irish accent. He bore the reputation of being a steadfast friend, as well as a relentless but not subtle enemy. His absorbing passion was cock-fighting, and a rare breed of game chickens, which he raised and bet upon, called mufflers, gave him the *sobriquet*, among his intimates, of “Muff” Lawler. A practiced miner, strong, able-bodied and industrious, he usually obtained work at some of the collieries if such a thing was to be had in the vicinity.

Upon the introduction of the detective to Lawler, by Dormer, which ceremony was performed in the grim giant’s most fascinating style, the Shenandoah man remarked:

"I'm plazed to meet you, Mr. McKenna! Through your friend, and mine, Pat Dormer, I've heard about you, and begun to wonder where you were taking yoursel' to—had expected to see you at my house in Shenandoah!"

"Bad scran to me, but I'm glad that I've come up wid ye!" replied McKenna, "an I'm just from your town, where I stopped only a few hours. As work war dull there an' I had no frien's, you bein' away, I jist rode over here to take another glass wid Dormer, an' who should I run right forninst but the very person I have wanted to see! I shall only buy myself some warmer clothes an' then go straight back to Shenandoah, where, can I get work, an' a dacent, comfortable boardin'-place, I propose stopping most of the winter—that is, providin' some swate friends of mine, who are mighty pressin' in their attentions, but that I don't crave to see jist at this present moment, may not come afther me sooner. Av coorse I shall attind church while I'm here, as it may be me last chance for some length of time!"

"An' I can't do that same!" said Lawler, with some regret in his voice, "for I am too deeply in somethin' of which the clergy disapprove! I'm fixed about as high in that, however, as they make them in the county! I suppose that Dormer has given ye that information already?"

“ Yes! I have heard as much! ”

“ By the same token! ” here interrupted Dormer, “ I sint a bit o’ letther to ye, Mike, by McKenna, an’ now that he’s met you, sure, the line will be of no use! ”

“ That’s so! ” said Lawler. “ It’ll be all the same! Any friend of yours—any old head especially—will be sure to meet a warm welcome at my house! ”

Here one of the men forming the company directed Lawler’s attention to an article in the daily *Standard*, stating that the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company was about to bring five thousand raw men into the county to work their mines. Lawler was very much interested in this, and read the entire extract aloud, commenting upon the same:

“ I’m a man of learning, I am, have some small sense, and know a little of what’s going on in this region of country, and I can tell you all that, if Mr. Gowen, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, undertakes to do anything like what this piece in the paper sets forth, in place of having the State Militia here to protect his men in the mines, and keep his breakers, shafts, and depot buildings from the torch, it’ll take all that force and all his time and skill to protect his own life! ”

"That's so! That's so!" was the hearty response.

"I look a person in the eye myself, an' I know in wan single moment whether I spake to a true man or not!"

"I admire your courage an' ability, Mr. Lawler," said McKenna, "an' I'm of the opinion that Mr. Gowen—if that be his name—will think over it a long while afore he'll trust a force of raw men in his mines! At any rate, he'll soon see, if he tries it, that such a thing will not work in this country."

This agreement with the boys gave McKenna standing with them at once.

The subject was discussed at length by all hands, and the universal opinion was, if the Company tried to butt against the society, the society would soon show the management of the railway, and the coal organization, of what kind of metal it was composed.

During the ensuing day Lawler was more sober, and, saying that he had already been too long from home, made preparations for an immediate return to Shenandoah. Before leaving, however, he very cordially invited McKenna to call when he reached his locality, saying:

"I'll make you as safe and secure as you can be anywhere!"

From this significant remark the detective inferred that, as he had all along intended he should, Dormer had given a hint to Lawler that the stranger was a hard case generally, and engaged in concealing himself from certain officials in Western New York, who were in search of him for having killed a man in Buffalo a year or so before. It was more than probable that his reputation as a dealer in counterfeit money had also been discussed by the same worthies.

"I'll accept your offer wid pleasure," answered McKenna "an I think it'll not be many days before you'll see me' face in Shenandoah! I believe it'll be just the place for me! "

The detective and Dormer attended Lawler to the cars and bid him good luck on his journey.

After Lawler's departure time hung rather heavily upon the agent's hands. He had nothing particular to attend to that was of importance in his calling, excepting to make the acquaintance of as many "Mollies" as possible, impress on the mind of Dormer the necessity of covering his tracks from the New York detectives, and secure the names of such persons as would be likely to listen to propositions connected with his counterfeit currency schemes. He pretended that he might soon have a supply to be disposed of. Dormer would sit for hours in his chair, when customers were not plenti-

ful, and drink in, with open eyes and gaping mouth, the wonderful tales the detective related of his strange adventures in foreign lands, the different people seen, and the narrow escapes he had made from capture and drowning while in the naval service. The little trouble experienced with another man in Buffalo, in which his antagonist chanced to be killed, was often repeated, with such embellishments as his inventive genius supplied. Once in a while he would exhibit a genuine bank-bill and tax Dormer's acuteness of vision to the utmost in finding out the difference between it and those he knew to be genuine issues of the same bank. He was hardly able to distinguish the peculiar secret mark which, McKenna sagely told him, "spotted the 'flimsy' as of the sort called 'queer.'" That it was spurious, however, was evident, from the fact that the exhibitor *said* he could "sell any needed quantity of similar banknotes at the exceedingly low rate of forty cents on the dollar." His word was not to be doubted.

"For the life of me, I can't see why it is not of the genuine issue!" Dormer would remark, with a puzzled look on his naturally sardonical face. "I'm no *bocaun*, as you're aware, but may I niver die till I see me own funeral, if the wan bill isn't every bit as good, to me, as t'other!"

"Faith, an' wan is jist as good as the other," McKenna would reply, *sotto voce*, "for two-thirds of all them bills is as false as Sam's masther — the devil — but don't say a word about it! As long as the papele don't know the truth, where's the difference?"

Of course the detective never kept a dollar of spurious money in his possession, never intended to, and never permitted himself to be drawn into any sales of that which he had given out as bad. It was sufficient for him if he made his companions believe that he was driving a profitable business selling the stuff, and further, that he was in regular receipt of a pension from the government, to account for getting on in the world without much work, and at the same time appearing to have plenty of funds for his personal wants. This he managed to do, for Dormer told several cronies, and they spread it among the "Mollies."

While McKenna was in Pottsville on this occasion — about the 24th of January, 1874 — transpired news of the murder, at Miner's Hill Gap, of a man named Bradley. The information reached him through the columns of a newspaper. He at once determined to go to Shenandoah, see Lawler, and find out, if possible, whether the "Mollie Maguires" were the perpetrators of the deed. He waited until the close of the Mission in the church,

and then, on the twenty-ninth of the month, prepared to leave. Dormer, who had recovered from his debauch, with a sober face informed the detective that, hereafter, he would have nothing to do with secret societies, intended faithfully to perform all his church duties, and in fact become a better man than he had ever been before. He advised the trip to Shenandoah, and said, when once there, Lawler would, if he so desired, make him all right in the society. It was Saturday, the 31st of January that McKenna found himself, for the second time, in the handsome city of Shenandoah. If he should now prove successful, it would not be so long before he would see the inside workings of the "Mollie Maguires."

* * * * *

THE day following the one on which he arrived in Shenandoah was the Sabbath and, believing Lawler would be unemployed McKenna put in an early appearance at the gentleman's house. The landlord was apparently much gratified to meet him. After a number of calls to the bar — for only a portion of which the detective was allowed to disburse his money, the remainder coming as so many warm expressions of goodwill from the proprietor of the place — McKenna threw out some feelers which brought up a dis-

cussion of the circumstances attending the Bradley homicide.¹ Lawler spoke of the affair with apparent frankness, but could not, or would not, make even a guess as to who had prompted or committed the crime. Not desiring to push the subject, and saying carelessly that "possibly the man merited all he had received" — to which insinuation the saloon-keeper made no direct or audible response — the subject was dropped, and the conversation turned upon other things. Lawler affected to have known nothing about the case until he saw a statement of it in the *Shenandoah Herald*, and, as that paper was bitterly opposed to the "Mollie Maguires," of course he was not exactly prepared to credit everything appearing in its columns.

Lawler informed his friend that he would do all he could to secure employment for him in the mines, but, should he succeed, the wages would be low, at the highest not above ten dollars a week, and the labor severe. He must naturally begin at the bottom round of the ladder, and gradually, if at all, rise in the scale to the rating of a miner. It required time and hard work to reach that position. The place of "butty," or helper, even, was not so very easy of acquire-

¹ Bradley was killed on the 24th of January, a few days before.

ment. McKenna here put forward the idea that he was accustomed to manual labor — which was not exactly the truth, though, in the old country, he once worked on a farm, and had his muscles hardened by considerable out-door exercise. Some years had elapsed, however, since his hands were employed in real toil and he had earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. Still, he expressed his willingness to try and said that he would accept anything yielding him a decent compensation, his principal object being — as Lawler had doubtless been informed by Dormer — to remain *perdu*, out of sight and quiet-like, until certain people should lose all trace of him. He believed, he told Lawler, in a whisper intended to impress the hearer that there was a mystery surrounding him, that the depths of a slope and a miner's attire, with the grime and dust incident to delving in a colliery, would about as effectually cover him from the pursuit of those so anxious to come up with him, as anything in the way of disguise he could wear, or any calling he could engage in. "Muff" coincided in this opinion.

Passing the time very pleasantly at Shenandoah, which is an agreeable and growing city of some three thousand inhabitants, the detective made occasional trips — as he informed his new-

found friend, with an expressive wink of the eye "upon particular business"—to the town of Colorado, where he encountered and became intimate with one Hugh Mulligan, then to Rappahannock and other points, in all of which localities he made good friends among the "Sleepers." He eventually took up his abode at Lawler's house, occupying the bed in the centre apartment, upstairs, in company with Mrs. Lawler's brother, and paying a reasonable compensation for room and board.

Situated as he now was, in the midst of the hardest characters and most devoted "Mollies" of the whole country, living in the house, and on most intimate terms of friendship, with the leading spirits of the organization, though not yet a member of the murderous order, it was plainly incumbent upon the detective, if he cared for preserving his own life and promoting the success of the Agency, to exercise more than ordinary prudence and discretion in all of his words and movements. It seemed especially necessary that his correspondence with the Philadelphia office should not be discovered, or even imagined. The precautions and safeguards placed about that portion of the business before McKenna started from the city, would baffle all inquiry in the end, if once set on foot, but even the breath of suspicion should

not be allowed to arise. Men have been murdered from the mere supposition that they might be guilty of acting as detectives, in Ireland, and the same spirit pervaded the ranks of the "Mollie Maguires" here — hence matters calculated to excite a surmise must be deeply buried. The detective's compulsory letter-writing, if made public, even though its object and destination were ever so well disguised, might place him in a dangerous predicament. Thus he was alert and continually vigilant. Excepting it might be in inditing a letter to relatives in the old country, and then only at long intervals, he seldom wrote anything — that is, as far as his companions were apprised. His daily reports must, however, be prepared as usual. This was mandatory upon him, and in no case to be omitted if the duty could be safely performed. Occasionally a day or two might be unavoidably missed, and then the consolidated report would go forward in one envelope. Sometimes he was forced to take a short journey to an adjacent town, secure a room at a second-class hotel, and there indite his letters and mail them to the proper address. Thus they would quickly reach Mr. Franklin. Writing-paper and envelopes he could with safety keep in his possession. They might rest in his satchel, which he frequently left unlocked, without danger of causing those to

wonder who might curiously open that receptacle. But any large supply of postage-stamps would hardly seem consistent with the character he assumed. He must not purchase them at the Shenandoah post-office, but a quantity were forwarded to him from Philadelphia. These came to him in due season. With the envelope containing them in his hand, he sat upon the side of his bed, and the question arose, "What shall I do with these troublesome little things?" He first thought of hiding them in some of the many pockets with which his rough clothing was furnished. But the chances were that some time, when he was enacting the rôle of the deeply intoxicated man — as he had done, and undoubtedly would again be called upon to do — he might be searched and the mischievous stamps discovered. Besides, from exposure to inclement weather, he was frequently drenched to the skin, and the stamps would in such a case be reduced to pulp and destroyed. They must be concealed — but where? When did one of his countrymen ever give over as hopeless any scheme or plan, when exertion or ingenuity might supply the bridge? The instances are rare. "Can't I put them under my stocking, next the sole of my boot?" he asked himself. No, that would never do. Moisture, friction, and his weight would combine soon to deface and ruin the stamps.

An expedient, in this connection, however, now occurred to him, and, taking out his pocket-knife, he made a small, narrow opening in the sheepskin lining of the leg of the heavy top-boots, and betwixt that and the heavy leather formed a pouch, the mouth of which was almost invisible, in which, after wrapping them in some strong paper, he deposited the postage-stamps. In this safe place, as long as he remained in the vicinity, he continued to carry them. He was reasonably sure of having them always convenient; and, as he had but one pair of boots at a time, could hardly forget to take those with him, however suddenly he might be called to remove from one point to another.

Another thing which troubled him not a little was to obtain a constant supply of good ink. Several small bottles, which he procured and kept hidden in his room, froze solid, and the fluid was spoiled. The Lawler family was not literary. Its members made small use of pens, ink, and paper, and a fragment of red or white chalk employed upon a portion of the bar shelving, and well out of sight behind bottles and cigar-boxes, formed blotter, journal, cash-book, and ledger for Mike. His was a cash business, calling for no account-books. Both of the heads of that family believed firmly in meddling with writing as little as possible.

But McKenna must have ink. Fortunately for him, Mrs. Lawler was an excellent laundress, and employed liquid bluing to give proper clearness to her husband's linen. This coloring matter the detective frequently made use of, and there is abundant evidence in his reports, sometimes in the shape of blots and patches not necessary to the adornment of the sheet, that the landlady's indigo bottle suffered considerably from the inroads made upon it by his busy steel pen. The latter instrument, in a common tin case, he easily managed to carry, with tobacco, keys, cartridges, bits of string and nails, in some of his convenient pockets. Many a time did he creep down the stairs and across the bar-room in his stocking feet, bearing his boots in his hand, of a cold winter night, light a tallow candle, or a miner's lamp, and sit shivering by the kitchen table, with a miserably dim and uncertain flame, writing up his report, and consuming his substitute for ink, at Mrs. Lawler's expense. On one or two occasions, in fact, he was reduced to the strait of commingling soot from the fireplace with water for writing purposes, when he had no pencil, the indigo vial was absent from its accustomed place, or the supply of fluid had given out. After completing the composition there came the enveloping and stamping. Diving into his corner in the old boot-leg, he would take out the amount

required and carefully replace the remainder. Then, not daring to retain the dangerous missive over night in his possession, he must don his overcoat, and, by the illumination granted by the stars alone, wend his way to the post-office, where he could deposit his parcel in the outside box and no person be the wiser. Sometimes he had to return from these short nocturnal journeys completely saturated with falling rain, or having, in the darkness, stumbled into a ditch or mud-hole, his clothes would present a terribly soiled appearance when he could see them. To save himself trouble in answering unpleasant questions, he would, in such an event, kindle a fire in the cook-stove, dry and cleanse his garments, and then, before retiring, sit up and watch the embers until they expired, in order that Mrs. Lawler might find nothing to make inquiries about. Very luckily for him, his bedfellow was a sound sleeper, and never once awakened when he left the room or returned. Had he done so, however, the detective had ready an excuse which must have silenced suspicion, in any reasonable man, that the absentee was engaged in work not unnecessary for one in his physical condition. All in Lawler's house slept deeply. This greatly favored the detective's wanderings at night. But he was not long in discovering that he must find a place where, however

small and inconvenient, he could occupy some sort of an apartment quite by himself. Otherwise his reports would be few and scattering, brief and unsatisfactory. He therefore began the search for another boarding-house, with a valid reason for cutting away from the Lawler residence.

One day, not long after McKenna had reached this conclusion, Lawler came home from the colliery some hours earlier than usual, and meeting the stranger, inquired if he had any clothes suitable for use in the mines.

"Faix, an' I hev these same that ye see me afther standin' in," said McKenna, "wid my Sunday suit beside!"

"Oh, botheration!" exclaimed Lawler, impatiently. "Those will never suit the work in the slope, with the smoke, an' the dirt, an' the wather!"

"Well, then, I suppose wan can buy others that will do! Just tell me what's wantin', an', sure, I'll see about it! Now in the silver mines, in the West, a man can wear most anything — still, I must acknowledge that the chaper the cloth the least money thrown away, even there!"

"True for ye!" said Lawler. "And if you can't raise the funds — of the right sort, you know — I'll go security for you till pay day for such things as you'll need — my credit's good at the

store—for the boss has sent me to tell you that in a short time he can put you on a job loadin' coal in the slope. I'll inform you, beforehand, that it'll be hard work but I guess you can stand it a while! ”

McKenna made known his desire to try it, at all events.

The heavy-soled boots, miner's lamp for his hat band, the tin dinner-pail and canteen, a pair of coarse denim overalls, a loose jacket tied with a strong string at the waist, or buckled in with his trusty strap, and an old nearly worn-out hat, formerly worn by Lawler, completed McKenna's shifting suit. The prospect of soon entering the mine to labor was pleasant. It would give him a better opportunity to see and know a greater number of “Mollies,” and at the same time gain more familiar footing with Lawler. But when the appointed day arrived, the boss received orders from his employers to discharge old, instead of hiring new men. Still Lawler did not despair. His time would come, he confidently declared.

The officer felt, from day to day, that, as long as he remained outside the order of “Mollie Maguires,” so long would he be in the power of a bad, reckless and changeable set of men, who might, at almost any moment, turn from friends to inveterate enemies. Hence, without seeming to

press the subject upon Lawler, he caused him to move a little faster in the proper direction.

* * * * *

THE operations of the detective as a laborer in the coal mines were destined to be of brief duration. Commencing nigh the middle of February, 1874, working a few days loading coal-wagons from the shute in the slope, to be run to, and then emptied in the breaker, he soon had all that he cared for in that particular line of industry. A day's apportionment was considered to be about eight of these wagon loads of the mass coal, comprising pieces varying in weight from a few pounds to several hundreds of pounds, all of which he was expected to place in the body of the small truck for removal to the upper regions. He was supposed to be in the shaft from half past six in the morning until about five or half past five o'clock in the afternoon, which was the day shift, when other workmen took his place. Everything, at first, appeared very strange to him, and the close air made him sick and giddy. Each wagon would transport some two and one half tons of coal, hence the shoveler's ten hours' stint would be equal to handling twenty tons of anthracite *per diem*, a task that one, accustomed, for mere pastime, to shovel into a cellar, handily with a scoop, his

ton or half ton of grate or range coal, can hardly appreciate. He may come near it, but the strength required to lift the larger pieces he cannot properly estimate. And this wearisome occupation must be steadily pursued, from early morning until the hour for luncheon, and from one o'clock P. M. until time to be relieved by the night force. It constituted much heavier work than McKenna had ever been accustomed to, hence it is not to be wondered at that his hands were worn quite raw when he left the shaft-house at the colliery, after his first day's experience in it. Indeed, had there not occurred an accident, in which some of the apparatus by which the loaded trucks were elevated to the hopper of the breaker gave way, it is more than probable that, before quitting time, he would have found himself entirely disabled and compelled to vacate his post. As it was, the condition of his bruised and bleeding fingers, when he returned to Lawler's for supper, after a good cleansing in the kitchen, was quite deplorable, and he employed his knife and fork awkwardly and painfully enough during the meal. He made no wry faces, however, as this would have been an admission that he had never before had anything to do with mining of any sort, but bore the pain in gritty silence, retiring early to his apartment, not to write or sleep, however, as

the tortures he experienced interfered with the use of the pen, and kept his eyes open, in spite of his exhaustion and desire to become oblivious to sublunary affairs. It was almost time to rise and prepare for another laborious day, before his eyelids closed in broken and fitful slumber.

The second day, the detective was approached by a miner, seemingly at the head of the society, who demanded a view of his card from the Miners' and Laborers' Union. As he had none, the request could not be complied with, and the man, named Mullaly, was so informed. The man told McKenna that, unless he joined the organization, he could not labor in that calling. Of course the operative was willing to do this as soon as able, and so expressed himself, when, after some further words, Mullaly took his departure.

The severe pain in his hands and limbs left the detective after five or six days, and he felt well enough to roam abroad in the city soon after supper. But it was very little he cared about sitting up late following a day's digging in the shift and nine or ten o'clock at night generally found him in bed. But an accident that befell him on the seventeenth of the month put him upon the shelf for some time. Having his hand severely injured, by being crushed between two car-wheels, he was unable to pursue any laborious occupation

until it healed. On the succeeding day, Mrs. Lawler was suddenly attacked with serious illness, and all the boarders at the tavern, McKenna included, were forced to leave and secure other accommodations. Mrs. Lawler was not expected to sufficiently recover to return to her duties very soon, and no proper substitute for her could be found in Shenandoah. Excepting the bad health of Mrs. Lawler — for which he really felt sorry — the occurrence furnished that which the detective had lately been seeking for — an excuse to change boarding-places — and he soon obtained a room passably to his liking at the residence of Fenton Cooney, who had moved to Shenandoah. The little bedroom that he tenanted was rather cold and cheerless, but there was one thing about it which fully compensated — he was to be its only occupant, unless, when the house might be crowded, he chose to share the bed with some of his friends. There was one slight objection to the apartment, which, however, he soon obviated. It came in the shape of a large hole in the wall separating him from another room, just in the corner, at the head of his bed, caused by uneven settling of the foundations of the building, through which a man might thrust his arm. Not that he particularly cared for the draught of air, but when he came to composing his reports and using a lamp, which

was generally late at night, it would not do to have any chance observer in the hall, or prying servants, see a gleam of light emanating from his bedroom. This was prevented by stopping up the large aperture with such old clothes as he could spare from his satchel — taking the precaution of packing them away again in the morning before vacating the premises — and hanging his old shifting hat on the knob of the lock, over the keyhole. After these preparations, he was enabled to work in safety. A small bottle of ink, however, which he procured and secreted in the room, froze as solid as a rock the very first night, and he was reduced, for several days, to the expedient of trying a lead pencil. Subsequently, he used a newly-patented copying pencil, but had poor luck with it, as the nearly undecipherable reports he sent in abundantly testify. By employing a portable inkstand and filling it frequently out of Mrs. Cooney's bluing bottle, which, happily for him, was left near the fire, in the kitchen, he managed to do better until an event occurred that rendered such a proceeding unnecessary. Cooney, who was no scholar, chanced to have a number of letters to send to Pottsville, and, learning that his new boarder, McKenna, could "use the pen iligantly" — as Lawler expressed it — he was pressed into the service, first having been sent to

the nearest store for some ink. He took care to buy a middling-sized bottleful, and, after completing his task for Cooney, put it beside the bluing in the same place, and all he had to do when he needed to perform some work in his room, was to take away a quantity in his pocket-stand and throw out what was left when he concluded his labors. Mrs. Cooney was particularly cautioned to keep the ink-bottle where it was, and, without asking any questions, complied. Thus was this trouble, for a time, wiped away. These details may seem trifling, but the emergency demanded great caution.

It was at this time that McKenna formed the acquaintance of one Frank McAndrew. A friendship immediately sprung up between these two men that, notwithstanding the trials and troubles through which both have passed — in fact, danger and adventure seemed to strengthen the feeling — remains, to this day, unimpaired and unshaken. McAndrew held true to McKenna in his darkest hour, through good and bad repute; and as he must play a conspicuous part in the course of this relation some reference to his *personnel* may prove of advantage to the reader.

Of Celtic descent, McAndrew was twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, fair to look upon, of medium height, having round and well-propor-

tioned limbs. His hair was of a lightish auburn, somewhat wavy, fine in texture and worn rather gracefully. He had a mustache of sandy hue, good teeth, blue eyes, regular features, and a complexion sometimes described as florid. His nose was rather long and sharp. Usually clad in good and decently-fashioned clothing, when out of his shifting suit, Frank was, if anything, generally more presentable than the usual run of men brought up to the calling of a miner. He was married and the father of two children.

It was from McAndrew that McKenna, about the middle of February, heard that a man named Lanaham had been shot the preceding day at Centralia. The crime was by some charged upon the sheriff, or his assistants, and by others upon the chain-gang, but, as McAndrew remarked, "the 'Mollies' would have to bear the blame, whether guilty or innocent." The probability was that they had something to do with it.

About the close of the month, McKenna, only suffering the loss of some of his finger-nails, as the result of the mining accident, was sufficiently recovered to return to coal shoveling in the shaft of the West Shenandoah colliery. McAndrew was employed in the same mine, not far from him, and they had Mike Lawler as a companion almost within speaking distance. During their dinner hour

Mike Lawler suggested that he wanted McKenna well inside the ring before St. Patrick's day, so that he could appear in the procession. It was then the intention to make as good a show as possible on that occasion. McAndrew readily acceded to the proposition, and the operative assenting, it was agreed that his name should be taken in at the ensuing regular meeting. But McKenna did not march in the procession on the seventeenth. A few members from a country division came out. The majority of the "Mollies," preferring to remain incog., did not attempt to walk with those belonging to other societies.

About the beginning of March the times were so hard that a number of men had to be discharged from the colliery, including McKenna and his companions. They were promised work when business was more lively. In the meantime, the detective's effort — which could not be very active without attracting undesirable attention — to gain admission to the Ancient Order,¹ as it was sometimes called, were unavailing. Lawler sometimes referred to his promise, but seemed unwilling or afraid to proceed. McKenna was aware of the fact that he had not been black-balled, and all now wanting was a fairly attended meeting to call for his admission. McAndrew and Lawler had

¹ From The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ireland.

lately fallen out. They did not openly quarrel, but Lawler wanted to be re-elected Bodymaster of the division, and McAndrew thought it was due to *him*. Lawler urged that, as McAndrew could not read or write, he was ineligible, and there were a few members who sided with him. Others contended that lack of education made no difference. McAndrew being McKenna's warm friend, that might have had something to do with the delay by Lawler in having the applicant initiated.

Matters remained in this condition, McKenna and his friends working part of the time and then for weeks being unemployed, until about the thirteenth of the following April. Thinking to accelerate action a little, the detective, one day, proposed to Lawler, that, in a little while, he would have to bid him good-by, alleging that work was so dull he had concluded to go to Luzerne County, and there pass the spring and summer. He knew he could get work in Wilkesbarre, or find an old friend who had proposed to set him up in business—that is, give him a supply of bogus bank bills to be disposed of on commission. “Anything,” he remarked “is better than idleness.” This had the desired effect.

McKenna had been instructed to take some such course but not to push the matter.

Lawler stirred himself, said he did not want

McKenna to leave, informed him that a meeting would soon be held, and his case should certainly be acted upon. He had his own reasons for desiring McKenna to remain at Shenandoah, and for getting him into the division; but he wanted first to be sure that he would support him (Lawler) for Bodymaster; in default of this, he wished to be elected County Delegate, a lucrative and high position then held by one Barney Dolan, of Big Mine Run. A hint of this was all McKenna needed. While he could not promise to go against McAndrew, he could, and did, say that he would do his utmost to put Lawler in Dolan's position. Thereupon Lawler exclaimed, with a chuckle of satisfaction: "At the very next meeting we'll see you made all right!"

As the division held its sessions at Lawler's house during these days, the would-be "Mollie" made it his business to be present nearly every evening. But it was not until the night of Tuesday, the fourteenth of April, that his watchfulness earned its merited reward. He was at Lawler's, after supper, as usual, and Mike had been drinking more than needful, assisted somewhat by McKenna, who wished his friend to be in good trim for doing something generous, as he had heard it was the date for the regular monthly gathering of the society. Presently, as nine o'clock arrived, there

dropped in at the tavern several well known "Mollies," among them Ed. Ferguson — called "Fergus" — Pete Monaghan, Thomas Hurley, Frank McAndrew and Tom McNulty. In a little while, seeming to take their cue from Lawler, who left his wife to attend the bar, the rest of the family having retired, they one by one dropped into the kitchen and quietly ascended the stairway leading to the second floor. McAndrew and McKenna were thus alone in the beer room with the landlady. The former appeared to be acting as a sort of outside guardian of the division. Very few words were exchanged by the two men.

The thoughts which passed through the brain of the detective at the moment, as he sat listening to the retreating footsteps of the "Mollies," may possibly be imagined by those who have been in similar positions, but others can have small conception of their meaning and effect, and to describe them is quite impracticable. His heart stood almost still during the following few minutes of suspense, and only beat regularly and calmly when he heard a quick-descending tread, and then the same sound approaching him from the kitchen. He breathed more freely when he saw that the arrival was Pete Monaghan, who made a signal that he should accompany him upstairs, still leaving only McAndrew below. The decisive

period, for which he had labored, watched, and waited during five long, weary months, had at last arrived. It was a trying and critical crisis in the detective's experience. As he ascended the steep steps he endeavored to take in, comprehend, and forecast the probable result of the act he was about to take part in, and mentally asked himself, more than once, if it would end in failure or success. This cast of thought was turned from its course on arriving at the door of Mike Lawler's sleeping apartment, which was reasonably large and decently furnished. Space left within, on account of the wide bed, the tables and chairs, was a little circumscribed, yet enough remained to tolerably accommodate the sparse assemblage of "brothers." A large lamp burned brightly on the bureau, before the oval mirror, at one extremity of the room, between the two heavily draped windows, and another, giving a lesser light, rested upon a stand, or table, at the opposite end of the apartment. Behind the small table Mike Lawler, the Bodymaster of the Division, stood, holding in his hand a slip of paper, which at the moment he was intently and earnestly studying. The other men were ranged, standing erect with arms folded, around the room, leaving a clear spot of carpet in the centre of the floor. Each "Mollie" devoutly made the sign of the Cross as Monaghan and McKenna entered.

The latter was instructed to similarly bless himself, and promptly obeyed. He was then taken to the middle of the room and, still standing by his side, Monaghan proclaimed all in readiness to proceed.

"The neophyte will kneel!" said Lawler.

"Now get down on your prayer-bones," whispered Monaghan; and McKenna knelt upon the carpet.

Here all the members, at a given signal from Lawler, drew nearer the initiate, leaving room for the Bodymaster, who came also, still holding the mysterious paper in his hand.

"I will now proceed," said the presiding officer, in a pompous and affected tone of voice, "to explain to you the objects of the Ancient Order of Hibernians: 'We are joined together to promote friendship, unity and true Christian charity among our members, by raising money for the maintenance of the aged, sick, blind, and infirm. The motto of the order is, Friendship, Unity, and true Christian Charity; unity, in uniting for mutual support in sickness and distress; friendship, in assisting each other to the best of our ability; true Christian charity by doing to each other and all the world as we would wish they should do unto us.' It is the desire to promote friendship among the Irish Catholics, and especially to assist one another in all trials. You are expected to keep all matters

occurring within the division room a secret in your own heart. None of the workings of the society are to be recalled to those not known to be members."

Here there was a short pause, and the initiate was asked if he subscribed to all these things, to which he made audible answer in the affirmative.

"I will then proceed to administer the solemn and binding obligation with which all present have already pledged themselves. You will repeat these words after me:"

McKenna, still upon his knees, and guarded by Monaghan, repeated the oath, or obligation, as Lawler read it from the paper, as near as may be, as follows:

"I, James McKenna, having heard the objects of the order fully explained, do solemnly swear that I will, with the help of God, keep inviolably secret all the acts and things done by this order, and obey the constitution and by-laws in every respect. Should I hear a member illy spoken of, I will espouse his cause, and convey the information to him as soon as possible for me so to do. I will obey my superior officers in everything lawful, and not otherwise. All this I do solemnly swear!"

Then McKenna was told to cross himself once more, the surrounding brothers doing the same; and the test-paper, as it was called, was handed to

him by Lawler, and, still in a kneeling posture, he reverently kissed it, and was prompted by Monaghan to rise.

This concluded the brief initiatory ceremony. Afterward, the new-made member walked to the treasurer's table, which was the bureau, and there paid three dollars, the sum assessed as the initiatory fee.

He should have subsequently signed his name in a book containing the constitution of the body, but this was omitted, as were many other things which in regular lodges of the order of Ancient Hibernians are always insisted upon. All present now came forward and warmly shook hands with McKenna, welcoming him as a brother.

The next thing was the instruction of the new member in the password and signs — or secret work — commonly called "the goods" of the society, by Lawler, as follows:

"The sign of recognition, which is changed every three months, for the present is made by putting the tip of the little finger of the right hand to the outer corner of the right eye, thus: and the Bodymaster made the sign, which McKenna was requested to imitate. He did so, and the officer resumed:

"The answer to this is, to catch the right lapel of the vest or coat, with the little finger and thumb

of the right hand, in this manner;” and Lawler performed the answering signal which the novitiate imitated as well as he could.

Lawler continued:

“There are a number of toasts, or hailing signs and responses, by which members of the order recognize each other. When the signal just furnished cannot be seen, what is called the drinking toast for the quarter is employed. It is this:

“ ‘The Emperor of France and Don Carlos of Spain.’

“And is answered:

“ ‘May unite together and the people’s rights maintain.’

“The password, now used in entering a division, is this:

“ ‘*Question:* Will tenant-right in Ireland flourish?’

“ ‘*Answer:* If the people unite and the landlords subdue.’

“The quarrelling word, to be employed when a brother is in doubt if one with whom he is about to dispute or come to blows is a member of the order, or not, is as follows:

“ ‘*Question:* Your temper is high!’

“ ‘*Answer:* I have good reason!’

“The night word, to be used when two men meet in the darkness, is:

“ ‘*Question: The nights are very dark!*’ ”

“ ‘*Answer: I hope they soon will mend!*’ ”

This concluded the ceremonies, and the meeting, without transacting any further business of importance, adjourned, all going straight to the bar, where, as was expected, the newly initiated “ Mollie ” spent some money in treating his comrades. When, at about midnight, McKenna and McAndrew left for their respective homes, Lawler was on his way to bed, more decidedly mellow than he had been seen since the detective’s arrival in the place.

In the cold, silent room at Fenton Cooney’s, very late that night, before retiring, McKenna indited the most important report he had ever written, minutely detailing, as here given, every particular of the ceremony attending his initiation into Shenandoah Division of the “ Mollie Maguires,” with the signs, toasts, passwords, and other matters of interest. His concluding sentence was:

“ So you see the victory is won at last! ”

It was not until that report had been sealed, stamped, and deposited in the post-office box, that the detective sought repose, thinking he would not immediately leave Shenandoah.

* * * * *

The detective was now competent to encounter modern as well as old-time “ Mollie Maguires.” He

apprehended no more trouble from the questions of Dormer, Lawler, or even Jack Kehoe himself, and felt that however imperfect his introductory work with the order in the coal country might have been, he was then prepared to meet all members of the order, and enabled, from his late instructions, to suit his companions. The danger coming from sudden inquiries, made by strangers, he no longer dreaded. Just as well posted in the mysteries of the society as anybody well could be—he had already learned that there were no degrees beyond the initiatory in the Ancient Order—he believed he could work his way into a division, or into the good graces of the people as well as any man with whom he had conversed. In fact, his memory, which was retentive to a degree, treasured every sign and password and toast much better, he discovered, than did the minds of many of his associates, some of whom had joined the body many years before, and who would therefore be presumably far more familiar with its interior workings than a mere tyro in the business. As a general rule his comrades were wholly uneducated, and their laborious occupations debarred mental exercise. In this regard McKenna held an advantage, and was really better qualified for office in the division than any member he had ever met. He had not been long in the order when this was apparent to his

friends, and they commenced talking of him in connection with one of the chairs to be vacated at the next annual meeting.

Surely, he must not for the present leave Shenandoah.

This was a strangely inconsistent society. Having for the public eye a motto to all appearances as elevated in tone as that of any secret order in the land, and professing the noblest moral principles, its members were, with some exceptions, assassins, murderers, incendiaries, thieves, midnight marauders, gamblers, and men who did not scruple to perform almost any act of violence or cowardice that a depraved nature or abnormal animal instinct might conceive. Having "unity and true Christian charity" as its ostensible guiding-star, its constituent parts were at war each with the other — excepting in the perpetration of dark deeds, in which they stood firmly together — and one member jealous of the power obtained by another. Professing benignity and the utmost benevolence, it was a combination of enmity and malice for purposes of blood and outrage, brutally manufacturing widows and orphans — not caring for and cherishing them. Its adherents were certainly not particular as to the moral endowments of their initiates. McKenna was quickly accepted, yet he had not been at all cautious in concealing from

Lawler and his friends that he was — at least, professedly, an escaped manslayer, and one who would not hesitate to deal in counterfeit currency, or pursue any other calling by which money could be made or old grudges repaid.

Then there was Dormer, who had formerly stood well with the organization; yet he was by no means angelic in disposition or reputation. Nor was Lawler, Monaghan, Kehoe, Dolan, and a dozen others, with whom McKenna had come in contact, at all of the character called saintly.

It was easy to see how fair the aims and objects of the original fathers of the society might have been when beginning the movement. It could even be believed that, in some parts of the country, the primal endeavor might yet be in force, but, in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, surely they had long since disappeared from view. Evil had taken up the reins and obtained undisputed sway. Acts of beneficence and charity had been succeeded by scenes of violence and carnage. Wicked-minded and reckless persons were at the helm, and made choice of their kind to fill the ranks. Good men had no chance. A murderer, an assassin, a violent party, was sought after and coveted by the divisions, while one of known rectitude of purpose and strict integrity was not wanted, and sure of being rejected were his name by accident proposed.

Hence it was well that McKenna took the course he did when first arriving in the coal regions. His jolly, devil-may-care manner, his habit — not really a habit, but an assumption of one — of being nearly always intoxicated, ready and willing to sing, shoot, dance, fight, gamble, face a man in a knock-down or a jig, stay out all night, sleep all day, tell a story, rob a hen-roost or a traveler — just suited those with whom he daily came in contact.

Returning to a date preceding McKenna's induction to Shenandoah Division, let me bring in some of the acts committed by the "Mollies" and their opponents, forming a kind of introduction to others of wider celebrity, if not of greater magnitude, which it will soon be the chronicler's duty to narrate.

It was the middle of March, 1874, that McKenna was invited to witness one of the milder amusements of the rougher portion of the people of the mining country — a dog-fight. The canine contest was appointed to occur at Number Three Breaker, and McAndrew, Ferguson, and Monaghan were the detective's companions. The locality was only a mile from town, and the attendance was large, some two hundred men and overgrown youths having gathered to see the expected ferocious proceeding. But all were fated to disappointment.

From a failure to come to time on the part of one of the owners and backers, the ring was just one dog short. The animal on hand had to be taken home, his pugnacity unsatisfied, and the spectators, unable to get up a battle between two human beasts, were compelled to disperse, considerably disgusted with this peaceful result of what earlier bid fair to be a savage and enjoyable sensation. On the route homeward, McAndrew said he would stop at a house where he was acquainted, and see if a dog could not be procured. The attempt did not succeed, but as the men were standing near the place, Dr. Shultz, who was known to nearly all the party, came that way. He paused to chat with McAndrew, and among other matters stated that a man, named Peter McNellis, had been shot the previous night at Jenkins' Patch. The deed transpired at McNellis' own house, and was the work of one Canfield, whose father was shot, but not mortally, the preceding Saturday. McNellis had been attacked while in his dwelling, but the doctor could not say if he were dead, or would die, but the hurt was pronounced very serious by the attending surgeon. McNellis' brother had been three times notified by the "Mollies" to quickly leave the neighborhood, or accept the consequences. The missives conveying this delicate bit of information all bore the signature of "Mollie." The McNellis

family, it appears, chose to accept the "consequences."

When the doctor had ridden away, Ferguson exclaimed, referring to McNellis:

"May he never rise again, the scoundrel!"

In which wish all his comrades heartily concurred, and McKenna, seeing that he was expected to express himself regarding a "Sheet Iron" lad, complied, saying:

"An' may the divil fly away wid his sowl!"

On the morning of the twentieth of the same month, one Dougherty was shot while passing from home to his work. It was reported that the victim in this case was a "Mollie," and the outrage had been brought about by some of the dreaded "Iron Clads."

This made the third or fourth person that had been killed during the time of the operative's residence in the vicinity of Shenandoah—and all before he had become a member of the organization of "Mollie Maguires." I make mention of this, in the present connection, for the reason that enemies have undertaken to instruct the public that until my detective was sent to and appeared in the coal region, and was duly constituted a member of the order of "Mollies," the murderous society lay comparatively dormant. This endeavor to have it seem that McKenna fomented discord and caused crimes to be perpetrated which led to the

arrest and punishment of his companions and intimates, is so absurd, that only those who desire to do so, put any faith in it, and for such persons and their wretched opinions I have supreme contempt. McKenna was constantly instructed to avoid prompting outrages. He obeyed his orders faithfully. The truth is, he entered the stronghold of a gang of assassins, and, despite his presence, they succeeded in doing a few murders. He could not stop them. Before closing, I shall show some of the troubles that he did succeed in preventing. Dating from 1868, and from that year down to 1873, murder and other violence ran riot in the coal districts. Since the authorities have been able, through our exertions, to punish assassins and conspirators, there has been a noticeable decrease in acts to be punished. When the "Mollies'" ever-convenient *alibi* was shattered and scattered to the wind, they had nothing left to fall back upon, and there was no chance for them. They were forced to flee the country, or remain and behave like good and orderly citizens.

When McAndrew heard of the last act of blood — the shooting of Dougherty — (this was not the man of the same name, who was no "Mollie," causing so much trouble at Tamaqua, as related in another and preceding chapter) — he was very indignant, and passionately exclaimed that

"if such things continued, there would soon be regular war in Schuylkill county! "

These words must have reached the ears of some of the "Chain Gang" — or those who were not "Mollies" — as, only a few days subsequently, a message was received by "Muff" Lawler that a portion of the "Modocs" (Germans) and "Sheet Irons" had made common cause against McAndrew, Monaghan, Garritty, Ferguson, Lawler, and several others, all of whom would meet the fate of Dougherty if they did not cease their cruel work, or depart from that portion of the State. When Monaghan heard about this, he said:

"Some fire will fly and some blood be spilled before *I* get out of this neighborhood! "

He evidently did not intend to be frightened away with merely hard words.

An incident, which may be given in this connection, was related by Lawler to McKenna, one night, after his return from a meeting of the Miners' and Laborers' Association, to which "Muff" also belonged. It was about a Welsh boss in one of the mines, not far from Shenandoah, and had only recently occurred. According to Lawler, this superintendent, whose name was not given, had been discharging all the Irishmen operating under him and putting his countrymen in their places. The natural result was, the "Mollies" notified the

boss that he must leave. He disregarded the injunction, saying that it would "make no difference, if he obeyed, as the proprietors would run the colliery if he were in h—l!"

A few days after using this language, a man visited the exasperated Welshman and gave him a warning letter.

"Where are you from?" asked the boss.

"From h—l!" answered the messenger, and quickly disappeared.

This boss did not listen to the warning, and as a consequence, the "Mollies," in a body, demons as they were, went to his house, at the dead hour of night, broke up his furniture, ill-treated his family, and taking the stubborn fellow into the yard, in his night garments, beat him with clubs until he was nearly dead. He was satisfied from this treatment, which might be called striking evidence, that the colliery was not exactly a healthy place of residence or refuge for him, and, as soon as able to do so, removed to Pottsville. In this case, as in many others, no arrests were made, and no efforts put forth to hunt up the guilty parties. It could hardly be expected that there would be, when it is considered that the "Mollies" controlled the magistrates and other officials of the city, and partly those of the county.

McKenna, judging from Lawler's manner while

relating the story, more than from the words he used, suspected that the beating of the Welshman had been performed by him, or at least by men acting under his orders. Still, as he was not yet a member of the "Mollies," he could not be expected to have reliable information on the subject. Mike concluded his story by saying that he never allowed his men to know about his movements, and ordinarily, when anything was to be done, he preferred attending to it himself rather than let others into the secret.

"So there's a ring within a ring!" mentally ejaculated the detective, as Lawler left him to attend upon a customer at the bar.

The strike of that winter, which has before been alluded to, ended nigh the first of April, 1874. About this time McKenna heard, from one Foley, living near Indian Ridge Colliery, that at the water station a man named Keating had been shot and instantly killed. The event occurred about five o'clock in the afternoon, and, as usual, the murderer made his escape. It was again charged that the "Sheet Iron" lads were the guilty parties. Lawler and the detective were at the colliery looking for work to do when they learned about Keating's death.

* * * * *

It was now the duty of the detective to collect statistics connected with the order of which he

had been made a member. That he might accomplish this object, he must travel from place to place. Therefore, saying his health demanded rest from work in the mines — even should labor prevent, and of this there were serious doubts — he prevailed upon Lawler to grant him a traveling card, directed to the officers of all divisions in the United States, through which — with the “goods” — admission could be secured in any city, town, or village. This card had to be countersigned by Barney Dolan, County Delegate, before it was valid. The name was easily gained, through a short trip to Big Mine Run.

Night and day during the spring, fall, and winter, McKenna had been exposed to all sorts of weather and late hours, and it told upon his constitution, which must have been of iron to have held out so long, and he grew thin, cadaverous, and his strength perceptibly and rapidly failed. The symptoms were aggravated by a dry cough.

Although it was not his intention to stay long away from Shenandoah — which place, from the material in and surrounding it, he believed to be the grand center of the field of operations of the “Mollie Maguires” — and so informed all his friends — the parting between McKenna and McAndrew was a scene of mutual regrets. All disliked to have him leave. This was especially the case with

Cooney, Lawler, Monaghan, Fergus, and little McNulty. But, after many good wishes from the men and women, and promises on his part that he would return as soon as fully recovered, the detective occupied a car on the Lehigh Valley Road, the evening of the fifteenth of May, 1874, and reaching Wilkesbarre, Luzerne County, the same day, took up quarters at the Railroad Hotel, of which Daniel Shovlin was then proprietor.

Some bitter experiences were in store for McKenna. There must be the bitter with the sweet.

Bearing letters from Lawler and others to William Kirk, County Delegate of Luzerne, he encountered no difficulty in forming the acquaintance of the chief "Mollies" of the vicinity. He found that there were at that time only a little less than thirty divisions, or bodies, in the county, all of which were in a prosperous condition, as many as thirty or forty persons being added to the lodge in Wilkesbarre alone during a single night.

County Delegate Kirk was a gentlemanly person, kept a store, and was kind enough to say that Schuylkill County, from which his visitor came, "was, from its course, a disgrace to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and should be cut off, root and branch, until there could be a complete remedy for the difficulty in reorganization."

He received McKenna cordially, however, and

said he was not to blame for the condition of the order outside of Shenandoah, and complimented him for the manner in which the business and finances of that division, as far as he had heard, were being managed. He also took especial trouble to introduce the operative to the chief men of the society in Luzerne. It was learned that there were about four thousand "Mollies" in the county.

After remaining in Wilkesbarre a few days, McKenna visited the division at Pittston, and saw and talked with the Bodymaster, whose name was Melvin. He then visited Kingston, Plymouth, and the adjacent towns, familiarizing himself with the faces and names of the officers and members, quietly adding to his list, acquiring a better knowledge of the manners and customs of the people, and the modes of procedure within and outside the division room.

The matter then most canvassed by the "Mollies" was a conference, held on the twenty-seventh of the month at Scranton, between Bishop O'Hara and five clergymen on one side, and a delegation of twenty-five Bodymasters from all parts of the country, on the other, to discuss certain changes in the constitution and by-laws, as well as in the secret work of the order. Mr. County Delegate Kirk, and Peter Duffy, of Hazleton, represented Luzerne County. The proceedings of the conven-

tion were harmonious, but no conclusion was arrived at, excepting in hearing the Bishop's *ultimatum*. The clergy insisted that there must be a thorough revision of the rules regulating divisions; that they should cease holding meetings in bar-rooms, and consent to have a priest for spiritual adviser, before the Church could recognize or affiliate with them. The sentence, "If I hear a brother illy spoken of I will inform him of it," was also to be expunged from the obligation. They did not seem to interfere with the secrecy, and the signs and pass-words, and little was said about the murderous acts which had been done by the "Mollies." It was, after much argument, left in about the same condition as before. No mere county convention could abrogate work done by the National Board, or the Board of Erin. Indeed it was doubtful if the "Mollies" would ever consent to any changes, Church or no Church, and whether Bishop O'Hara would not, after all, have to follow the example of Bishop Wood, and proceed to deal in anathemas and excommunications.

Remaining in Luzerne until the fifth of June of the same year, McKenna then received orders from Superintendent Franklin — under whose immediate supervision, guided by Mr. Bangs and myself, he had all the time been acting — to report at once in Philadelphia, and he immediately obeyed.

While at the Agency in Philadelphia McKenna prepared a complete list of all the "Mollies" whose acquaintance he had formed, as well as a regular enumeration of the officers and members, so far as he knew, belonging to the different divisions in Schuylkill and Luzerne Counties, after which he was instructed to re-enter the field of operations, in Carbon County, and to particularly investigate the circumstances connected with the assassination of Morgan Powell, occurring December 2, 1871, and alluded to previously in this story. It was suspected that the deed had been perpetrated by men residing in the vicinity, the system of exchanges between Bodymasters not having on this occasion been observed. Taking the proper line of railway, the detective was soon in Mauch Chunk, one of the most romantic and ancient-looking towns in the entire State. Here, however, for the present, he need spend but little time. His business was at Summit Hill, and, taking the cars over the Switch-back, he was soon in that locality. Going at once to the house of Thos. Fisher, who kept a tavern and acted as County Delegate, he was well received, after making himself known by throwing the proper sign, which was promptly responded to by the "Mollie." There were several members present at the moment, and McKenna was introduced to them. Among these were Daniel Boyle, the Bodymaster, John Gallagher, and Pat

McKenna — of those of the last name given the detective heard there were a large number in the neighborhood — naturally they must be relatives. Here he also saw Maguire, the State Secretary of the order, from Pittsburg, who was canvassing in the interest of his newspaper, the *Hibernian*, which was the acknowledged organ of the A. O. H. in this country. It was here he heard that big, blarneying, blundering Barney Dolan was in disgrace at headquarters and there was a chance that he would be removed from his office as County Delegate of Schuylkill, and never receive any more “goods” for the divisions, simply because he had, in a fit of anger, loudly cursed the Bishop and the holy Church of Rome. All agreed that Barney should have been respectful, and in using such language had richly merited the punishment of expulsion for life.

Carbon County having been well gone over, during the early part of July McKenna returned to Shenandoah.

The few events following, to the first of August, may thus be summarized:

The detective soon found all his Shenandoah friends about him. Lawler, Cooney, Hurley, Monaghan, McAndrew, and the rest were very glad to see their fellow “Mollie.”

After the Fourth had passed, during which the

members engaged in a general good time, celebrating the day of national independence, they commenced talking about securing a new Bodymaster for Shenandoah division, Lawler not having given satisfaction in several particulars. He seemed simply doing nothing. The boast that he would rapidly increase the membership had fallen short. Numbers were leaving, not liking the style of the presiding officer, instead of flocking in and joining the order. It was hinted to McKenna by several, that if he would accept, he might have the place of Bodymaster. He very wisely refused the tempting bait, but returned answer that, if they must honor him in this style — and for an elevation he was by no means anxious — it should be in the bestowal of some subordinate position.

It was at this date that there arose considerable talk among the “Mollies” about one Gomer James, who had not long before shot and killed a member of the order named Cosgrove, living near Shenandoah. James was arrested, but secured bail and would soon be at large. Ned Monaghan and several others were desirous that Lawler should get some men from an adjoining body and have Gomer James quietly put out of harm’s way, but, somehow, Muff could not, or would not, comply with their wishes. Therefore, ex-constable Monaghan — not Ed. Monaghan — expressed him-

self in favor of having an officer who would and could perform the job. Barney Dolan was sent for, and Lawler forced to send in his resignation, so that the County Delegate might appoint a successor.

On one occasion Hurley exhibited a handsome set of brass knuckles, that he had borrowed of Martin Deane, and which were intended to be used upon somebody. Shortly thereafter, Deane left for Loss Creek, and he had been gone only a few days when a man named Reilly was shot and mortally wounded, by one Anthony Shaw, known to be Deane's butt¹. Suspicion fastened upon the latter as an accomplice in the shooting, but there was no evidence pointing him out as the accessory.

That very night, at a late hour, as McKenna and Monaghan were passing the house of Gomer James, the obnoxious young Welshman, on the route homeward, the ex-constable pulled out his revolver and wanted to fire into the building, saying, if he "only knew where Gomer James' head rested he'd send a bullet there." He was only prevented from putting his project into execution by McKenna, who seized the pistol and compelled its owner to put it away. There was nothing in the programme of the detective authoriz-

¹ Assistant in the colliery.

ing him to become an accomplice in outrage when it could be avoided.

At the ensuing regular meeting of the division, held in McHugh's house, on the eighteenth of July, an election took place. McAndrew was confirmed as Bodymaster for the current term, James McHugh elected Treasurer, James McKenna, Secretary, and all were regularly installed. It was really a business meeting. James O'Brien, Charles Hayes, and John Travers were accepted, subsequently initiated, and other persons proposed as members.

All things considered, Shenandoah Division succeeded better than before. Although McAndrew was troubled to read writing, and even perused print indifferently, he soon made, with McKenna's assistance a very fair presiding officer. The detective had to go to his assistance in the ceremony of initiation, was called upon to deliver the obligation, or test, as it was sometimes described, and instruct the novitiates in the signs, pass-words, and toasts, but otherwise McAndrew managed affairs exceedingly well. This election to the Secretaryship gave the agent standing with the members, furnished him a safe place in which to write his reports, and also an excuse for carrying on considerable correspondence. Should suspicion thereafter ask a single question, he could plainly

answer: "Am I not the Secretary? And have I not the writing of the division to attend to?" While instructing the members in the "goods" his memory would be stored with their salient features and he be enabled the more correctly to report them to the Agency. The "Mollies" being generally uneducated, such a position gave its occupant high standing in the order.

At each and every conference of the two men, McAndrew now would say to the detective that Monaghan, or some other party, had once more been urging the necessity of doing something with Gomer James. McKenna endeavored to make the Bodymaster believe it useless to pay any attention to these demands, holding that they would soon cease and their cause be forgotten. But that official, while he did not wish to assume any such responsibility, was not able to see the road by which it could be avoided. And McKenna, on his part, did not dare oppose too strenuously. Such a course would cause McAndrew to drop his communications on the subject, and then possibly the work might go on without his Secretary's knowledge. One day the head of the division arrived at the decided stand that, as soon as the number of members should justify, he would levy an assessment, and collect a fund to pay for the services of men from some adjoining division to

come over to Shenandoah and "put Gomer James off his legs."

McKenna saw that McAndrew's mind was firmly made up in this direction, hence gave no further check to the business. A contrary plan, he was well aware, would prove of no avail and, resolving merely to watch closely the course of events, he remained silent. Should the "Mollies" undertake to murder the young Welshman, as he feared they might, his duty was plain. He must, while appearing to favor the deed, do all he could to prevent its consummation, and at the same time keep Mr. Franklin well informed in every stage of the game, to the end that the Superintendent might, if he deemed it advisable, capture the criminals before the act, or notify James of his danger. It did not trouble the brain of the agent much, as he was fixed in his belief that nobody could attempt the crime without his knowledge. And he felt sure that being fully advised as to what was going on, he would be in good time to preserve the intended victim's life.

* * * * *

Time passed, however, and the murder of Gomer James was not accomplished. In truth, it was little spoken of. Political excitements and the occurrences of other absorbing events appeared to cause

the "Mollies" to bury, if not forget, their enmity to the young Welshman. But, as facts distinctly indicated, their vengeance was only sleeping, to be awakened, in the future, with added strength and fury.

Several violent outrages, of more or less importance and cruelty, were perpetrated at this date. About one of them McKenna learned from Frank McAndrew, the night after the Convention, when he had retired to his room at Cooney's and prepared to sleep. The Bodymaster came at a late hour, roused the landlord, and demanded admittance to the Secretary, which Cooney could not well refuse, went up to the room, and, sitting on the side of the bed, informed that weary personage that he, McAndrew, having just left "Bucky" Donnelly, of Raven Run, from that person had received the particulars of a fight between the "Mollies" and the "Sheet Irons," at Connor's Patch, a night or two previously. Phil. Nash, John Brennan, *alias* "Spur" Brennan, and Donnelly were engaged in it, opposed by a large force of German and Welsh miners. From the narrative of McAndrew it seemed to have been another edition of Donnybrook Fair. Two of the "Sheet Iron" lads received wounds from pistol shots — one being considered as mortally hurt. After McAndrew had taken leave, McKenna sought slumber, but was

once more awakened by Tom Hurley, who desired to give his version of the affair. He fully corroborated the story McAndrew told, and added:

"Sure, then, Jack Kehoe went the bail of ivery mother's son of 'em yesterday, at the coort!"

"That accounts for the big vote from that part of the county cast for Jack Kehoe for County Delegate!"

"An' you're right, there!" said Hurley.

After thus filling the listener's brain with subjects for frightful dreams, Hurley also left the room, and McKenna was not sorry to be alone.

One morning, a few weeks later, the report reached the operative's ears, through a friend, that, as a supposed leader of the "Mollie Maguires" in the county, his life was in imminent danger. Father Bridgeman—so ran the story—was joining hands with the avowed enemies of the order—in fact, standing at the head of the "Iron Clads," everywhere denouncing the "Mollies" and giving all perfect freedom to hunt out and shoot them down wherever found. It was hardly probable, the operative believed, the priest would ever carry his resentment thus far. But should the tale prove true, bloodshed was sure to follow. For his own part, he would now have double duty to perform. One, for the Agency, in following up the work of the society, and if possible, bringing the perpetra-

tors of crime to punishment, and another the care of his own life, which was liable to be lost as a consequence of his complete assumption of the guise of a "Mollie Maguire." The task had been difficult before. Now it was assuming gigantic proportions. To complicate and retard matters, he was ill, and necessarily confined much of the time to one place, if not to his sleeping-room.

After recovering somewhat, McKenna accompanied McAndrew on a visit to Jack Kehoe,¹ at Girardville, to find out if certain rumors about the County Delegate threatening to refuse recognition to Shenandoah Division were true or not. When the question was put to Kehoe, he laughed hypocritically and replied:

"Far from it! on the contrary, I am prepared to say to yez, that, upon the payment of its back dues, Shenandoah Division can not only go on swimmingly, but, by applying to the County Secretary, Gavin, this very day, if you wish, you kin recaive the 'goods' for the quarther. An' let me say, by way of explanation, that whoever started the story I iver intended differently is a liar, an' I'll say it to his face! "

This was satisfactory to his visitors, the matter was soon settled, and they left to call on Gavin.

They also went to see Barney Dolan, the great

¹ Known as "The King of the Mollies."

deposed, finding him very despondent. He said his trial before the Convention was a one-sided farce, and as for fining him five hundred dollars, it was simply infamous. Thinking that there might be a chance for his case before the National Board, he had already written to Campbell, the National Secretary, at New York, but that worthy answered him briefly and to the point, that he, Dolan, was cut off, root and branch, and could only be reinstated by vote of the State Convention, upon settlement of all arrearages and suffering three months' probation.

"All of which," said Barney, "shows that I am in the minority now, and for the present Jack Kehoe is boss! But, by the rod of Aaron, and Moses too, I'll be back again one of these fine days, spite of King Kehoe an' all who are forninst me! Wait a while and see what'll happen!"

And Barney winked his dexter eye in a winning way, as he placed the bottle of whisky on the counter for McAndrew and his Secretary.

Some articles appeared in a Western paper, at this date, charging that the "Mollies" determined who should act as assassins by lot, or with dice. This we knew very well to be untrue, but no attention was given the report. The truth was, the Bodymaster of a division, having himself conceived the necessity for an occurrence of the kind — or,

upon secret or open petition of any influential member of the order to have some man put out of the way — at once called upon the proper men to perform the deed. Their plain duty was to obey, without questioning as to the why or wherefore. So blindly did the “Mollies” follow their officers in this, as in other matters, that they seldom failed, in the end, to accomplish all that was required — then the order gave the assassins protection, through an *alibi*, or aided with money to be employed in flying from the country. There was no need of a game of chance to decide. It wanted only the decree or request of the Body-master, which was to be complied with implicitly, and from which there was no appeal. McKenna apprehended that, in due course of events, he might be called upon by McAndrew — from his late acquired reputation as a violent character — to perform some work of this sort. However, by feigning intoxication, and in reality making way with a great quantity of liquor — when he could not, by exchanging glasses, or by some hocus-pocus or legerdemain, make those present believe he imbibed when he did not — he endeavored to create the impression among the “Mollies” — and he had already caused the general public to believe it — that he was quite unreliable, as he was too often under the control of drink. That he succeeded in

this he soon became satisfied from conversations transpiring in his presence, while seemingly soaked to the point of stupidity in whisky, sodden and insensible, on the bar-room floor, or limply resting upon a bench in the corner.

On one occasion he heard Hurley say:

"Jim's a splendid fellow, a good scholar, as far as book larnin' goes, an' a fighter not to meddle with — when he's McKenna. But he's too often somebody else! Whisky's too powerful for his head, an' a good job might be spoiled by givin' it in his charge!"

"That's so," said McAndrew, who was standing near.

They little thought their associate's love for and indulgence in liquor was all assumed, and that, at the very moment, he was, in reality, as sober as a judge and taking mental note of every word and act of the surrounding squad of "Mollies." The emergencies of his great work, had he been otherwise inclined, which he was not, would have kept my emissary from over-indulgence during a residence in that particular vicinity.

Thus was McKenna made safe for the present. While he could listen, and learn, without danger of having to participate in troubles, for a season, yet he knew that such a game would not long serve his purpose, as he must be dragged in at last, or

lose the confidence of those now placing their trust in him. It was well he adopted the ruse, however, as he knew not when his time might come.

On the tenth of August, 1874, at the regular meeting of Shenandoah Division, the new "goods" were given out as follows:

The password was:

"What do you think of the Mayo election?"

"I think the fair West made a bad selection."

The answer was:

"Whom do you think will duly betray?"

The quarreling toast was:

Question — "Don't get your temper high!"

Answer — "Not with a friend!"

The sign was made by placing the thumb of the right hand into the pocket of the pantaloons.

The answer, by putting the thumb of the left hand on the lower lip.

McKenna faithfully reported these things to Mr. Franklin the same night, despite his illness, and mailed the letter before retiring to his apartment.

About this date, or perhaps a little earlier, a schoolmaster, named O'Hare, living near Tuscarora, was severely beaten by four men, who might have killed him had not some stout German girls, his pupils, driven them off and held the door against

their return, thus allowing the victim to make his escape to the high-road — O'Hare's crime consisting in being inimical to the "Mollies" and refusing to obey their notice to leave the region. He had in some way offended one John J. Slattery, a Body-master. A few nights after the day-assault at the school-house, a band of the same order, headed, as was reported, by "Yellow Jack" Donahue, Bodymaster, went to O'Hare's residence, while he slept, set fire to the building and barn, burning both to the ground, O'Hare barely escaping with his life. He was left penniless, excepting the small sum due him as salary from the school-board. This was another straw, showing the direction of the wind. Evidently disorder was on the increase in the neighborhood.

A little later, one O'Brien, a "Mollie," beat his butt, an Englishman named Clements, in so cruel a style that his life was put in jeopardy.

Later still, the month saw a row at Raven Run, when a "Mollie" by the name of Barnett received two bullets in his body, and Phil. Nash one through the left wrist, as he informed the detective, laying bare the wound. He said he took the pistol from a man in the opposing crowd of "Sheet Irons," broke the weapon, and played havoc generally. After being shot, he employed his own pocket-knife to cut out the ball, which job he successfully accom-

plished. Barnett was dangerously injured, and it was doubtful if he would survive.

On the seventh of September, 1874, the resumption of the collieries had, for a time, a pacifying effect upon the irrepressibles of the coal country, and quiet seemed about restored. But Shenandoah Division grew in strength and numbers meanwhile. At a meeting held on the fifth of the month, Andrew Murphy, of Loss Creek, John Dean, John Carey, and John Walsh were accepted and duly initiated. A brother of the Bodymaster was rejected, at the suggestion of McAndrew in person, as he urged that the man proposed was continually in trouble and would surely bring disgrace upon the honorable brotherhood.

The business of the division was still intrusted to McAndrew, and the detective managed to be sober long enough, each month — somewhat to the surprise of his intimates — to write up the books and carry on such correspondence as his office demanded. At about all other times he was engaged in some game, attending a fair or chicken-fight, or training some dog, which was to “ whip out all creation ” when ready for the ring. He followed other occupations. If a man was needed to doctor a sick horse, mule, or cow, in the borough — or out of it — who should be sent for but handy Jim McKenna? Should a man have his hand hurt in

the mines, who bound up his wound and nursed him tenderly until recovered? Why, the self-same vagabond, red-headed Jim McKenna. If a hen-roost was to be robbed by "Mollies," ducks or geese stolen, and thereafter surreptitiously roasted, Jim McKenna was invited to take a hand. And sometimes he was found sober enough to give the latter freaks attention, but not often.

If a young lady wanted to send a *billet-doux* to her sweetheart in a far-off country, she knew that, by the simple calling, she might have the help of "the handiest man at the pen in all Schuylkill County," and that, in the general opinion, was Jim McKenna. As a matter of natural consequence "Jim" was, with maids and mothers, boys and girls, fathers and sons — of the rougher sort — a great favorite. There was nothing under the sun to be done, scientific or culinary, agricultural, surgical, artistic, or mechanical, that "Jim," in the opinion of his countrymen, could not do — certainly very little he would not attempt, merely to oblige those who needed him. To a certain class his name was synonymous with fun, frolic, dance, and song, and his face indicative of good nature and genuine Irish humor. To others, he was terror personified. Some of his best friends said that he might comb out his hair somewhat oftener, and drink less whisky, but very generally

these slight and prevalent defects were overlooked in the benefits McKenna conferred upon those with whom he associated.

As before stated, there were also those who seriously believed that the agent was really an assassin, had murdered a man in Buffalo, and was in constant communication with counterfeiter and black-legs. Those who knew these things — or supposed they knew them — did not often speak of them outside the "Mollie" ring. One fact could not be gainsaid; if there was a ball, a charity, a dance, a picnic, or a man or woman in real want, Jim McKenna always had a dollar to give. If there was a treat where he chanced to be, none put up glasses more liberally than that same McKenna. These contradictory opinions rather surprised the good people of Shenandoah who canvassed the subject. How he could be such a favorite with the miners was more than they could fathom.

During his recent sickness the operative lost his hair — a little circumstance that has not been alluded to — and had been supplied with a wig of about the color of his former natural growth, which, as he was not a barber, seldom received proper dressing, and gave its wearer a very uncouth and shabby appearance. But it seemed not quite as bad as going around completely bare-headed, especially in chilly weather. His beard

and mustache were also very long and bushy, and scarcely ever cut away; his face was red and sun-burnt, but somewhat thinner than when first reaching Pennsylvania. He wore the clothes he had bought the year before — saying to the “Mollies” that ill success was making him a little careful of his expenses — and a white shirt was rarely seen upon his back. A coat of many colors, badly patched and darned, soft hat — new when he first fought Muff Lawler’s chickens for him — and a pair of heavy miner’s boots, completed an inventory of his visible personal effects — excepting the two loaded revolvers which he constantly wore at his back. He could hardly be deemed a likely customer to take into a decent tavern; but he was not as bad as he looked. His deeds were not criminal, however unseemly he appeared, and his duty was ever uppermost in his thoughts.

The strike of the miners against the rates paid for labor, for 1874, began in October, with the usual result, the first to kick being the men in Luzerne County. This was not a “Mollie” movement, and its ringleaders were promptly arrested by Sheriff Whittaker. But the end was not yet.

The strike was yet in progress, in November, 1874, and the consequent want of work produced the very result anticipated — the “Mollies” were as active as a community of hornets whose nest a

schoolboy had invaded with a club. There followed a number of sanguinary encounters, some of which terminated fatally. One of these, the shooting and subsequent death of Mr. George Major, Chief Burgess of Mahanoy City, transpired on Saturday, the 31st of October, in the year mentioned. McKenna was in Shenandoah at the time, but received early intelligence of the event.

The Chief Burgess succumbed to his wounds Tuesday, November 3, and received burial, with suitable honors, the ensuing day. Dougherty his assailant was still unable to be removed, when the operative, having obtained all the information possible, returned with Hayes to Shenandoah, and reported to the division the issue of his trip. He had previously sent Mr. Franklin daily bulletins of his inquiries and their results.

Dougherty was subsequently moved to Pottsville, where he recovered, had his trial, and was acquitted.

Mike Lawler now managed to attach himself once more to the order, having been received by Wm. Callaghan, Bodymaster, into his division at Mahanoy Plane. Lawler still maintained friendly relations with McKenna, despite his aversion to the Shenandoah "Mollies," as a body, and one day visited the Secretary in company with Callaghan, who chanced to be in the city on personal business. While the three were together, walking leisurely

over the mountain, Muff related, with much particularity, a circumstance occurring some eighteen months before. Two "Mollies" named Doyle, brothers, residing at Jackson's Patch, had recently been attacked and beaten by "Sheet Irons." The "Mollies" had a meeting among themselves and deliberately prepared a scheme to wreak terrible vengeance upon the whole community at the Patch in question. The idea was to burn down every building, after midnight, when all the inhabitants were sleeping, having the torch applied almost simultaneously over the entire place. Afterward the "Mollies," well armed with guns and revolvers, were to stand closely guarding the blazing houses, and whenever any — man, woman, or child — attempted to escape, deliberately shoot him or her down. Not one was to be spared to tell the tale. The division went so far, even, as to appoint the night on which this dastardly outrage was to be perpetrated. They convened in Shenandoah for the business, but Lawler — so he claimed — assisted by Callaghan, managed to get up a discussion on another subject, thus diverting the attention of the ring-leaders, and they forgot what they had gathered for, adjourning at too late an hour for their purpose, thus postponing operations until a future time. Finally the job was abandoned. Lawler and Callaghan accorded great credit to themselves in having, at the

risk of their own lives, saved the unsuspecting inhabitants of Jackson Patch, thus averting one of the most sickening wholesale assassinations that the heart of savage ever conceived. Through inquiries in the proper quarters, which the operative made, he was satisfied that the story he had listened to was not drawn from imagination. Previously aware of the fact that there were men in his division who, to secure revenge, or when under the excitement of enmity or drink, would perform deeds that might make angels weep, and throw the acts of the Indians in the shade, still he was shocked by this recital. He must perforce maintain friendly relations with these persons, drink of their liquor, share their orgies and listen to their blood-thirsty plans. It was no pleasant duty to perform.

The strike continued. It was not alone Luzerne County that was interested, but disaffection and desertion of works spread over the anthracite region. It was the intention of the "Mollies" and the Miners' and Laborers' Association that work should entirely cease. To this end those men who desired to labor for the support of their families were notified. If they failed to stop, they were beaten, or assassinated, and the hand that consummated the deed was hidden in the secret recesses of the hearts of the "Mollie Maguires."

On the eighteenth of November McKenna ob-

tained information that a number of outrages had occurred the preceding Saturday — denominated by the *Miners' Journal*, of Pottsville, as “a horrible day.”

In the first instance, a man named Pat Padden was discovered in the streets of Carbondale, dead, with two bullet holes in his skull.

Secondly, Michael McNally was mysteriously murdered in the same locality, and found with his throat cut from ear to ear, and body otherwise mutilated.

In another part of the county, a man, whose name was not learned, had been come upon by some farmers, nearly dead, in a most novel but painful predicament. It seems he had refused to give heed to the notices the “Mollies” gave him; was one night taken from his home, carried to the mountains, and thence to a deep morass, where there was nothing surrounding them but water, high trees with branches closely interlocked, and fallen timber. There the inhuman monsters prepared to leave him to die a slow death by starvation. Iron spikes were driven through his coat sleeves, tight to the wrist, the man lying upon his back lengthwise of a solid pine log, the arms bent backward so as to form the shape of a cross; then his feet were similarly pinned to the log with the strongest nails. Making sure, as they supposed,

that there was no possibility he would escape, the "Mollies" deserted the place, first having put a gag in his mouth, which they thought he would be unable to remove. For nearly three days, and two horrid, long nights, their victim remained thus secured, praying, at last, for death to relieve him from tortures of hunger and thirst and the dreaded attacks of stinging insects and fierce wild animals. Happily he at last succeeded in releasing the fastenings of the gag, the block of wood fell out, and he made the air resound, about noon of the third day, with his loud and repeated shouts for aid, which were heard by two German woodmen, who at once sought out the cause of the noise. They soon found the man, at once relieved him, and gave him, sparingly at first, food from their well-stored lunch pails. Water was also procured, and in a few hours the victim of the "Mollies" found himself strong enough to be removed. For some weeks he was a raving maniac and could not tell who he was, where he came from, or the cause of his punishment. When his senses returned he possessed no knowledge of the parties who had perpetrated the outrage. He emigrated from the coal mines, as soon as well enough, and said he "would rather starve in a civilized community than fare sumptuously in a place inhabited by brutes in human form."

Still another. A mining boss, name not heard, but connected with the Erie Breaker, was set upon, beaten, and left for dead, with one of his arms broken.

And another. One Michael Kenny, not a "Mollie Maguire," was murdered at Scranton, Luzerne County, and his mangled remains thrown down a steep embankment, where it was supposed they would forever remain undiscovered, but accident revealed their hiding-place. They were encoffined and given burial. The assassins were not known.

The men at Carbon were nearly all Irish and Welsh, the former mostly "Mollies," and there were no members of the "Sheet Irons" supposed to be in the neighborhood.

The miners still refused any reduction from the basis on which they were laboring when the strike was inaugurated. Some were working, but all expected to suspend by the beginning of the New Year.

An event which made the detective's very blood boil, and still one in which he could not interfere, furnishes the cap-sheaf of this array of horrors. It transpired at Fowler's Patch, east of Shenandoah, a little later in the month, and the actors in it were Chas. Hayes, Dan Kelly — called also Manus Kull and "the Bum" — and Ed. Lawler, members of McKenna's own division. They were

out on a spree until four in the morning, when they went to the house of a poor old woman, named Downey, who kept a she-been-shop, roused her from her sleep, and, after drinking, robbed her of her money — which was but a small sum — and then forced her to join them in finishing their orgies. They were finally all very drunk, and Kelly took a pail and proceeded to fill it from the landlady's whisky barrel, which sat in a corner, across two large rocks, and the woman interfered. Kelly, at this, had his fiercest passions aroused, and, fired by the liquor, was ready for anything. The woman still resisting, he raised her in his arms, being a muscular and powerful man, carried her bodily to the almost red-hot stove and threw her upon it face downward, and was holding her there, despite her frantic struggles and loud cries, to be roasted and burned to death, when Hayes came to the rescue, struck Kelly under the ear, knocked him down, and liberated the badly injured old lady. Her hands and face were shriveled, broiled in deep, large patches, and there is no doubt that, had she not been taken off the stove by Hayes, she would have been killed. As it was, she had to remain in bed, and for weeks was not able to sit up. Still no arrests were made.

Kelly challenged Hayes to fight him, for intermeddling with an affair that, he said, belonged

entirely to him, and they walked out in the highway, just at daybreak, all by themselves, the old woman still writhing and screaming with pain, and fought ten rounds, Hayes, though a much lighter man than his antagonist, giving Kelly a severe pummeling and coming out ahead in almost every contest, until Kelly gave it up.

Before they left, however, Kelly visited his intended victim, and, striking his fist in her very face, said, with an oath:

"It's about your time! I'll burn your accursed body up yet! So look out!"

He would have set fire to the building and executed the threat, at the moment, only Hayes insisted that he should leave her, which he did. Hayes sent a physician to the woman's house immediately. He found its sole occupant incapable of answering a single question. The little mind the woman had was for the time quite distracted, and the floor on fire, from the upsetting of the stove. Had she been left alone half an hour longer she and her house would have been reduced to ashes.

In February, 1875, McAndrew found himself the victim of a panic regarding the society. He believed that Kerrigan¹ was only the Alpha and that Omega was not far away, and therefore requested the detective to go with him and help destroy

¹ Who, shortly previous to this, had turned informer.

every book and paper in any manner connected with Shenandoah Division, A. O. H., otherwise the "Mollie Maguires." They quickly performed that task, and the test-paper, fabricated record of proceedings, constitution and by-laws, treasurer's receipts and vouchers, with the charter and blank traveling cards, were converted into black and harmless charcoal. The men who had so long carried the affairs of the county with a high hand were now in a state of demoralization. They appreciated that something dreadful lay in their pathway. What goblin shape it might assume they could not say, and it was the more horrible from its very indistinctness. It might be a gallows tree. It might be a prison. It might be something more to be feared than either, and at last take the form of a vigilance committee. Whatever it might prove to be, they were determined to have no written evidences of their acts confronting them. In Kerrigan's case, the books and papers of Tamaqua branch were at his house when the constables searched it, but so well concealed were they that, after upsetting almost everything, and turning all the beds and mattresses inside out, they were still undiscovered.

The next news Shenandoah Division received was contained in a letter from Linden, written to McKenna, giving the latter a fraternal greeting

and saying that, as he, James McKenna, was suspected, he had best make his way to foreign parts. "I may at any moment, have a warrant placed in my hands for your arrest," concluded this precious epistle, "and I really do not wish to be forced to lay hands upon you. If you have flown and I cannot find you, as a natural consequence I will be unable to put irons on my old chum from Buffalo!"

"I'll not budge wan single inch, to save them all from perdition!" exclaimed the operative, after reading the document to McAndrew and the crowd usually congregated at Cleary's. "I am innocent! I'll only be arrested, anyhow! An' if others stand by, why shouldn't I! Linden knows I will remain!"

The "Mollies" applauded him for this exhibition of mock courage. They would have acted in an entirely different manner had they known that it was precisely the response he had been expected to make to the well-concocted epistle, and that even then the proper papers were ready for McKenna's apprehension and confinement at Mauch Chunk.

Thomas Munley was arrested for the Sanger and Uren murder at about this date, with McAllister, and both were taken to Pottsville, where a hearing on an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was had, and many of the members of the order were

accordingly in the city. The detective found it necessary to confine himself very closely to his room, under medical treatment he was receiving, seldom venturing beyond a block from the boarding-house on Norwegian Street, and was feeling very despondent over the prospect of becoming totally blind unless there soon came a change for the better, when he received a call from Frank McAndrew, then a transient visitor at Pottsville in the interests of the prisoners. After a little friendly conversation, the Shenandoah Bodymaster invited his Secretary to walk with him to the court-house. It would not do to deny the reasonable request, and the two emerged from the dwelling, arm-in-arm.

McAndrew was thoughtful for a moment, then exclaimed:

“Something queer occurred on the cars as I was coming down, this morning!”

“Phat wor that?” inquired McKenna.

“I know it’s not true, but I must tell you for the danger there is in it! Some of the boys, Kehoe among the number, were making bets, as we rode along, that you’d appear on the witness stand, to-day, for the Commonwealth — in other words, that you were a secret spy, a detective! There! It’s out! But, remember, I don’t believe a word about it!”

"Me a spy? Me a detective?" exclaimed McKenna, with a show of virtuous indignation. "I will thank ye to name the man that dare insult me by saying so!"

"There is no occasion for anger!"

"I think, be me sowl, there *is* occasion for much of it! I won't have such a slander circulated about me! Sure, if ye are the friend ye say ye are, you'll out wid it an' give me the man's name!"

McAndrew hesitated a second, and then responded:

"Jack Kehoe was the person!"

"Jack Kehoe? Does he dare do that?"

"I heard him whispering it to several. But, to the credit of the men of the division, I must say they'll not entertain the suspicion, which has arisen in some way since the arrest of Munley and the squealing of Jimmy Kerrigan!"

"Will ye go wid me, an' see Kehoe? I'll knock those words down his throat, or he shall tell me where he got 'em, or take them back!"

After consenting, the two men visited Danny Hughes' place — which at the time was a sort of headquarters for the crew, since Dormer had sold out the Sheridan House and adopted the peaceful calling of a pedler of wares and vegetables, in a wagon, over the hilly country — but Kehoe was not there.

"An' hev ye heard the nonsensical charge they're circulatin' about me?" asked McKenna of the tavern-keeper.

"Yes! and I must confess that it staggered me! I am far from belavin' anything of the sort! Kehoe didn't come down here himself, but sent Mrs. Kehoe to me, wid a message, like. She came into me saloon, she did, an' wanted me, for Jack's sake, to say to every man interested, to beware of you, Jim McKenna, fur you wor a detective! At laste, that such wor the report an' that Jack had recaved it from responsible persons! That's all I know of the matter! Tho' Jack Kehoe was to take his oath on the holy cross, I'd tell him he lied. I'm not such a fool as to be scared at a shadow! "

"Thanks for your confidence in me," answered the agent pleased that Hughes, who was an honest, free-spoken man should refuse to credit the statement of even King Kehoe. "I'll see this man, soon, an' he'll have to tell me who's the father of this lie, or I'll surely make somebody suffer! "

"I would, if I were in your place," said Hughes. "No person should slander me in that way an' live! "

The case before court resulted in the holding of Munley for trial. This created more indignation, and the murderers began to look about them and inquire if this was the State of Pennsylvania that

they were in, or some territory where "Mollies" were unknown? With their surprise was mingled inveterate hate for those who were supposed to be following them for the purpose of their capture and punishment.

The time had now come, with McKenna, after having for many months passed through such a number and variety of dangers as no detective had ever faced on a single mission before, which he had so long dreaded. Suspicion, which, he knew from experience with many others, had generally proven fatal, was at last directed upon him. There was nothing for him to do but brazenly face the accusation down. He believed that not a living person knew anything of the actual facts. People might think him a detective, but he had the utmost confidence that they would be unable to bring an item of proof to support their belief. Nobody excepting Mr. Gowen, Mr. Linden, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Bangs, and myself had knowledge that he was James McParlan, the detective. He was confident no other man could learn anything of his business. Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, was aware of the circumstance that an operative was in the coal region, as before explained, but he had no definite idea of the individual. Even had he been cognizant of his personality, he still would have preserved the secret intact. "Then," the detective

argued, "it must be merely a chance suspicion, which Jack Kehoe has himself originated, or some other highly imaginative person may have given to him." Come what would, he resolved to go at once to Shenandoah, thence to Girardville, and openly denounce the tale as a falsehood of the deepest dye. Kehoe kept out of the way while he was in Pottsville and the agent could not see him. In the evening of the same day, still accompanied by McAndrew, the agent took cars for Shenandoah. After sleeping there, he went alone to Girardville and marched direct to the house of the County Delegate.

"What is this I hear you are afther sayin' agin me?" inquired the visitor, facing Kehoe, who was in his own bar waiting upon customers when he entered, but the strangers having gone, the two men were quite alone at the time. "Tell me what you have been spreadin' over the country about me!"

"I have told that you are not what you seem, but a detective; an' I heard it some time ago!" Then Kehoe laughed a cynical laugh, and added: "But I don't believe a word of the yarn!"

He was evidently ill at ease and wanted to conciliate the heated individual before him, whose flushed face and uneasy movements indicated more than a usual degree of excitement, and he had no

desire that the interview should end in a personal disturbance.

"I want to know, Misther Kehoe, who is goin' to prove this assertion! Nobody can prove it, fur it is a downright lie! You may appoint a trial fur me before the society! I'll be there, an' let me stand forninst the thafe of the worruld who dare report me as an informer! Let the order judge me! An' if I find who is lyin' about me, it'll go hard wid him! I'll shoot the scoundrel, if I hang fur it!"

And McKenna made considerable bluster, thumped the counter with the butts of two revolvers, which he held in his hands and almost convinced Kehoe himself that he was not acting a part in his denials of the grave charge. At last the County Delegate informed McKenna that a conductor on the Reading Railroad, while he was riding from Ashland, at least when between Ashland and Girardville, had asked him, Kehoe, into the baggage car and inquired if he had seen McKenna lately, and added that he, the conductor, had heard that he was a detective. The reply that Kehoe made was not given.

"We'll have some proof of this!" exclaimed the agent, having become more cool as the circumstance was detailed.

Subsequently, Kehoe, who acted as though he discredited the rumor, agreed to give McKenna a

hearing before a convention of Bodymasters, and, saying that, as he was himself rather nervous, the detective should make the necessary notices, signing the County Delegate's name to them. To this McKenna agreed, and, obtaining stamped envelopes and stationery, went upstairs to the family apartment, where he found Mrs. Kehoe with her children, and, sitting at the table between the two front windows, he commenced writing. But he found his own fingers not in the exact plight to do duty in producing readable penmanship. Persevering, however, he managed to get ready a few of the needed letters. Mrs. Kehoe received him pleasantly, as she always had. In a little while Kehoe, himself, left the bar and visited the sitting-room. He did not remain many minutes, but returned to his business below. Presently the detective heard his footsteps again ascending the staircase. When Kehoe entered the apartment the second time his face was of a more sickly color than usual and his hand trembled perceptibly as he passed a glass of liquor to the operative.

"This will steady your nerves," said Kehoe.

The tumbler and contents were accepted by McKenna. Saying he would taste of it soon, he thanked the agitated saloon-keeper and resumed work on his stack of letters. Mrs. Kehoe looked up inquiringly, as she continued her sewing, and

the little girl, who had been playing with a ball and her pet kitten, gazed wonderingly upon Kehoe as he turned on his heel and journeyed down stairs again. McKenna did not particularly like the expression of Jack Kehoe's naturally smiling countenance. He pondered the circumstance for a moment and then, saying that the fumes of liquor, under certain conditions, made him ill, shoved the goblet from him with a preoccupied air and went on with his writing. He was in such haste to complete his work and place the letters, all enveloped, sealed, and directed in Kehoe's hands, that he quite forgot to imbibe the spirits, something Mrs. Kehoe had never observed in him before. He touched not a single drop to his lips.

It struck the mind of the operative, while he wrote, that Kehoe really believed in his guilt and had determined to silently and quietly put him out of the way with poison, hence he had decided to forego the potion so kindly brought to him. He might have been over-fearful of treachery, at that time, and without just cause, but quickly following events convinced him that he was not, and never could be, too cautious while dealing with Jack Kehoe. Had Mrs. Kehoe given him the beverage with her own hand, he would have swallowed it without a suspicion, as he knew that she was with him in not crediting what they said to his disparagement,

and her true womanly nature would not permit her to connive at his murder, even had he been her worst enemy.

The date mentioned for the proposed convention was about the first or second of March, the place, Ferguson's Hall, in Shenandoah.

When the work of getting ready the notices was properly finished, the result was shown to Kehoe. He approved and sealed the envelopes. They were given into his charge for deposit in the mail, and he went out, ostensibly to drop them in the box at the post-office.

McKenna remained at the Emerald House all night, sleeping with his revolver close by his side in the bed, fixed for use, and, not having been disturbed, early the ensuing morning took car and returned to Pottsville.

The report detailing these circumstances was of the utmost interest to me. I considered well the position in which the young man was placed, and consented, for his own sake, as well as for the good of the Company and the general public, that he should be arrested and thrown into prison. But, before the order could be carried out, the necessity giving rise to it had passed away.

Besides Kehoe, a number of other members of the organization informed McKenna that they had heard he was a detective, Pat Butler, of Loss

Creek, saying some of his men were early let into the secret and were very earnest in making a demand to have the matter promptly and properly considered.

"I hev the decided advantage of them in that," returned the operative, "fur haven't I already demanded and secured the calling of a county convention, to take action on me case? I have took early action on the matter by meself! Sure, an' if there's such a thing as justice in the State, I'll hev the matin' an' a fair trial on them villainous charges! "

Butler hoped he might come through all right, but was free to say things appeared very stormy, kindly advising the Shenandoah "Mollie" to keep an eye out for those who would seek to end the trouble easily by killing the one suspected, thus saving the formality of an investigation. Butler showed that he knew the "Mollies" thoroughly.

Saturday, the 26th of February, Kehoe made his appearance in Pottsville, in company with his brother-in-law, Manus O'Donnell, and the detective met the County Delegate again at Danny Hughes' house. Jack was full of business, having visited the city, as he said, to retain John W. Ryon, Esq., for the defense of McAllister, held with Munley for the murder of Sanger. There was not much transpired in the way of conversation between the "King

of the Mollies ” and the suspected man, Kehoe evidently being indignant with his former favorite that he had given him further trouble and work by refusing his recent sweet drop of poteen at Girardville.

In the afternoon the two came together once more.

“What is the news, now? ” asked McKenna.

“The gettin’ of a lawyer for McAllister is goin’ to cost me two hundred dollars, sure,” was the reply, “an’ there is worse news nor that! I learn there are twenty-five hundred men banded together in this country for the purpose of prosecuting the Ancient Order, an’ there is positive proof that we have detectives in our midst. These detectives even gets money to go aroun’ an’ spend among us, an’ find out all our secrets, an’ will soon turn around an’ send us, some of us, to the penitentiary or hang us up by the neck! That’s news, isn’t it? ”

“True to ye, that is, an’ bad news — sorry news enough! There has been somethin’ of the same sort in me own mind for these many wakes. Somethin’ crooked is surely goin’ on, in wan place or another, an’ that’s the raison I’m doubly cautious where I goes, or what I says! But who tells ye these onpleasant things the day? ”

"I got them from John W. Ryon, this time," answered the County Delegate. "That's the very man! He's jist afther tellin' me at his own private office!"

There was no call for the denial of this. It did not apply directly to himself, and McKenna was content with the remark that it was possible Ryon told the truth. He knew, at all events, something was wrong in the coal region, or there could not be so many arrests. Whence came the difficulty it was not his province to explain. One thing he might do, and he did it, which was to again deny any claim to the despicable title of informer. Kehoe left the saloon in a few minutes, venturing nothing in answer to the last words uttered by his late associate, but with a sneer of disbelief on his face, as though to say he was convinced of the fact that there was a screw loose in the "Mollie" machinery, somewhere, and he entertained the belief that, if McKenna did not know where it was, nobody in the country could.

Time rolled around and the day preceding the one on which Kehoe had promised the convention to try McKenna arrived. During the forenoon the County Delegate once more appeared in Pottsville, and the accuser and accused again met in Danny Hughes' saloon, seemingly on fair terms

with each other, exchanging civilities in a rather distant but not unfriendly manner, and enjoying a cigar in company.

"Are ye goin' up to Shenandoah this evenin'?" inquired Kehoe, carelessly.

"Yes! I'm almost ready now," answered McKenna, "an' I don't intend missing me appearance at the convention for me trial, to-morrow!"

"That's right!"

Kehoe, after this, said he would see McKenna later in the day and they could take the train together. It was his hour for an interview with Ryon. He mentioned, incidentally, that his wife was in the city, seeing some friends.

The detective made his report to the Agency, as usual, for the day, spoke of encountering the County Delegate, and informed Mr. Franklin that he was, at a certain hour the same evening, to start for Shenandoah. After mailing this, he returned to Hughes' place and particularly inquired for Kehoe. No person remembered seeing him after the conversation with McKenna, held some hours earlier.

Before nightfall the officer found himself in company with a man named Mullen, residing in the vicinity of Tuscarora. He had heard the tale concerning the detective business, and was fearful that, should there be any truth in it — of which he could

not judge — there might be danger in having a convention at Shenandoah. For his part, he had done nothing wrong, and was therefore not afraid, but he was lately listening to the talk of some others, who readily concluded that McKenna merely wanted to get the officers and Bodymasters crowded together, at Ferguson's Hall, in Shenandoah, when he could have the whole band arrested by the Coal and Iron Police.

McKenna scouted the idea. All he wanted was a hearing. He did not care where it occurred. Using his best endeavors, he tried to convince Mullen that such a foolish scheme would be illegal, as well as impossible, even though he had the desire to execute it, which he had not. Mullen, at last, seemed to be convinced of the honesty of the accused "Mollie's" purpose in asking for a trial, and said he would see how many of the officials he could cause to arrive at some understanding.

Before starting for Shenandoah, the accused sought out and held a short interview with Linden, telling him, for his sake, not to have one of his policemen in Shenandoah on the morrow and to keep out of the city himself. A contrary course, he thought, would raise suspicions that Mullen's friends were correct in their belief. Much against his inclination, Linden promised compliance. He

knew McKenna was running a great risk, and it would have suited him better to be quite near, for his protection.

"I believe I can fight them right through and make them believe that I am no detective!" said McKenna.

"Very well! Do as you please," returned the Captain, "but I fear they will not be convinced! If you come away with your life, you'll do better than I expect!"

"I am pretty well prepared against surprises," were the last words of McKenna, "and if they don't overpower me, or kill me with a shot from behind, I'll get along all correct!"

The separation which ensued was not without feeling, as, despite his defiant air and confident words, McParlan was not perfectly sure that he would ever meet his partner again. That night he started for Shenandoah on the late train, but saw nothing of the County Delegate.

McParlan was in the smoking-car, just before reaching Mahanoy City, when Manus O'Donnell came to him with word that Mrs. Kehoe was in the ladies' car and desired to see and speak with him. He waited until the train stopped, then emerged from his coach and went to the rear, entering the one the wife of Kehoe occupied. After the usual salutations he inquired where Jack was, that he

had not met him and journeyed in his company, according to previous agreement. She believed he had gone up to Frackville on the afternoon train, while she had been to Tamaqua to see her mother. Returning to his own seat the young man began to deliberate. There was certainly something suspicious in the actions of his old associate — something he could not account for — and he made a mental resolution to be very careful of himself. Not that he knew anything particularly dangerous immediately threatening, but he was suspected, and the “Mollies” usually put suspected persons where they could do no harm. If they would give him a fair trial, as they were in duty bound, he thought he would move along safely. But Kehoe’s failure to meet him and going to another place looked to him, under the circumstances, and in his excited mental condition, as though double dealing was going on. It would do no harm to be circumspect, hence, when the train slackened its speed and arrived at a certain crossing, where he had long been in the habit of alighting, it being a shorter route to his boarding-house, the detective kept his place, thought he saw — but was not sure of seeing — several men standing by the track, and rode on until the passenger depot was reached. Kehoe had told him to be sure to be up *that night*. Was it possible some harm was then intended? Without

misadventure, he alighted, looked about the depot building, and saw no one. He had taken pains to send up word to McAndrew and his friends that he would be there by the evening express. For a long time, whenever he was expected, there would be from three to half a dozen of the members of his division ready in waiting to meet and give him welcome. On this particular occasion not a man sent him greeting, not a friend made his appearance at the platform. But he thought, as he walked up the street, this might have been accidental, or his letters from Pottsville had possibly miscarried or been delayed. It was evident he was an unexpected or an unwelcome visitor. Which was it? Many knew he was to be up there that night. But not a person was at hand to ask him the news or go with him to take a drink. Something warned him all this was caused by a change of feeling on the part of his acquaintances.

As he moved through the town he did not seem as secure as he would have felt in his own room at the Agency in Philadelphia; but he carried on his person two loaded revolvers, his nerves were steady and his mind on the alert for an attack. He met some citizens, but no old acquaintances who were members of the organization.

When he reached James McHugh's saloon, he thought, as he was a member, he would speak with

the proprietor. They had always been tolerably good friends. McHugh was in front of his door and answered McKenna, asking him to enter the bar-room, which he did.

"Will you have something?" said McHugh.

"I don't mind taking a bottle of porter!" answered the agent. This was an unexpected response, as McKenna was noted for seldom touching any of the weaker fluids, but McHugh produced the bottle and fumbled about the cork excitedly, his face turning as white as a sheet meanwhile.

"An' phat is the matther wid ye, Jim McHugh?" inquired the visitor. "Hev ye got the shakin' ager, been sick, or wor ye drunk last night, or what?"

"Oh, it's only because I'm chilled through, standin' outside!" was the answer.

"Did ye hear what the divils hev ben tellin' of me?"

"Yes, McKenna, I have; but, between you an' me there's no truth in the stories! I hope you'll come out all right an' I'll be around to-morrow, to see what's done at the convention!"

It struck the detective that McHugh had not exactly expected to meet him in his house that night. Could it be that a plan already made for killing him had fallen through? But banishing all such ideas he left the saloon and kept on toward Mc-

Andrew's house. Passing the Lehigh depot he met another friend, Mike McDermott by name, who was also a member of his division and with whom he had always been well disposed and rather friendly. That night, after merely recognizing the former Secretary, McDermott hardly spoke, and passed along very quickly.

Just across the street from him McKenna now saw Edward Sweeney, another "Mollie," with whom he had been quite intimate since his arrival in town.

"Is that you, Sweeney?" said McKenna.

"Yes! It is me!" was the answer. Sweeney was standing just near a lamp-post, but he crossed the street and joined the agent, who inquired:

"Have you seen McAndrew the night?"

"Yes, I have seen him!"

"How long since?"

"Not above an hour!"

"Do you think he's already gone to bed?"

"I guess not!"

Sweeney did not seem greatly inclined to talk, but continued to stop by McKenna's side, only once or twice dropping a step or two in the rear. Sweeney was a bad man. He did not know fear. McKenna had once seen him walk up to a party who was drunk and threatening to kill everybody, and boldly take the man's gun away from him.

If a job had to be done Sweeney was just the person who might be selected to do it.

"I say, Sweeney," exclaimed the operative, "I've had so much trouble wid me eyes, lately, that they are none of the best and I don't see very well! Will ye be kind enough to go on ahead and I can follow you widout danger of runnin' in the gutther or falling through these holes in the pavement! "

"Certainly! " said Sweeney, and he walked before the operative, who made sure to keep him at the front, from that time until they arrived at McAndrew's place. So certain was McParlan that Sweeney meant him harm that he had fully determined, if the man turned suddenly, to shoot him down in his tracks. But his companion did not look around. When McAndrew's house was reached a man named Grady was posted outside and Doyle standing in the yard. They evidently expected him to arrive, and having waited his coming had put a sentinel at the gate and another by the door. Truly, this was showing him altogether too much consideration. It made him uncomfortable. He did not like it. There was something in it favoring the dark and mysterious.

From what occurred later McParlan believed his friend Sweeney had been waiting for his coming, when he found that person on the street, near the

lamp-post. But he said nothing, and gave no marked attention to the manner in which McAndrew's premises were watched, but entered as if everything had been about as usual. McAndrew received him graciously, and yet with a degree of constraint, probably, as McKenna thought, perfectly consistent with the changed relations now existing between them. After greetings, Sweeney came into the room, looked carefully around, said a few words, in a joking way, and went outside again. He remarked as he left the doorway that he was going home, but could not have done so, for, in a little while, he re-entered the bar, having a bit of snow in his hand. Watching closely the movements of the man, while, to all outward intents and purposes, earnestly engaged in smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper, McKenna saw Sweeney toss the piece of snow toward McAndrew, who was sitting by the stove. McAndrew looked up, stretched out his legs, yawned a little, gazed for one moment on the face of the detective, then said: "My feet are sore! *I* guess I'll take off my brogues!"

The Bodymaster suited action to his words and proceeded to doff his wet and heavy miners' boots, and replace them with a pair of easy slippers. At this, still silently and carefully observed by the seemingly absorbed McKenna, Sweeney curled his lip disdainfully, and once more left the apartment.

From the movements he had seen the agent was almost sure that something had been arranged — felt suspicious of everybody and everything — and the snow tossed by Sweeney, and the taking off of McAndrew's boots, were, to his excited imagination, signals having some reference to his own case. But he had no desire to let those about him think he was in fear of his life. It seemed far better to put on a bold, defiant front and face the music, which he did. At last, his pipe being out, he asked:

“ Well, McAndrew, what about the matin' for the morrow? Be everythin' all ready? ”

“ Yes! I've engaged the hall and it is all right! I hope there'll be a large attendance! ”

“ So do I! An' I don't care how soon the lies on me are disposed of. It's mighty upsettin' to me nerves to have such charges restin' again me reputation as an Ancient Order man! ”

McAndrew was, like Sweeney, not in a talkative mood, and, after vainly attempting to draw him into a conversation, the accused man bid his glum companion good-night, left the house and started on his journey toward Cooney's residence, where he then made his temporary home. Once well in the street, he cast his eyes anxiously around in the darkness expecting to find Sweeney, or some other “ Mollie,” lingering in the vicinity. But he did not. Everything was quiet, somber, and in doubt.

Something seemed to say to him, "Do not go home by the usual route, but take some other!" and he accepted the suggestion as sensible, struck boldly into the swamp, at the risk of losing his footing, getting wet and muddy, finally crossed over, and came out in front of his boarding-house. His heart felt appreciably more buoyant when he saw a light shining from the window at Cooney's, and he knew the family were expecting him. He entered, was cordially received, but soon retired to his room. (He afterward confessed to not sleeping much that night.) After an unrefreshing season in bed, he arose early, swallowed his breakfast, and went over to see McAndrew. Thence he took a walk up-town, meeting Ned Monaghan and a fellow named Carlin, the latter being Bodymaster at St. Nicholas. Florence Mahony, of Turkey Run, was also seen, but the hall was otherwise deserted. Nobody seemed to come to the convention, and it struck the accused "Mollie" that Kehoe was surely playing him false, and had never forwarded the notifications prepared at his house. A little after ten o'clock, a couple of drunken men arrived from Mt. Laffee — or at least one was a little intoxicated and the other feigned to be so. These fellows, Dennis Dowling and Mickey Doyle — not Michael J. Doyle, the Sanger and Uren murderer, but another person and no relative — said they had just stepped off the cars, when everybody in town knew

no trains of any sort came in at that hour. They were "Mollies," and Dowling was a big, red-complexioned man. After a time, all present made up their minds there would be no convention, and those in the hall adjourned to McAndrews' saloon, where Dowling asked McKenna what the meeting was about.

"Don't you know? Didn't you understand what you were called together for?"

"No!"

"Well, somebody, I don't know who, has said that I am a detective — which is a lie — and I demanded a trial before the assembled Body-masters of the county. Kehoe granted it, sent the orders, and here the hour is past and no convention comes. Even Kehoe himself kapes away!"

"I won't believe the story about you, McKenna," exclaimed Dowling. Thereupon, to express his peculiar satisfaction, McKenna, as was expected, invited the crowd to drink with him. None refused the chance. Then McAndrew took McKenna into a rear room and left him there. Doyle, who was drinking very hard, was soon very drunk and some one had to take him away and put him to bed.

The failure of the convention was a great disappointment to the agent. He readily charged the non-arrival of the delegates to Kehoe's door. It was more than probable he never intended to

grant an investigation, but had held out the inducement in order to quiet McKenna, keep him in the locality, and manage, through some of his cut-throats, to have him murdered. The suspected "Mollie" made up his mind that he would pay the County Delegate a visit and institute strict inquiry as to the cause of the late adjournment. McAndrew insisted upon accompanying him, and, in order that he might have witnesses, he went out with his Bodymaster, hired horses and a sleigh, and paid for another cutter and horse for Monaghan. Dowling accompanied the ex-constable, McAndrew and McKenna leading the way over the snow-covered road to Girardville.

"How is this thing, anyway, Frank?" asked McKenna of McAndrew, as the latter laid the lash upon the horses and they sped away swiftly over the hills. "I can't understand it at all! I am charged with guilt, am given an investigation before a county committee, the matin' fails, an' now Ned Monaghan and Dennis Dowling are goin' wid us to see Kehoe! What have they to do wid the subject when there's no convention? It's all a muddle to me enthirely!"

McAndrew was driving over a particularly rough piece of road at the moment and did not answer until smooth traveling was reached, then, when well out of the hearing of the others, he said:

"Look here, McKenna, let me say a word to ye in confidence, while I have the opportunity! You had better look out, for that man, who is riding in the sleigh behind you, calculates to take your life! Dennis Dowling is the one! Have you got your pistols ready?"

"Faith, an' I always hev them, but little use will they be to me if I get in a crowd an' Dowling lets on that I am to be killed! Fur I know that he'll find plenty to help him! Innocent or guilty, it makes no difference!"

"Well, I have me revolver here, an' I mean to stand by you! I'll lose my life for ye! I don't know whether you're a detective or not, but I have nothing against you! I always knew you to do the right thing by me an' those you were with, an' until proven a traitor, which I can't believe ye are, I'll keep with you! Why don't they try a man fairly, an' not seek to take his life on mere suspicion?"

"I thank ye, Frank McAndrew!" was all the detective could say as the slim hold he had upon the things of this world was suddenly realized. "I'll sell me life dearly, as the miscreants shall find if they make a movement to attack me. I'll kape a sharp eye out for Mr. Dowling! That will I!"

From that moment, while riding, McParlan sat

a little sideways, in the cutter, with one eye upon the couple behind them.

When they came to Anthony Munley's tavern, the four men alighted, and entering, enjoyed something to refresh the inner man. But McKenna avoided talking with Dowling, who, more than once, endeavored to draw him into a wordy dispute. With his eye constantly upon the burly fellow and his hand in his overcoat pocket, where slept snugly one of his brace of trusty repeaters, he mixed with the crowd and chatted unconcernedly about the general topics of the day. He was closely attended by McAndrew, and this was particularly noted by Dowling, who had no desire to interfere with the Bodymaster's charge while thus under his immediate care.

After leaving Munley's, McAndrew positively informed McKenna that he had saved him from death, and that Kehoe, instead of keeping the detective company on the cars, as he had promised, came to Shenandoah by himself the previous afternoon. He gathered together all the "Mollies" in the place, spent a great amount of money among them, and, in the presence of others, begged him, McAndrew, for God's sake, to have that man, McKenna, killed, or he would "hang half the people in Schuylkill County!"

"Did he say that?"

"I consented," continued McAndrew, not noticing the inquiry, "and Kehoe went home satisfied. I didn't know but you might be guilty, and, at first, I intended to act in good faith toward my agreement with Jack, but my heart afterward misgave me, and I couldn't do the thing! I wouldn't do it! But others did prepare for your arrival at the crossing, and as they were afraid to shoot you, because it would make too much noise, twelve or fourteen of the fellows gathered at the bank, knowin' you'd be up by the late train — fur Kehoe had told us you were comin' — but you did not get off then — your life was spared; and I was very thankful it was so; and, from that moment, decided I would have nothing to do with the affair. Some of the boys had hatchets and clubs and axes, picks and iron bars, and others such sledges as they use in the mines. If you had stepped off the train, at that place, you would surely have been killed, cast into a wagon, which was in waiting for the purpose, and then tossed down a deserted shaft, where, had your body ever been discovered, it would have been supposed, by all exceptin' your oath-bound murderers, that you had fallen in, in the darkness, and met an accidental death. Kehoe planned the whole thing, inspired the men with spirits, an' then informed 'em you had no relatives or friends in the world, an' you would never be in-

quired for! But, Jim, to save my sweet sowl, I couldn't hev any hand in it, an' I staid at me house, an' when you jist popped in upon me there, last night, and I learned you had escaped the evil gang, an' Sweeney hadn't been able to kill you while ye were walkin' wid him to my place, I blessed God that I hadn't stained me hands wid yer innocent blood! An' as Sweeney tossed the bit o' snow to me — I believe you saw it — I gawe him answer, by the takin' off me boots, that, so long as you were wid me, you should be protected, and come to no harm; an' more'n that, I'd have no share in the affair from that moment forward. Sweeney went away mad! I couldn't help it! I was afraid they would wait for ye over night, or go to Cooney's an' kill ye, so, after ye were out, I watched ye, an' saw ye go across the swamp; and then I knew ye were safe! Jim, I mane to stand by ye to the last drop of my blood! If Dowling undertakes the job, this day, or Jack Kehoe himself interferes, they'll have to get to ye over my dead body! ”

McParlan warmly pressed the hand of his friend, could not speak his gratitude, but determined that, thereafter, if he could do Frank McAndrew a good turn he would. But there was little time for talk, and none for forming schemes.

“ You'll find I'm tellin' ye the truth, and that ye are in queer company this very minute! ”

"I don't give a cent!" exclaimed the detective. "I'm in fur it, an' I am able, backed by you, to defend meself! They have accused me wrongfully, an' I mane to have justice! I'm goin' to Jack Kehoe's to face him down in it!"

McAndrew smiled.

"An' why do ye laugh? It may be fun for some, but I'm in no jesting humor!"

"I meant no harm, and was only thinkin' what Jack Kehoe will say or believe when he sees ye marchin' into his house, all alive an' well, when he at this time supposes ye are lyin' at the bottom of the auld shaft, food for the rats!"

"I can't help what he may say or think! I'm goin' there, sure, an' if he wants me killed perhaps he'll have the bouldness to try the job with his own two hands!"

In a few minutes the four persons alighted from their respective conveyances in front of Kehoe's house, in Girardville, and McKenna suddenly made his appearance before the County Delegate, with McAndrew at his side. Monaghan and Dowling were not far away. Never was a man more surprised than Kehoe. He had twice essayed to clear that troublesome McKenna from his path, and the last time invoked, and thought he had secured the assistance of so many good men at the business that he believed he could not fail. Still, here was the man, McKenna, in the flesh, unharmed, and

sternly confronting him. Evidently his plans had not worked well. McKenna still lived, and was in company with one of the very men who had promised him to aid in the assassin's bloody work. The County Delegate's crafty, narrow face was as white as a sheet of paper, and his whole body shivered with an ague fit. It needed the sound of McKenna's voice to recall him to himself.

"Well, Mister Kehoe, what about that county matin'? It seems the Bodymasters did not get together — at last only a few of them — an' me trial seems to be a total failure!"

Jack placed some tumblers on the counter, in a crooked row, took down a bottle, spilled much of its contents untidily over the counter, succeeded in controlling his anger, resentment, and disappointment, and answered:

"Well, you see, I came to the conclusion that there was no use in tryin' you ——"

"That's what *I* thought at the start!" interrupted McKenna.

"There was little use in gettin' together a crowd at Shenandoah!"

"So you have taken a good deal of trouble to see that no crowd was gathered?"

"There's no use talkin'," answered Kehoe. "The trial can't take place!"

"What am I to do, then? Rest under this sus-

picion as long as you may choose to keep me down? I'll not do it! "

" If you don't desire to wait, you can go to Father O'Connor about it! Maybe he'll tell you something! "

" I'm only wantin' to find out who makes up these lyin' charges! That I want to know! The story of the conductor on the train is a downright lie! It's too thin! You never heard such a thing, but have got it up in order to have me put out of your way! "

" Go to Father O'Connor! It's all I have to say! "

And Kehoe turned aside and spoke to others. But he kept his unsteady eye on McKenna.

" Well, I'll go to Father O'Connor! He'll do me justice widout doubt! An', Misther Kehoe, look here a little! " and the detective pulled his two heavy pistols from behind his back and again thumped the counter with their butts, loudly enforcing attention to his speech:

" I don't care for you, or fur any wan here, or in the county! I'm an innocent, ill-used man, an' ye are tryin' to have me shot; but listen to this! I'm all ready, an' will sell me chances at the highest! I'll go see Father O'Connor, an' then possibly I'll have a settlement wid you, Jack Kehoe! "

Seeing that McKenna was becoming excited, and not knowing but Dowling might pluck up courage to shoot while in the room, McAndrew seized his friend by the arm, advised him to put up his pistols, and walked with him out of the place. He was right in this, as Phil Nash, Dave Kelly and Tom Donahue, beside Dowling and Monaghan, had gathered there, any one of whom, had Kehoe said the word, would have finished the trouble with a pistol shot from the rear. McAndrew talked the matter over with the others, after McKenna was once in the sleigh, and it was determined to drive to Father O'Connor's house at once.

When the four men, McKenna, McAndrew, Monaghan, and Dowling, reached Callaghan's place, at Mahanoy Plane, who should be there ahead of them but Phil Nash and Tom Donahue. It was suspicious, the detective thought, but said nothing. They had heard that McKenna was going to see Father O'Connor, but might possibly have had other business at the Plane. Donahue and Nash took McAndrew some distance away, and held quite a talk with him. The agent was on the alert, and saw, from their gesticulations that the two men were endeavoring to induce his friend to do something, but he obstinately refused. Dowling and Monaghan finally joined the group and the remonstrances with McAndrew were resumed.

While the rest were talking, McKenna went to Father O'Connor's house with Callaghan, but was told the priest was absent in Philadelphia, and not expected back until the next day. By the time he got back the sleigh was ready. Dowling was very drunk and McAndrew in haste to leave. They entered the cutter and started, followed by Monaghan alone, as Dowling was too much overcome to take along.

"What was the matter at Callaghan's?" inquired McKenna.

"The same thing," was McAndrew's reply. "They wanted to kill you right here! Dowling tried hard to have me lend him my revolver! But I wouldn't allow it! Had they succeeded in disarming me, you could not have lived one minute. I would be unable to defend you, and not another in the crowd would interfere. Dowling was armed, but he didn't want to hurt me, and I told them sternly they couldn't have their way wid you while I lived."

"I was on the watch for Dowling," said the operative, "and had he made a motion toward me, I'd have shot him! My life is as dear to me as that of another man to him, an' I'll not be murdered widout hurting some of them! "

But Dowling was too much intoxicated to do anything, and Monaghan, becoming disgusted, drove off and left him. Having failed to extract

any satisfaction from Kehoe, or see Father O'Connor, McAndrew and McKenna, still accompanied by Monaghan, drove directly to Shenandoah. By the time they reached McAndrew's saloon, after putting up their teams and settling the livery bill, it was night. McAndrew took the operative to his home, where he remained undisturbed until his bedtime, when he started up to return to Cooney's, thinking he would again take the route through the swamp.

"Good night, Frank!" said McKenna. "It's time for me to be joggin'!"

"Where to?"

"To me boarding-house, av coorse!"

"Not to-night!" replied McAndrew, earnestly.

"An' why not?"

"Never mind why not; but you are to sleep wid me! My wife is away from home. There's plenty of room, an' we are to be bedfellows!"

And the detective did sleep at McAndrew's, and, as the reader may well suppose, was very glad of the opportunity. Nothing occurred, however, to disturb the two men.

The ensuing morning, by the first train, McParlan returned to Pottsville, made out and mailed his report, and found a chance to communicate privately with Capt. Linden. He had appointed to meet McAndrew at Mahanoy Plane the after-

noon of that day. Once more Linden urged him not to go without being shadowed by him, as he was sure they were laying plans for killing him. The operative said he would make one more attempt to prove his character good before the priest. Then, if successful, he could either abandon that course or allow his friend to keep him under surveillance.

When the detective, in accordance with his promise, appeared that afternoon at Mahanoy Plane, he encountered Dennis Dowling and Tom Donahue still hanging about Callaghan's saloon. Both were a little more sober than on the previous day, but not a whit the less inclined to pick a quarrel with the man whose life they sought. McAndrew arrived there also, true to appointment, saying he was in to see the affair through. It was fortunate for McKenna that he had such valuable assistance. Had he gone to the place alone it is more than probable he would have disappeared and no one ever been the wiser. When they were by themselves, McAndrew remarked:

"It was well that you stopped at my house, last night. If you had returned home, as you intended, I should never have seen you again alive. I met Cooney to-day, and he says men were waiting for you, and watching all through the night! They knocked at the door, asked if they could stay there,

were refused, but kept coming and going until broad daylight, when they got away! They left an old carpet-sack, and other things, on the ground near the fence, to make it appear they were tramps, but Mrs. Cooney thinks although they were well disguised, that she recognized one of the fellows as a resident of Shenandoah."

"Faith, an' I am beholden to ye once more, McAndrew! When can I ever repay your kindness? I will try to do all that I can, whenever I hev the chance! "

"Oh, that's all right! " returned the young man.

Again the visit to Father O'Connor was unsuccessful, as that person had not yet arrived from Philadelphia. Returning to Callaghan's, McKenna reported his want of success. McAndrew, Dowling, and the rest were talking together, but no one offered him any violence. Bidding all "good night," he went to Pottsville once more. He did not feel that there was any actual necessity for going to Shenandoah again that day. In fact, it occurred to him that, thereafter, it might be as well to have somebody, upon whose aid he could count, along with him whenever he made the journey.

I had telegraphed word to Mr. Franklin to have the detective clear his record, even at further risk, by persevering until he saw Father O'Connor, but,

as a matter of precaution, Mr. Linden should never leave him while there seemed the least danger that he would run into serious trouble.

The operative, meantime, became convinced, through circumstances brought to his knowledge, that the "Mollies" had penetrated his disguise — seen his cards. Somebody had given them information about him. Who it was, he could not tell. But that they were satisfied of his double part, he was well aware. Nevertheless he said:

"I'll go to Mahanoy Plane just once more! Then, if all is not made straight, you'll see me leave this country!"

"It's according to orders, I see, and, as I am to be with you, I shall feel better about it!" said Linden.

Linden prepared for the journey, and, the next day, which was Saturday, the fifth day of March, after writing to Mr. Franklin, saying he was to go to Mahanoy Plane, to see Father O'Connor, and adding: "If I am killed, Jack Kehoe is my murderer," McParlan took the noon train for the place designated. Linden was aware of the localities the operative would visit and at no time permitted him to stray far from his presence. This time Father O'Connor was found at his residence.

Callaghan was invited to go with him to interview the clergyman, but refused, saying he had

already been there too many times. Beside, he and Father O'Connor had passed some sharp words regarding a sermon which the priest had delivered about the "Mollie Maguires," or Ancient Order of Hibernians. So the accused "Mollie" was forced to go alone — excepting that Linden kept him in view. He entered the house and was told the reverend gentleman would see him in a moment. While sitting in a room waiting, McKenna heard footsteps in the hallway and then came the voice of a man speaking. He recognized the tone as belonging to one of the "Mollies" of the Mahanoy Plane Division. Listening intently, he thought a chair was drawn along the wall until near the door. Evidently some one was preparing to hear every word that passed between himself and the priest. This was enough to put him on his guard and prompt the use of no language which would compromise him in the eyes of the "Mollie Maguires." Soon Father O'Connor arrived, and McKenna civilly addressed him:

"I am James McKenna, Father O'Connor! I suppose you have heard many ill things about me before this, but I am not quite sure that I am as bad as reported. I know I am not what you have represented me to be, a detective, spy, informer! In tellin' me friends this, you hev hurt me above remedy. I'm no detective! The order I belongs

to is a good wan — but its members are, some of them, charged wid crimes — an' they'll kill me if they think I'm in league wid their enemies, which I surely am not! They are now quietly engaged in seekin' means of accomplishing me injury. You can stop it by saying that it is not true; that ye don't belave the tale told on me! I beg you to consider! I stands up for the Ancient Order of Hibernians, everywhere! They are the right sort! I hev belonged to 'em for seventeen years, and never saw anything wrong in them. Bishop Wood, an' all the rest, are astray in condemning them, an' if they'll only give us time we'll prove that we are not murderers and incendiaries an' all that's wicked! ”

“ I have heard about you, young man,” calmly answered the priest, “ and the language used need not be repeated. I assure you, however, that I have never used your *name* in connection with that of a detective! I confess I heard that you were a detective, and although I did not know you, I thought you might be, on occasion, cognizant of crimes long before their perpetration; crimes that I thought you should have prevented; and in doing as you did you acted as a stool-pigeon — a common phrase among men — and took part in bad acts in lieu of giving word to the authorities and having the perpetrators arrested and punished. I ac-

knowledge I wrote a letter to John Kehoe, and gave it to a party to deliver. It was not sent, but brought back to me. I have told these unfortunate men that their time would surely come, that death would yet be their fate, and now they see that I gave them good counsel. They would not listen to my voice, would not leave their organization, and they must abide by the consequences. I can do no more for them. You can go to Father Ryan, of Mahanoy City, and Father O'Reilly, of Shenandoah, as they know more about it than I do. I learned of the detective matter only recently, and have been to Philadelphia to see how your relations are with another party. I need not name the man, for I found out nothing. You were seen around the vicinity — or in Tamaqua — about the time Kelly and Doyle were arrested. You kept Kerrigan's company, just before Jones was shot! ”

“ But, indade, I had business in Tamaqua, Father O'Connor! I wor sparkin' Kerrigan's sister-in-law! ”

This provoked a smile on the priest's face.

“ Well, if that was all, there was nothing wrong in it; you had a right to pay attention to the young lady if you liked! ”

“ Of course I know that! An' to get the goodwill of the sister-in-law, sure, didn't I hev to spark Kerrigan jist a little? ”

Here some other persons wanted to see the clergyman, and McKenna took his leave, promising to visit the other priests and have the tangle straightened out, notifying Father O'Connor of it, so that he might, if he would, make due notice to the members of his congregation. The pastor stated that, when he was satisfied, he would be very happy to make a public correction.

But McKenna had no idea of going to see Fathers Ryan and O'Reilly. He had had quite enough of that kind of work.

McKenna was careful to speak loud while complimenting the "Mollie Maguires," so that the eavesdropper might hear this part of the conversation if nothing else. As he went out at one door, he knew that Martin Dooley made his exit at another, and, had he given out anything derogatory to the order, he would never have escaped with his life.

After visiting Callaghan's, and telling the crowd assembled there that he had seen Father O'Connor, and it was all right, he agreed to have an interview with Father O'Reilly, at Shenandoah, the next day, and then took his final leave. While on his way out of the village the agent encountered Dooley, who quickly commenced to laugh. He was glad it was not Tom Donahue and Dowling he had met.

"Fhat are you afther laughin' about?" asked McKenna.

" Oh, I heard ivery word of it! "

" Every word of what? "

" That passed while you was closeted wid Father O'Connor! "

" For shame! Wor you list'ning? "

" Sure, an' I was! "

" Well, didn't I tell him some things about the society that not every *gossoon* would have known? "

" That you did! Didn't you give the order a lift, tho' ? "

" That wor me rale intention! "

" An' you have been a member for seventeen years, eh? You told the whole truth about the A. O. H. — or the ' Mollies ' — but I don't believe you did about the age of your membership! "

Dooley seemed highly pleased, and reported to all the men at Callaghan's that he never heard a man talk better sense to anybody than Jim McKenna put before Father O'Connor, during their short interview. The crowd changed their feelings toward the agent, and were, at the moment, more inclined to doubt Kehoe than McKenna. Dowling was quite drunk, as usual, but managed to put in:

" It's a mystery to me, anyhow! I can't tell what to make of that fellow in the blue clothes! He's a counterfeiter, a thief, a gentleman, a singer of songs and dancer of jigs, an', be gorra, now

they say he's a detective! It's a long way beyond me thoughts! I gives it up! I gives it up! "

And Dowling called all hands to the bar, which was satisfactory to the landlord, at least.

Notwithstanding the detective had carried himself manfully before his foes, bearded Kehoe in his den, faced the priestly accuser, and defied the select band of assassins, now, while he knew that Linden was somewhere within sight of him—in truth he was in Mr. Davis' office, close at hand, all the while he had been with the priest, and even then was tracing McKenna's footsteps at a safe distance—as he made fast time toward Frackville, and the sun began to sink in the west, a feeling of dread came over him, a chilliness ran in his veins, which was nigh unto fear, and he walked faster than he had in a long time. Fortunately he overtook a Dutchman, driving to Frackville, and McKenna, not wishing to be caught in the dark on the mountains, asked the driver if he would give him a ride. The Dutchman consented, stopped his team, and the detective mounted the seat by his side, saying:

"I'm in a very great hurry! I hev a dispatch that me sisther is jist dying, at Pottsville beyant, an' I fear I may not get to the train in sayson! "

"I'll drive a little faster! " said the obliging fellow, and he applied his black-snake whip to the

animals' flanks and they went flying up the steep road, while Linden was some distance behind, but making good time, to catch up with the Dutchman's horses. McKenna looked back, and after a while, seeing his friend, told the Jehu that he thought there was no need of such hot haste, as they would probably get to the depot in time. But poor Linden had to walk all the way, and was glad enough when he saw the end of the journey. Both operatives took the same train for Pottsville, but were careful not to be seen communicating, and the next morning McKenna went by train to Philadelphia, no more to return as James McKenna. This was therefore, theoretically, if not in fact, the end of that personage so long known to the coal region and to the reader. No more would he appear as the wild Irishman of Shenandoah. When he again visited the locality — if he went there at all — it would be in his true character of James McParlan, the detective.

Let us now return to the trials of the "Mollies" already arrested. While he did not testify in the Kelly and Doyle cases, in March, 1876, at Mauch Chunk, McParlan was much in the locality and furnished very valuable information, greatly assisting the prosecution in their legal warfare upon the "Mollie Maguires."

In April, 1876, I went to Philadelphia, and held another long, interesting and profitable consulta-

tation with Mr. F. B. Gowen and Superintendent Franklin. They had for some time been urging upon me the necessity for placing McParlan on the witness stand. With his assistance, I could easily see that many convictions might be made which, without his aid, never could occur. Still there was in my mind the verbal agreement I had entered into, nearly three years before, in my office in Chicago, that he the operative, should not be called upon to go before a court and give testimony. I would not go behind that statement, and was determined never to make the attempt. It was true that McParlan's usefulness as a detective in the coal region was gone, through the discovery which had been made rendering his departure from that part of Pennsylvania imperatively necessary.

Calling the detective to me, in my private office, we held an earnest and prolonged interview. Without saying anything to bias his mind, I plainly stated the situation, and asked him to consider whether it was better for him to go upon the stand or not. He could do as he chose, and I would remain firmly with him to the last. For some moments McParlan sat, with his head bowed down, seemingly in deep thought, saying nothing. He then raised his eyes, and replied:

"You remarked, just now, that Mr. Gowen would like to see me!"

"Yes, he so stated."

"Well, I can decide what is best to be done, after talking with him."

I then visited Mr. Gowen's house, where he was confined by sickness. He appointed a time when McParlan and I should meet him. We did meet him, at my office, in Philadelphia, and we held further talk over the matter. Mr. Gowen informed McParlan that all he desired was simply to bring the guilty men to justice. In his own quiet, business-like manner, he placed the full circumstances of the case before him, offering, however, no hope of future or present reward, but describing plainly the duty he thought he owed to the public. When Mr. Gowen was through, McParlan thought over the subject for at least five minutes, none of us speaking, and Mr. Gowen and I almost breathlessly awaiting the result. At last McParlan said:

"I will come out in my true character as a detective, speak the truth in all the cases, wherever needed, and, so help me God, every assistance that I can give shall be rendered! Nothing shall be held back. With God's aid, I may be the means of doing much good!"

Mr. Gowen then left, and arrangements were made to carry out the decision.

I had consented, with this proviso, that, as soon as he should visit the coal region, and from that time until the precautions were all ended, he

would place himself constantly, day and night, under the especial care of two of my bravest and most courageous men, who should be properly armed, and instructed to give him protection wherever he went. He did not deem this precaution at all necessary. I did, and McParlan agreed to it. Messrs. Gilchrist and Deacons, able and determined officers, have since that date acted as his guardsmen. That this was needful, several facts afterward transpiring abundantly prove. While two men would have been of little use in a combined attack, or if an assassin might come upon them suddenly in the night, I knew the "Mollies" would soon be so demoralized that the first would not occur, and no man would be willing to take the risk of killing another whom he knew was constantly under the eye of armed and watchful guardians. The fact that he had to move about the streets of Pottsville, Mauch Chunk, or Bloomsburg, protected by armed men, was galling to the detective's pride, but he finally began to see the demand for such care of himself and never tried to evade those guarding him. It is more than probable that his life would long since have been sacrificed, had I adopted a more reckless course, which I never contemplated doing.

Making arrests now began in earnest, Mr. Linden having been duly authorized to attend to this

department of the business under the direction and advice of Mr. Franklin, the district attorneys, and assisted by McParlan. Capture followed swiftly upon capture, commencing on the fourth of February, 1876, when Alexander Campbell, Bodymaster at Lansford, Carbon County, was apprehended, charged with the murder of John P. Jones, Sept. 3d, of the same year.

On the fifth of the same month, Hugh McGehan, of Carbon County, was arrested for the Yost murder, committed at Tamaqua, July 6, 1875. James Boyle was taken on the sixth and the capture of James Roarty, Bodymaster at Coledale, Schuylkill County, occurred on the seventh. On the eighth, James Carroll, of Tamaqua, then acting as Bodymaster at Tamaqua, was lodged in prison. There, on the ninth, he was joined by his coadjutator in the murder of B. F. Yost, Thomas Duffy, of Reevesdale. The last named was captured while at work, at Buckville.

The six murderers mentioned above were taken, one after the other, and so sudden was the descent upon them that they did not have a moment's warning, and the greatest excitement resulted throughout the coal region. Not only were the "Mollies" themselves greatly agitated, but the people of the vicinity arose in a mass and threats of lynching the prisoners were freely indulged in.

Owing to the admirable arrangements of Capt. Linden, ably seconded by the officers and men of the Coal and Iron Police and local officials, everything passed off quietly, in a little while, and all of the defendants were safely lodged in Pottsville jail. Writs of *habeas corpus* were promptly taken out, made returnable on the thirteenth of February. On that day, Linden took James Kerrigan away from the Carbon County jail, at Mauch Chunk, in a special car, and landed him safely in Pottsville, ready for the hearing on the writ. The crowd at the court-house was so overpowering that Presiding Judge Pershing declined to enter upon the case, and the numbers of citizens present had to be forcibly diminished before the cause could go on. Trouble was anticipated at this time from the "Mollie Maguires," who were on the spot in crowds and, while Capt. Linden was taking Kerrigan to the carriage in waiting, a member of the order, named Thomas Waldron, cried out, alluding to Kerrigan, "Drown the scoundrel! Drown him!" A nod to one of the officers in attendance was sufficient, and Mr. Waldron was promptly arrested, taken before a magistrate, and put under bail. This quick settlement of his case quieted the order, and no further trouble occurred.

On the tenth of February followed the arrest of Thomas Munley, of Gilberton, on the affidavit

of Capt. Linden, for the murder of Thomas Sanger, and Wm. Uren, at Raven Run, as related in these pages.

On the fourth of May, 1876, the trial of James Carroll, Thomas Duffy, James Roarty, Hugh McGehan, and James Boyle, for the murder of B. F. Yost, was commenced in Pottsville, before a full bench of Hon. C. L. Pershing, D. B. Green, and T. H. Walker. The jury was composed of the following gentlemen: Joel H. Betz, Thomas Bomboy, O. Miller, William Becker, Lewis Maul, Levi Stein, Paul Artz, Amos Forsman, Daniel Yeager, Benjamin Weller, Jules Kurten, and Jacob B. Hoffman. After hearing much of the testimony, and getting well along in the cause, Levi Stein, one of the jurors, and an estimable man, was taken very sick, and the court adjourned until the twenty-third of the same month. Mr. Stein never recovered sufficiently to reappear in the jury box, and after his death the remainder of the panel were discharged. The cause therefore went over. It was in this unfortunate trial that McParlan came upon the stand, stood revealed to the world as the former James McKenna, and made his astonishing revelations, which, for interest and novelty, have startled the civilized world. James Kerrigan, also made his *début* as a witness for the Commonwealth, and, but for the sad incident occurring, as related, the trial would have proven a triumph over the

"Mollies." Hon. F. B. Gowen, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, in this case first came forward as counsel, ungloried himself for the struggle, and by his boldness did much to reassure the depressed and suffering people of the coal region. It was a sad providence and calamity that terminated the trial so unhappily.

Kerrigan, Doyle, and Kelly were already convicted of the murder of John P. Jones, and on the fourth of February, 1876, Alex. Campbell, the originator of the plan and the man for whom the assassination had been committed, was lodged in prison at Mauch Chunk. His trial commenced the twentieth of June ensuing. By the twenty-first the following jury had been obtained: Adam Meeker, Elias Berger, R. J. Koch, Charles Horn, William Williams, Harrison Heinbach, and Charles Zelner. A verdict of "murder in the first degree" was returned July 1st. An attempt was subsequently made to secure a new trial, an argument was heard on the twenty-fourth of July, and a second trial granted, which occurred on the twenty-first of January, 1877. He was a second time found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced by the court to be executed. He was also found guilty in the Morgan Powell murder.

After this came the arrest of the murderers —

or those interested in the murder — of Gomer James. Thomas Hurley, having for the time made his escape — though it is reasonable to suppose that he will, with other fugitives from justice, some day be caught and punished — Chris Donnelly, John Donahue, Michael O'Brien, Pat Dolan, Sr., Pat Butler, and Frank O'Neill were arraigned at Pottsville on the 17th of August, 1876. James Roarty, charged with aiding and abetting in the killing of Gomer James, was with the others found guilty. Chris Donnelly was given two years in the penitentiary, while Patrick Butler, partly in consideration of his having given State's evidence, met similar leniency. John Donahue, having already received sentence of death, was not sentenced. Mike O'Brien was sent to prison for two years. Patrick Dolan, Sr., was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Frank O'Neill also received two years.

September 23, of the same year, John Slattery, John Stanton, Michael Doolan, Chas. Mullhearn, Ned Monaghan, John Kehoe, Chris Donnelly, Dennis F. Canning, Michael O'Brien, Frank O'Neill and Pat Dolan, Sr., were arraigned for conspiracy to murder Wm. and Jesse Major, stood their trial, and all but John Stanton were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment as follows: O'Neill, five years; O'Brien, five years; Canning, seven

years; Donnelly, five years; Kehoe, seven years, and Ned Monaghan, seven years.

At the same term of court, Thomas Donahue was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for aiding in the escape of John Gibbons, one of the men assaulting Wm. M. Thomas.

September 22, 1876, Muff Lawler was brought to court, as accessory after the fact to the murder of Sanger and Uren, found guilty, but not sentenced, having enrolled himself among those willing to aid the State in convicting men more guilty. James Duffy was sent one year for perjury. Mrs. Bridget Hyland, Bernard M. Boyle, and Kate Boyle, having been rather too fast in swearing their friends clear, were found guilty of perjury and given two and three years each at the State prison.

The murder of F. W. S. Langdon, by the "Mollie Maguires," at Audenried, in Schuylkill County, committed July 14, 1862, implicated John Kehoe, County Delegate, John Campbell, and Neill Dougherty. Campbell and Dougherty were arrested, and with Kehoe brought to trial at Pottsville, January 2, 1877, found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced, Campbell for nine, and Dougherty for five years in the State penitentiary. Kehoe was brought in guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be executed the 16th of April in the same year, but his cause was

taken to the Supreme Court, where it will doubtless be decided in accordance with the testimony and its merits.

In November, 1876, Chas. McAllister was convicted of an assault, with intent to kill, upon James Riles, at Shenandoah. Sentence thus far has been deferred.

All of the above were Schuylkill County cases.

In Carbon County arrests were made almost simultaneously. John Donahue, Thomas P. Fisher, Patrick McKenna, Alex. Campbell, Patrick O'Donnell, and John Malloy, were taken, charged with the murder of Morgan Powell, at Summit Hill, December 2, 1871. The defendants were tried, at different terms of the Carbon County Court, at Mauch Chunk, James McParlan frequently appearing — as in most of the suits in Schuylkill County — on the witness stand and testifying to the confessions and admissions of the Mollies. They were found guilty as follows: Donahue of murder in the first degree; Fisher of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death; Pat McKenna of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to nine years' imprisonment; Patrick O'Donnell, as accessory, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

In Columbia County, February 24, 1877, Pat Hester, Pat Tully, and Peter McHugh, were arraigned for the murder of Alex. Rae. The circum-

stances of the crime have been related in these pages. The court was held at Bloomsburg, the county-seat, and attracted a very large attendance. McParlan was present, and his testimony was fully corroborated by Dan Kelly, *alias* Manus Kull, and Mike, *alias* Muff Lawler, was also a witness.

Judge Elwell presided at the session of court, and Hon. F. W. Hughes assisted the District Attorney in the prosecution, John W. Ryon, Esq., of Pottsville, and others, appearing for the defendants.

On the 24th, the jury returned a verdict in the three cases of "guilty of murder in the first degree." This was not unexpected by the general public, but formed a complete surprise to Pat Hester and his "Mollie" friends. So confident had Hester been of release, that, the day before the reception of the decree, he sent word to Locust Gap, ordering a grand supper prepared at his house in commemoration of his discharge and acquittal. While he did not actually fire the shot that killed Rae, he was virtually as guilty as those who did, having originated the job, and justice will, without doubt, be meted out to him.

Hester, Tully, and McHugh found that they had but one course to adopt, and got a new trial; but all has failed, the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment against the prisoners, and sentence of death is their doom.

While these trials were going on, the "Mollies" were not idle. They moved every string possible to pull in money and influence to defend their brethren in the coal region. Contributions were levied by the National head of the order, in New York, upon the subordinate divisions of the country for a large amount of money — some place it as high as \$30,000 — part of which was to be expended in clearing the criminals, and the rest, I have reason to believe, in paying assassins to go to Pottsville and take the lives of McParlan and all of my employés in that section of country. But the refusal of one of the Philadelphia lodges to respond to this levy brought the matter to the notice of the public press and stopped at least a portion of the funds from going forward to the National officers. New Orleans and some other distant branches had sent their share without knowing exactly the purpose for which it was to be employed, but it is presumable that not more than one-half of the assessment was ever realized, and that must have been expended in paying for legal services.

During the session of court, at which occurred the trial of Kehoe and others for conspiracy to murder Wm. M. Thomas, I learned that an attempt would be made to assassinate Mr. Gowen, McParlan, and the entire court. It seems at first

there was an informal meeting of the "Mollies," in Pottsville, and it was arranged that twenty-four men should be chosen to go to the court-house, twelve to sit on the back row of seats, and twelve on the front tier, near the prisoners. All were to be armed with loaded revolvers. Those on the front row of seats were, at a given signal, to rise and simultaneously fire upon the judges, the attorneys for the Commonwealth — Mr. Gowen especially — and the officers, including McParlan and Capt. Linden, and the members of the Coal and Iron Police. Those on the back seat were to kill off those left by the first platoon, when all were to rush in, seize the prisoners and with them fight their way out and make their escape to the hills. An influential member of the order, and a county official, hearing of this arrangement, after the twenty-four men had actually been appointed, made his appearance at their rendezvous and informed the ring-leaders in the movement that such an act was evidence of sheer madness. "If you do this, boys," said he, "there will not be an Irishman left in Schuylkill County, and what is more, if you persist in the plot, I shall consider it my bounden duty to go at once and have every mother's son of you arrested! It can't be done, and it shall not be done!"

This, for the time, broke up the conspiracy.

Subsequently a young "Mollie Maguire" made his boast, in the presence of several friends, that he would go to the court-house, any time when he could hear that Mr. Gowen was alone, and shoot him down. He was soon told that the President of the Reading Railway, and the personal head of the prosecution of the members of the bloodthirsty organization, was writing, all by himself, in a jury room. The assassin walked into the apartment, his hand upon his revolver, and was about to produce it and fire, when an officer of the Coal and Iron Police having business with the gentleman threatened, unexpectedly appeared on the scene. As the would-be murderer had no reasonable excuse for remaining, he took his hand away from his pistol, and, thwarted in his design, sneaked out of the place. These and other equally foolish acts of the "Mollies" were duly reported to Mr. Gowen, and he was advised that he must take some precautions or his life would pay the forfeit of criminal rashness. Up to that date he had not as much as worn a pistol, or any other weapon, upon his person, and it is questionable if he ever did subsequently. He is a brave, frank man, but depended too much, I think, upon the justness of his cause, for with the "Mollie Maguires," the common instincts of human nature are outraged and disregarded.

Still he was not attacked. While there were hundreds present thirsting for his blood, he turned upon the "Mollies" the heaviest deluge of invective that they have ever received.

But one New York newspaper, I believe, has ever openly taken the part of the "Mollie Maguires." That was the *Irish World*. The animus of its article was contained in an attack upon Mr. Gowen and James McParlan, calling one "the head of a coal monopoly," and the other his "hired informer." As the editor possibly had to do something to earn his proportion of the \$30,000 received for the defense of the "Mollies," and as his modicum of the labor was so insignificant and trivial, I have not the heart to devote space to an answer. He is sufficiently replied to, perhaps, by the verdicts of the courts of justice, which point to something more serious than the editorial writer in question had in mind at the time of the preparation of his weak and idle philippic.

A well informed writer in the *American Law Review*, in January, 1877, seems to have taken a more sensible impression of the matter, and found interest enough in the trials of the "Mollies" to devote twenty-eight pages of valuable space to the calm and dispassionate discussion of the subject from a legal standpoint.

The work of several years is now nearly finished. About seventy persons have been arrested in the coal region. Of those twelve have been, by a jury of their countrymen, found guilty of murder in the first degree; four of murder in the second degree; and four of being accessory to murder; sixteen of conspiracy to murder; six of perjury; one of assault with intent to kill; eight of aiding and abetting a murder; one of assault and battery; one for aiding in the escape of a murderer, and several others of lesser crimes. The sum-total of the time of these sentences to imprisonment foots up one hundred and twenty-four years and eight months. Eleven have received sentence of death.

On May 21st, 1877, Governor Hartranft issued warrants for the execution of eight of the murderers, viz: — Alexander Campbell, convicted of complicity in the killing of John P. Jones; James Carroll, Hugh McGehan, James Boyle, and James Roarty, convicted of the murder of Benj. F. Yost; Patrick Hester, Peter McHugh, and Patrick Tully, convicted of the murder of Alexander W. Rae. Campbell was hanged at Mauch Chunk on the 21st of June, in company with Michael Doyle and Edward Kelly, concerned in the murder with him. Carroll, McGehan, Boyle, and Roarty expiated their crime on the same day on the gallows from which Thomas Munley was suspended for the mur-

der of William Sanger and James Urens; and Hester, McHugh and Tully will be executed at Bloomsburg on the 9th day of August next, which will be the first executions that have ever taken place in Columbia County.

The Red-Headed League

DOYLE

HERE is an early story introducing Sherlock Holmes in which, however, are discovered all the elements which finally developed in that celebrated character, although the reader is held in mystified suspense by a beginning so humorous in itself as to have provoked even the saturnine "Sherlock" to roars of laughter. For a neat case of deduction worked up to a sharp dénouement it is hardly surpassed by any other of his adventures.

— EDITOR.

The Red-Headed League

DOYLE

I HAD called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his arm-chair, and putting his finger-tips together as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the *convenances* and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened

to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend, Dr. Watson, has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the

fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes' quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc and compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish you have tattooed immediately above your wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin

hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"TO THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE: On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind and above the age of twenty-one years are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated,

after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle* of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson."

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead, "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just to give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes;

and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But, after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head? ”

“ Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an employee who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don’t know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement.”

“ Oh, he has his faults, too,” said Mr. Wilson, “ Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he’s a good worker. There’s no vice in him.”

“ He is still with you, I presume? ”

“ Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that’s all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

“ The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

“ ‘I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.’

“ ‘Why that?’ I asks.

“ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘here’s another vacancy on the League of the Red-headed Men. It’s worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits’ end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color here’s a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.’

“ ‘Why, what is it, then?’ I asked. “ You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn’t know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

“ ‘Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?’ he asked, with his eyes open.

“ ‘Never.’

“ ‘Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.’

“ ‘And what are they worth?’ I asked.

“ ‘Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one’s other occupations.’

“ Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not

been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

“ ‘Tell me all about it,’ said I.

“ ‘Well,’ said he, showing me the advertisement, ‘you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.’

“ ‘But,’ said I, ‘there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.’

“ ‘Not so many as you might think,’ he answered. ‘You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now if you cared to apply Mr. Wilson you would just walk in; but

perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were — straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver clay; but as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were wait-

ing, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"‘This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,’ said my assistant, ‘and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.’

“ ‘And he is admirably suited for it,’ the other answered. ‘He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.’ He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

“ ‘It would be injustice to hesitate,’ said he. ‘You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.’ With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with pain. ‘There is water in your eyes,’ said he, as he released me. ‘I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler’s wax which would disgust you with human nature.’ He stepped over to the window and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

“ ‘My name,’ said he, ‘is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?’

“ I answered that I had not.

“His face fell immediately.

“‘Dear me!’ he said gravely, ‘that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.’

“My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

“‘In the case of another,’ said he, ‘the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?’”

“‘Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,’ said I.

“‘Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!’ said Vincent Spaulding. ‘I shall be able to look after that for you.’

“‘What would be the hours?’ I asked.

“‘Ten to two.’

“Now a pawnbroker’s business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evenings, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was

a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

“ ‘That would suit me very well,’ said I. ‘And the pay?’

“ ‘Is four pounds a week.’

“ ‘And the work?’

“ ‘Is purely nominal.’

“ ‘What do you call purely nominal?’

“ ‘Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don’t comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.’

“ ‘It’s only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,’ said I.

“ ‘No excuse will avail,’ said Mr. Duncan Ross, ‘neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.’

“ ‘And the work?’

“ ‘Is to copy out the “Encyclopædia Britannica.” There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?’

“ ‘Certainly,’ I answered.

“ ‘Then, good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important posi-

tion which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again, for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bed-time I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper I started off for the Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off with the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me

good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturdays the manager came in and planked down four gold sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same the next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armor, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the Bs before very long. It cost me something in foolscap and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end? "

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of

cardboard hammered onto the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard, about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

"THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS DISSOLVED.

Oct. 9, 1890."

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant

living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘the gentleman at No. 4.’

“ ‘What, the red-headed man?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.’

“ ‘Where could I find him?’

“ ‘Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul’s.’

“ I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross.”

“ And what did you do then?” asked Mr. Holmes.

“ I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish

to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called

your attention to the advertisement — how long had he been with you? ”

“ About a month then.”

“ How did he come? ”

“ In answer to an advertisement.”

“ Was he the only applicant? ”

“ No, I had a dozen.”

“ Why did you pick him? ”

“ Because he was handy and would come cheap.”

“ At half wages, in fact? ”

“ Yes.”

“ What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding? ”

“ Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he’s not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead.”

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. “ I thought as much,” said he. “ Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings? ”

“ Yes, sir. He told me that a gypsy had done it for him when he was a lad.”

“ Hum!” said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. “ He is still with you? ”

“ Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him.”

“ And has your business been attended to in your absence? ”

“ Nothing to complain of, sir. There’s never very much to do of a morning.”

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird.

I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who had made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Sarasate plays at St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We traveled by the Underground, as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy, two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in inclosure where a lawn of weedy grass, and a few clumps of faded laurel bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with JABEZ WILSON in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his

eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawn-broker's and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow that," observed Holmes as we walked away. "He is in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line: "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's the tobacconist; the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And

now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness, and delicacy, and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes the sleuth-hound, Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his armchair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unac-

quainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall, I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And I say, doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of

my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all, from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the "Encyclopædia" down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was the nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawn-broker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter-past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent; while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced

man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be your companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if you won't mind my saying so, just a little to theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right!" said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday

night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger," said Jones. "He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a Royal Duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night," remarked Holmes. "I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite

time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Homes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Far-rington Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage, and through a side door which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling

passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawn-broker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape.

We are at present, doctor — as no doubt you have divined — in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

“ And sit in the dark? ”

“ I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and, though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm, unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourself behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down.”

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness — such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

“ They have but one retreat,” whispered Holmes. “ That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg

Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones? ”

“ I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door.”

“ Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait.”

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards, it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier inbreath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers,

protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes, blandly, "you have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness also, when you address me, always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police station."

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

“Really, Mr. Holmes,” said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, “I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience.”

“I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay,” said Holmes. “I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League.”

“You see, Watson,” he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whiskey and soda in Baker Street, “it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business in the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the ‘Encyclopædia,’ must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay’s ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice’s hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were

playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clew. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the

scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?"

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence; in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their

escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked.

"*'L'homme c'est rien — l'oeuvre c'est tout,'* as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

*The Doctor, His Wife,
and the Clock*

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

THE detective-novel was created in Europe by Gaboriau — in America by Anna Katharine Green, whose “*The Leavenworth Case*,” published in 1878, announced the arrival of a new branch in our literature. That novel was the sensation of a decade, and the thrill it gave the English-speaking world is not forgotten yet. In fact “*The Leavenworth Case*” has passed into a tradition in American letters which bids fair to last for some time. Stimulated by the success of this her first effort, Miss Green produced, within the next quarter of a century, a series of novels and short stories all of which bear the stamp of a unique and original genius. None of these is more characteristic than “*The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock*,” the very title of which suggests a mystery. Nor is there any finer example of deductive reasoning than that presented by Detective Gryce in this story.

EDITOR

The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

I.

ON the 17th of July, 1851, a tragedy of no little interest occurred in one of the residences of the Colonnade in Lafayette Place.¹

Mr. Hasbrouck, a well-known and highly respected citizen, was attacked in his room by an unknown assailant, and shot dead before assistance could reach him. His murderer escaped, and the problem offered to the police was, how to identify this person who, by some happy chance or by the exercise of the most remarkable forethought, had left no traces behind him, or any clue by which he could be followed.

The affair was given to a young man, named Ebenezer Gryce, to investigate, and the story, as he tells it, is this:

When, some time after midnight, I reached Lafayette Place, I found the block lighted from end

¹ New York City.

to end. Groups of excited men and women peered from the open doorways, and mingled their shadows with those of the huge pillars which adorn the front of this picturesque block of dwellings.

The house in which the crime had been committed was near the centre of the row, and, long before I reached it, I had learned from more than one source that the alarm was first given to the street by a woman's shriek, and secondly by the shouts of an old man-servant who had appeared, in a half-dressed condition, at the window of Mr. Hasbrouck's room, crying, "Murder! murder!"

But when I had crossed the threshold, I was astonished at the paucity of the facts to be gleaned from the inmates themselves. The old servitor, who was the first to talk, had only this account of the crime to give.

The family, which consisted of Mr. Hasbrouck, his wife, and three servants, had retired for the night at the usual hour and under the usual auspices. At eleven o'clock the lights were all extinguished, and the whole household asleep, with the possible exception of Mr. Hasbrouck himself, who, being a man of large business responsibilities, was frequently troubled with insomnia.

Suddenly Mrs. Hasbrouck woke with a start. Had she dreamed the words that were ringing in her ears, or had they been actually uttered in her hearing? They were short, sharp words, full of

terror and menace, and she had nearly satisfied herself that she had imagined them, when there came, from somewhere near the door, a sound she neither understood nor could interpret, but which filled her with inexplicable terror, and made her afraid to breathe, or even to stretch forth her hand towards her husband, whom she supposed to be sleeping at her side. At length another strange sound, which she was sure was not due to her imagination, drove her to make an attempt to rouse him, when she was horrified to find that she was alone in the bed, and her husband nowhere within reach.

Filled now with something more than nervous apprehension, she flung herself to the floor, and tried to penetrate, with frenzied glances, the surrounding darkness. But the blinds and shutters both having been carefully closed by Mr. Hasbrouck before retiring, she found this impossible, and she was about to sink in terror to the floor, when she heard a low gasp on the other side of the room, followed by the suppressed cry:

“ God! what have I done! ”

The voice was a strange one, but before the fear aroused by this fact could culminate in a shriek of dismay, she caught the sound of retreating footsteps, and, eagerly listening, she heard them descend the stairs and depart by the front door.

Had she known what had occurred — had there

been no doubt in her mind as to what lay in the darkness on the other side of the room—it is likely that, at the noise caused by the closing front door, she would have made at once for the balcony that opened out from the window before which she was standing, and taken one look at the flying figure below. But her uncertainty as to what lay hidden from her by the darkness chained her feet to the floor, and there is no knowing when she would have moved, if a carriage had not at that moment passed down Astor Place, bringing with it a sense of companionship which broke the spell that held her, and gave her strength to light the gas, which was in ready reach of her hand.

As the sudden blaze illuminated the room, revealing in a burst the old familiar walls and well-known pieces of furniture, she felt for a moment as if released from some heavy nightmare and restored to the common experiences of life. But in another instant her former dread returned, and she found herself quaking at the prospect of passing around the foot of the bed into that part of the room which was as yet hidden from her eyes.

But the desperation which comes with great crises finally drove her from her retreat; and, creeping slowly forward, she cast one* glance at the floor before her, when she found her worst fears realized by the sight of the dead body of her

husband lying prone before the open doorway, with a bullet-hole in his forehead.

Her first impulse was to shriek, but, by a powerful exercise of will, she checked herself, and, ringing frantically for the servants who slept on the top floor of the house, flew to the nearest window and endeavored to open it. But the shutters had been bolted so securely by Mr. Hasbrouck, in his endeavor to shut out light and sound, that by the time she had succeeded in unfastening them, all trace of the flying murderer had vanished from the street.

Sick with grief and terror, she stepped back into the room just as the three frightened servants descended the stairs. As they appeared in the open doorway, she pointed at her husband's inanimate form, and then, as if suddenly realizing in its full force the calamity which had befallen her, she threw up her arms, and sank forward to the floor in a dead faint.

The two women rushed to her assistance, but the old butler, bounding over the bed, sprang to the window, and shrieked his alarm to the street.

In the interim that followed, Mrs. Hasbrouck was revived, and the master's body laid decently on the bed; but no pursuit was made, nor any inquiries started likely to assist me in establishing the identity of the assailant.

Indeed, every one, both in the house and out, seemed dazed by the unexpected catastrophe, and as no one had any suspicions to offer as to the probable murderer, I had a difficult task before me.

I began, in the usual way, by inspecting the scene of the murder. I found nothing in the room, or in the condition of the body itself, which added an iota to the knowledge already obtained. That Mr. Hasbrouck had been in bed; that he had risen upon hearing a noise; and that he had been shot before reaching the door, were self-evident facts. But there was nothing to guide me further. The very simplicity of the circumstances caused a dearth of clues, which made the difficulty of procedure as great as any I ever encountered.

My search through the hall and down the stairs elicited nothing; and an investigation of the bolts and bars by which the house was secured, assured me that the assassin had either entered by the front door, or had already been secreted in the house when it was locked up for the night.

"I shall have to trouble Mrs. Hasbrouck for a short interview," I hereupon announced to the trembling old servitor, who had followed me like a dog about the house.

He made no demur, and in a few minutes I was ushered into the presence of the newly made

widow, who sat quite alone, in a large chamber in the rear. As I crossed the threshold she looked up, and I encountered a good plain face, without the shadow of guile in it.

"Madame," said I, "I have not come to disturb you. I will ask two or three questions only, and then leave you to your grief. I am told that some words came from the assassin before he delivered his fatal shot. Did you hear these distinctly enough to tell me what they were?"

"I was sound asleep," said she, "and dreamt, as I thought, that a fierce, strange voice cried somewhere to someone: 'Ah! you did not expect me!' But I dare not say that these words were really uttered to my husband, for he was not the man to call forth hate, and only a man in the extremity of passion could address such an exclamation in such a tone as rings in my memory in connection with the fatal shot which woke me."

"But that shot was not the work of a friend," I argued. "If, as these words seem to prove, the assassin had some other motive than gain in his assault, then your husband had an enemy, though you never suspected it."

"Impossible!" was her steady reply, uttered in the most convincing tone. "The man who shot him was a common burglar, and, frightened at having been betrayed into murder, fled without looking

for booty. I am sure I heard him cry out in terror and remorse: ' God! what have I done! ' ”

“ Was that before you left the side of the bed? ”

“ Yes; I did not move from my place till I heard the front door close. I was paralyzed by my fear and dread.”

“ Are you in the habit of trusting to the security of a latch-lock only in the fastening of your front door at night? I am told that the big key was not in the lock, and that the bolt at the bottom of the door was not drawn.”

“ The bolt at the bottom of the door is never drawn. Mr. Hasbrouck was so good a man he never mistrusted any one. That is why the big lock was not fastened. The key, not working well, he took it some days ago to the locksmith, and when the latter failed to return it, he laughed, and said he thought no one would ever think of meddling with his front door.”

“ Is there more than one night-key to your house? ” I now asked.

She shook her head.

“ And when did Mr. Hasbrouck last use his? ”

“ To-night, when he came home from prayer-meeting,” she answered, and burst into tears.

Her grief was so real and her loss so recent that I hesitated to afflict her by further questions. So returning to the scene of the tragedy, I stepped

out upon the balcony which ran in front. Soft voices instantly struck my ears. The neighbors on either side were grouped in front of their own windows, and were exchanging the remarks natural under the circumstances. I paused, as in duty bound, and listened. But I heard nothing worth recording, and would have instantly re-entered the house if I had not been impressed by the appearance of a very graceful woman who stood at my right. She was clinging to her husband, who was gazing at one of the pillars before him in a strange, fixed way which astonished me till he attempted to move, and then I saw that he was blind. Instantly I remembered that there lived in this row a blind doctor, equally celebrated for his skill and for his uncommon personal attractions, and, greatly interested not only in his affliction, but in the sympathy evinced for him by his young and affectionate wife, I stood still till I heard her say in the soft and appealing tones of love:

“Come in, Constant; you have heavy duties for to-morrow, and you should get a few hours’ rest, if possible.”

He came from the shadow of the pillar, and for one minute I saw his face with the lamplight shining full upon it. It was as regular of feature as a sculptured Adonis, and it was as white.

“Sleep!” he repeated, in the measured tones of

deep but suppressed feeling. "Sleep! with murder on the other side of the wall!" And he stretched out his hands in a dazed way that insensibly accentuated the horror I myself felt of the crime which had so lately taken place in the room behind me.

She, noting the movement, took one of the groping hands in her own and drew him gently towards her.

"This way," she urged; and, guiding him into the house, she closed the window and drew down the shades, making the street seem darker by the loss of her exquisite presence.

This may seem a digression, but I was at the time a young man of thirty, and much under the dominion of woman's beauty. I was therefore slow in leaving the balcony, and persistent in my wish to learn something of this remarkable couple before leaving Mr. Hasbrouck's house.

The story told me was very simple. Dr. Zabriskie had not been born blind, but had become so after a grievous illness which had stricken him down soon after he received his diploma. Instead of succumbing to an affliction which would have daunted most men, he expressed his intention of practising his profession, and soon became so successful in it that he found no difficulty in establishing himself in one of the best-paying quarters

of the city. Indeed, his intuition seemed to have developed in a remarkable degree after his loss of sight, and he seldom, if ever, made a mistake in diagnosis. Considering this fact, and the personal attractions which gave him distinction, it was no wonder that he soon became a popular physician whose presence was a benefaction and whose word a law.

He had been engaged to be married at the time of his illness, and, when he learned what was likely to be its results, had offered to release the young lady from all obligation to him. But she would not be released, and they were married. This had taken place some five years previous to Mr. Hasbrouck's death, three of which had been spent by them in Lafayette Place.

So much for the beautiful woman next door.

There being absolutely no clue to the assailant of Mr. Hasbrouck, I naturally looked forward to the inquest for some evidence upon which to work. But there seemed to be no underlying facts to this tragedy. The most careful study into the habits and conduct of the deceased brought nothing to light save his general beneficence and rectitude, nor was there in his history or in that of his wife any secret or hidden obligation calculated to provoke any such act of revenge as murder. Mrs. Hasbrouck's surmise that the intruder was simply

a burglar, and that she had rather imagined than heard the words that pointed to the shooting as a deed of vengeance, soon gained general credence. But, though the police worked long and arduously in this new direction, their efforts were without fruit, and the case bade fair to remain an unsolvable mystery.

But the deeper the mystery the more persistently does my mind cling to it, and some five months after the matter had been delegated to oblivion, I found myself starting suddenly from sleep, with these words ringing in my ears:

“Who uttered the scream that gave the first alarm of Mr. Hasbrouck’s violent death?”

I was in such a state of excitement that the perspiration stood out on my forehead. Mrs. Hasbrouck’s story of the occurrence returned to me, and I remembered as distinctly as if she were then speaking, that she had expressly stated that she did not scream when confronted by the sight of her husband’s dead body. But some one had screamed, and that very loudly. Who was it, then. One of the maids, startled by the sudden summons from below, or some one else — some involuntary witness of the crime, whose testimony had been suppressed at the inquest, by fear or influence?

The possibility of having come upon a clue even at this late day, so fired my ambition, that

I took the first opportunity of revisiting Lafayette Place. Choosing such persons as I thought most open to my questions, I learned that there were many who could testify to having heard a woman's shrill scream on that memorable night just prior to the alarm given by old Cyrus; but no one could tell from whose lips it had come. One fact, however, was immediately settled. It had not been the result of the servant-women's fears. Both of the girls were positive that they had uttered no sound, nor had they themselves heard any, till Cyrus rushed to the window with his wild cries. As the scream, by whomever given, was uttered before they descended the stairs, I was convinced by these assurances that it had issued from one of the front windows, and not from the rear of the house, where their own rooms lay. Could it be that it had sprung from the adjoining dwelling, and that — My thoughts went no further, but I made up my mind to visit the doctor's house at once.

It took some courage to do this, for the doctor's wife had attended the inquest, and her beauty, seen in broad daylight, had worn such an aspect of mingled sweetness and dignity, that I hesitated to encounter it under any circumstances likely to disturb its pure serenity. But a clue, once grasped, cannot be lightly set aside by a true detective, and it would have taken more than a

woman's frown to stop me at this point. So I rang Dr. Zabriskie's bell.

I am seventy years old now and am no longer daunted by the charms of a beautiful woman, but I confess that when I found myself in the fine reception parlor on the first-floor, I experienced no little trepidation at the prospect of the interview that awaited me. But as soon as the fine commanding form of the doctor's wife crossed the threshold, I recovered my senses and surveyed her with as direct a gaze as my position allowed. For her aspect bespoke a degree of emotion that astonished me; and even before I spoke I perceived her to be trembling, though she was a woman of no little natural dignity and self-possession.

"I seem to know your face," she said, advancing courteously towards me, "but your name" — and here she glanced at the card she held in her hand — "is totally unfamiliar to me."

"I think you saw me some eighteen months ago," said I. "I am the detective who gave testimony at the inquest which was held over the remains of Mr. Hasbrouck."

I had not meant to startle her, but at this introduction of myself I saw her naturally pale cheek turn paler, and her fine eyes, which had been fixed curiously upon me, gradually sink to the floor.

"Great heaven!" thought I, "what is this I have stumbled upon!"

"I do not understand what business you can have with me," she presently remarked, with a show of gentle indifference that did not in the least deceive me.

"I do not wonder," I rejoined. "The crime which took place next door is almost forgotten by the community, and even if it were not, I am sure you would find it difficult to conjecture the nature of the question I have to put to you."

"I am surprised," she began, rising in her involuntary emotion and thereby compelling me to rise also. "How can you have any question to ask me on this subject? Yet if you have," she continued, with a rapid change of manner that touched my heart in spite of myself, "I shall, of course, do my best to answer you."

There are women whose sweetest tones and most charming smiles only serve to awaken distrust in men of my calling; but Mrs. Zabriskie was not of this number. Her face was beautiful, but it was also candid in expression, and beneath the agitation which palpably disturbed her, I was sure there lurked nothing either wicked or false. Yet I held fast by the clue which I had grasped, as it were, in the dark, and without knowing whither I was tending, much less whither I was leading her, I proceeded to say:

"The question which I presume to put to you as the next-door neighbor of Mr. Hasbrouck, is

this: Who was the woman who screamed out so loudly that the whole neighborhood heard her on the night of that gentleman's assassination? "

The gasp she gave answered my question in a way she little realized, and, struck as I was by the impalpable links that had led me to the threshold of this hitherto unsolvable mystery, I was about to press my advantage and ask another question, when she quickly started forward and laid her hand on my lips.

Astonished, I looked at her inquiringly, but her head was turned aside, and her eyes, fixed upon the door, showed the greatest anxiety. Instantly I realized what she feared. Her husband was entering the house, and she dreaded lest his ears should catch a word of our conversation.

Not knowing what was in her mind, and unable to realize the importance of the moment to her, I yet listened to the advance of her blind husband with an almost painful interest. Would he enter the room where we were, or would he pass immediately to his office in the rear? She seemed to wonder, too, and almost held her breath as he neared the door, paused, and stood in the open doorway, with his ear turned toward us.

As for myself, I remained perfectly still, gazing at his face in mingled surprise and apprehension. For besides its beauty, which was of a marked

order, I have already observed, it had a touching expression which irresistibly aroused both pity and interest in the spectator. This may have been the result of his affliction, or it may have sprung from some deeper cause; but, whatever its source, this look in his face produced a strong impression upon me and interested me at once in his personality. Would he enter? Or would he pass on? Her look of silent appeal showed me in which direction her wishes lay, but while I answered her glance by complete silence, I was conscious in some indistinct way that the business I had undertaken would be better furthered by his entrance.

The blind have been often said to possess a sixth sense in place of the one they have lost. Though I am sure we made no noise, I soon perceived that he was aware of our presence. Stepping hastily forward he said, in the high and vibrating tone of restrained passion:

"Helen, are you here?"

For a moment I thought she did not mean to answer, but knowing doubtless from experience the impossibility of deceiving him, she answered with a cheerful assent, dropping her hand as she did so from before my lips.

He heard the slight rustle which accompanied the movement, and a look I found it hard to comprehend flashed over his features, altering his ex-

pression so completely that he seemed another man.

"You have some one with you," he declared, advancing another step, but with none of the uncertainty which usually accompanies the movements of the blind. "Some dear friend," he went on, with an almost sarcastic emphasis and a forced smile that had little of gaiety in it.

The agitated and distressed blush which answered him could have but one interpretation. He suspected that her hand had been clasped in mine, and she perceived his thought and knew that I perceived it also.

Drawing herself up, she moved towards him, saying in a sweet womanly tone that to me spoke volumes:

"It is no friend, Constant, not even an acquaintance. The person whom I now present to you is an agent from the police. He is here upon a trivial errand which will be soon finished, when I will join you in your office."

I knew she was but taking a choice between two evils. That she would have saved her husband the knowledge of a detective's presence in the house, if her self-respect would have allowed it, but neither she nor I anticipated the effect which this presentation produced upon him.

"A police officer," he repeated, staring with his

sightless eyes, as if, in his eagerness to see, he half hoped his lost sense would return. "He can have no trivial errand here; he has been sent by God Himself to" —

"Let me speak for you," hastily interposed his wife, springing to his side and clasping his arm with a fervor that was equally expressive of appeal and command. Then turning to me, she explained: "Since Mr. Hasbrouck's unaccountable death, my husband has been laboring under an hallucination which I have only to mention for you to recognize its perfect absurdity. He thinks — oh! do not look like that, Constant; you know it is an hallucination which must vanish the moment we drag it into broad daylight — that he — he, the best man in all the world, was himself the assailant of Mr. Hasbrouck."

"Good God!"

"I say nothing of the impossibility of this being so," she went on in a fever of expostulation. "He is blind, and could not have delivered such a shot even if he had desired to; besides, he had no weapon. But the inconsistency of the thing speaks for itself, and should assure him that his mind is unbalanced and that he is merely suffering from a shock that was greater than we realized. He is a physician and has had many such instances in his own practice. Why, he was very much attached to

Mr. Hasbrouck! They were the best of friends, and though he insists that he killed him, he cannot give any reason for the deed."

At these words the doctor's face grew stern, and he spoke like an automaton repeating some fearful lesson.

"I killed him. I went to his room and deliberately shot him. I had nothing against him, and my remorse is extreme. Arrest me, and let me pay the penalty of my crime. It is the only way in which I can obtain peace."

Shocked beyond all power of self-control by this repetition of what she evidently considered the unhappy ravings of a madman, she let go his arm and turned upon me in frenzy.

"Convince him!" she cried. "Convince him by your questions that he never could have done this fearful thing."

I was laboring under great excitement myself, for I felt my youth against me in a matter of such tragic consequence. Besides, I agreed with her that he was in a distempered state of mind, and I hardly knew how to deal with one so fixed in his hallucination and with so much intelligence to support it. But the emergency was great, for he was holding out his wrists in the evident expectation of my taking him into instant custody; and the sight was killing his wife, who had sunk on the floor between us, in terror and anguish.

"You say you killed Mr. Hasbrouck," I began. "Where did you get your pistol, and what did you do with it after you left his house?"

"My husband had no pistol; never had any pistol," put in Mrs. Zabriskie, with vehement assertion. "If I had seen him with such a weapon" —

"I threw it away. When I left the house, I cast it as far from me as possible, for I was frightened at what I had done, horribly frightened."

"No pistol was ever found," I answered, with a smile, forgetting for the moment that he could not see. "If such an instrument had been found in the street after a murder of such consequence it certainly would have been brought to the police."

"You forget that a good pistol is valuable property," he went on stolidly. "Some one came along before the general alarm was given; and seeing such a treasure lying on the sidewalk, picked it up and carried it off. Not being honest, he preferred to keep it to drawing the attention of the police upon himself."

"Hum, perhaps," said I; "but where did you get it? Surely you can tell where you procured such a weapon, if, as your wife intimates, you did not own one."

"I bought it that self-same night of a friend; a friend whom I will not name, since he resides no longer in this country. I" — He paused; in-

tense passion was in his face; he turned towards his wife, and a low cry escaped him, which made her look up in fear.

"I do not wish to go into any particulars," said he. "God forsook me, and I committed a horrible crime. When I am punished, perhaps peace will return to me and happiness to her. I would not wish her to suffer too long or too bitterly for my sin."

"Constant!" What love was in the cry! and what despair! It seemed to move him and turn his thoughts for a moment into a different channel.

"Poor child!" he murmured, stretching out his hands by an irresistible impulse towards her. But the change was but momentary, and he was soon again the stern and determined self-accuser. "Are you going to take me before a magistrate?" he asked. "If so, I have a few duties to perform which you are welcome to witness."

"I have no warrant," I said; "besides, I am scarcely the one to take such a responsibility upon myself. If, however, you persist in your declaration, I will communicate with my superiors, who will take such action as they think best."

"That will be still more satisfactory to me," said he; "for though I have many times contemplated giving myself up to the authorities, I have still much to do before I can leave my home

and practice without injury to others. Good-day; when you want me, you will find me here."

He was gone, and the poor young wife was left crouching on the floor alone. Pitying her shame and terror, I ventured to remark that it was not an uncommon thing for a man to confess to a crime he had never committed, and assured her that the matter would be inquired into very carefully before any attempt was made upon his liberty.

She thanked me, and, slowly rising, tried to regain her equanimity; but the manner as well as the matter of her husband's self-condemnation was too overwhelming in its nature for her to recover readily from her emotions.

"I have long dreaded this," she acknowledged. "For months I have foreseen that he would make some rash communication or insane avowal. If I had dared, I would have consulted some physician about this hallucination of his; but he was so sane on other points that I hesitated to give my dreadful secret to the world. I kept hoping that time and his daily pursuits would have their effect and restore him to himself. But his illusion grows, and now I fear that nothing will ever convince him that he did not commit the deed of which he accuses himself. If he were not blind I would have more hope, but the blind have so much time for brooding."

"I think he had better be indulged in his fancies for the present," I ventured. "If he is laboring under an illusion it might be dangerous to cross him."

"If?" she echoed in an indescribable tone of amazement and dread. "Can you for a moment harbor the idea that he has spoken the truth?"

"Madame," I returned, with something of the cynicism of my later years, "what caused you to give such an unearthly scream just before this murder was made known to the neighborhood?"

She stared, paled, and finally began to tremble, not, as I now believe, at the insinuation latent in my words, but at the doubts which my question aroused in her own breast.

"Did I?" she asked; then with a great burst of candor, which seemed inseparable from her nature, she continued: "Why do I try to mislead you or deceive myself? I did give a shriek just before the alarm was raised next door; but it was not from any knowledge I had of a crime having been committed, but because I unexpectedly saw before me my husband whom I supposed to be on his way to Poughkeepsie. He was looking very pale and strange, and for a moment I thought I was beholding his ghost. But he soon explained his appearance by saying that he had fallen from the train and had been only saved by a miracle from

being dismembered; and I was just bemoaning his mishap and trying to calm him and myself, when that terrible shout was heard next door of 'Murder! murder!' Coming so soon after the shock he had himself experienced, it quite unnerved him, and I think we can date his mental disturbance from that moment. For he began almost immediately to take a morbid interest in the affair next door, though it was weeks, if not months, before he let a word fall of the nature of those you have just heard. Indeed it was not till I repeated to him some of the expressions he was continually letting fall in his sleep, that he commenced to accuse himself of crime and talk of retribution."

"You say that your husband frightened you on that night by appearing suddenly at the door when you thought him on his way to Poughkeepsie. Is Dr. Zabriskie in the habit of thus going and coming alone at an hour so late as this must have been?"

"You forget that to the blind, night is less full of perils than the day. Often and often has my husband found his way to his patients' houses alone after midnight; but on this especial evening he had Harry with him. Harry was his driver, and always accompanied him when he went any distance."

"Well, then," said I, "all we have to do is

to summon Harry and hear what he has to say concerning this affair. He surely will know whether or not his master went into the house next door."

"Harry has left us," she said. "Dr. Zabriskie has another driver now. Besides (I have nothing to conceal from you), Harry was not with him when he returned to the house that evening, or the doctor would not have been without his port-manteau till the next day. Something—I have never known what—caused them to separate, and that is why I have no answer to give the doctor when he accuses himself of committing a deed on that night which is wholly out of keeping with every other act of his life."

"And have you never questioned Harry why they separated and why he allowed his master to come home alone after the shock he had received at the station? "

"I did not know there was any reason for doing so till long after he left us."

"And when did he leave? "

"That I do not remember. A few weeks or possibly a few days after that dreadful night."

"And where is he now? "

"Ah, that I have not the least means of knowing. But," she suddenly cried, "what do you want of Harry? If he did not follow Dr. Zabriskie to his own door, he could tell us nothing

that would convince my husband that he is laboring under an illusion."

"But he might tell us something which would convince us that Dr. Zabriskie was not himself after the accident, that he"—

"Hush!" came from her lips in imperious tones. "I will not believe that he shot Mr. Hasbrouck, even if you prove him to have been insane at the time. How could he? My husband is blind. It would take a man of very keen sight to force himself into a house that was closed for the night, and kill a man in the dark at one shot."

"Rather," cried a voice from the doorway, "it is only a blind man who could do this. Those who trust to eyesight must be able to catch some glimpse of the mark they aim at, and this room, as I have been told, was without a glimmer of light. But the blind trust to sound, and as Mr. Hasbrouck spoke"—

"Oh!" burst from the horrified wife, "is there no one to stop him when he speaks like that?"

II.

When I related to my superiors the details of the foregoing interview, two of them coincided with the wife in thinking that Dr. Zabriskie was in an irresponsible condition of mind which made any

statement of his questionable. But the third seemed disposed to argue the matter, and, casting me an inquiring look, seemed to ask what my opinion was on the subject. Answering him as if he had spoken, I gave my conclusion as follows: That whether insane or not, Dr. Zabriskie had fired the shot which terminated Mr. Hasbrouck's life.

It was the inspector's own idea, but it was not shared in by the others, one of whom had known the doctor for years. Accordingly they compromised by postponing all opinion till they had themselves interrogated the doctor, and I was detailed to bring him before them the next afternoon.

He came without reluctance, his wife accompanying him. In the short time which elapsed between their leaving Lafayette Place and entering headquarters, I embraced the opportunity of observing them, and I found the study equally exciting and interesting. His face was calm but hopeless, and his eye, which should have shown a wild glimmer if there was truth in his wife's hypothesis, was dark and unfathomable, but neither frenzied nor uncertain. He spoke but once and listened to nothing, though now and then his wife moved as if to attract his attention, and once even stole her hand toward his, in the tender hope that he would feel its approach and accept her sympathy. But he was deaf as well as blind; and sat

wrapped up in thoughts which she, I know, would have given worlds to penetrate.

Her countenance was not without its mystery also. She showed in every lineament passionate concern and misery, and a deep tenderness from which the element of fear was not absent. But she, as well as he, betrayed that some misunderstanding, deeper than any I had previously suspected, drew its intangible veil between them and made the near proximity in which they sat, at once a heart-piercing delight and unspeakable pain. What was this misunderstanding? and what was the character of the fear that modified her every look of love in his direction? Her perfect indifference to my presence proved that it was not connected with the position in which he had put himself towards the police by his voluntary confession of crime, nor could I thus interpret the expression of frantic question which now and then contracted her features, as she raised her eyes towards his sightless orbs, and strove to read, in his firm-set lips, the meaning of those assertions she could only ascribe to a loss of reason.

The stopping of the carriage seemed to awaken both from thoughts that separated rather than united them. He turned his face in her direction, and she, stretching forth her hand, prepared to lead him from the carriage, without any of that

display of timidity which had been previously evident in her manner.

As his guide, she seemed to fear nothing; as his lover, everything.

"There is another and a deeper tragedy underlying the outward and obvious one," was my inward conclusion, as I followed them into the presence of the gentlemen awaiting them.

Dr. Zabriskie's appearance was a shock to those who knew him; so was his manner, which was calm, straightforward, and quietly determined.

"I shot Mr. Hasbrouck," was his steady affirmation, given without any show of frenzy or desperation. "If you ask me why I did it, I cannot answer; if you ask me how, I am ready to state all that I know concerning the matter."

"But, Dr. Zabriskie," interposed his friend, "the why is the most important thing for us to consider just now. If you really desire to convince us that you committed the dreadful crime of killing a totally inoffensive man, you should give us some reason for an act so opposed to all your instincts and general conduct."

But the doctor continued unmoved:

"I had no reason for murdering Mr. Hasbrouck. A hundred questions can elicit no other reply; you had better keep to the how."

A deep-drawn breath from the wife answered

the looks of the three gentlemen to whom this suggestion was offered. "You see," that breath seemed to protest, "that he is not in his right mind."

I began to waver in my own opinion, and yet the intuition which has served me in cases as seemingly impenetrable as this, bade me beware of following the general judgment.

"Ask him to inform you how he got into the house," I whispered to Inspector D——, who sat nearest me.

Immediately the Inspector put the question I had suggested:

"By what means did you enter Mr. Hasbrouck's house at so late an hour as this murder occurred?"

The blind doctor's head fell forward on his breast, and he hesitated for the first and only time.

"You will not believe me," said he; "but the door was ajar when I came to it. Such things make crime easy; it is the only excuse I have to offer for this dreadful deed."

The front door of a respectable citizen's house ajar at half-past eleven at night. It was a statement that fixed in all minds the conviction of the speaker's irresponsibility. Mrs. Zabriskie's brow cleared, and her beauty became for a moment dazzling as she held out her hands in irrepressible relief towards those who were interrogating her

husband. I alone kept my impassibility. A possible explanation of this crime had flashed like lightning across my mind; an explanation from which I inwardly recoiled, even while I was forced to consider it.

"Dr. Zabriskie," remarked the inspector, who was most friendly to him, "such old servants as those kept by Mr. Hasbrouck do not leave the front door ajar at twelve o'clock at night."

"Yet ajar it was," repeated the blind doctor, with quiet emphasis; "and finding it so, I went in. When I came out again, I closed it. Do you wish me to swear to what I say? If so, I am ready."

What could we reply? To see this splendid-looking man, hallowed by an affliction so great that in itself it called forth the compassion of the most indifferent, accusing himself of a cold-blooded crime, in tones that sounded dispassionate because of the will that forced their utterance, was too painful in itself for us to indulge in any unnecessary words. Compassion took the place of curiosity, and each and all of us turned involuntary looks of pity upon the young wife pressing so eagerly to his side.

"For a blind man," ventured one, "the assault was both deft and certain. Are you accustomed to Mr. Hasbrouck's house, that you found your way with so little difficulty to his bedroom?"

"I am accustomed" — he began.

But here his wife broke in with irrepressible passion:

"He is not accustomed to that house. He has never been beyond the first floor. Why, why do you question him? Do you not see" —

His hand was on her lips.

"Hush!" he commanded. "You know my skill in moving about a house; how I sometimes deceive those who do not know me into believing that I can see, by the readiness with which I avoid obstacles and find my way even in strange and untried scenes. Do not try to make them think I am not in my right mind, or you will drive me into the very condition you deprecate."

His face, rigid, cold and set, looked like that of a mask. Hers, drawn with horror and filled with question that was fast taking the form of doubt, bespoke an awful tragedy from which more than one of us recoiled.

"Can you shoot a man dead without seeing him?" asked the superintendent, with painful effort.

"Give me a pistol and I will show you," was the quick reply.

A low cry came from the wife. In a drawer near to every one of us there lay a pistol, but no one moved to take it out. There was a look in the

doctor's eye which made us fear to trust him with a pistol just then.

"We will accept your assurance that you possess a skill beyond that of most men," returned the superintendent. And beckoning me forward, he whispered: "This is a case for the doctors and not for the police. Remove him quietly, and notify Dr. Southyard of what I say."

But Dr. Zabriskie, who seemed to have an almost supernatural acuteness of hearing, gave a violent start at this and spoke up for the first time with real passion in his voice:

"No, no, I pray you. I can bear anything but that. Remember, gentlemen, that I am blind; that I cannot see who is about me; that my life would be a torture if I felt myself surrounded by spies watching to catch some evidence of madness in me. Rather conviction at once, death, dishonor, and obloquy. These I have incurred. These I have brought upon myself by crime, but not this worse fate — oh! not this worse fate."

His passion was so intense and yet so confined within the bounds of decorum, that we felt strangely impressed by it. Only the wife stood transfixed, with the dread growing in her heart, till her white, waxen visage seemed even more terrible to contemplate than his passion-distorted one.

"It is not strange that my wife thinks me demented," the doctor continued, as if afraid of the

silence that answered him. "But it is your business to discriminate, and you should know a sane man when you see him."

Inspector D—— no longer hesitated.

"Very well," said he, "give us the least proof that your assertions are true, and we will lay your case before the prosecuting attorney."

"Proof? Is not a man's word" —

"No man's confession is worth much without some evidence to support it. In your case there is none. You cannot even produce the pistol with which you assert yourself to have committed the deed."

"True, true. I was frightened by what I had done, and the instinct of self-preservation led me to rid myself of the weapon in any way I could. But some one found this pistol; some one picked it up from the sidewalk of Lafayette Place on that fatal night. Advertise for it. Offer a reward. I will give you the money." Suddenly he appeared to realize how all this sounded. "Alas!" cried he, "I know the story seems improbable; all I say seems improbable; but it is not the probable things that happen in this life, but the improbable, as you should know, who every day dig deep into the heart of human affairs."

Were these the ravings of insanity? I began to understand the wife's terror.

"I bought the pistol," he went on, "of — alas!

I cannot tell you his name. Everything is against me. I cannot adduce one proof; yet she, even she, is beginning to fear that my story is true. I know it by her silence, a silence that yawns between us like a deep and unfathomable gulf."

But at these words her voice rang out with passionate vehemence.

"No, no; it is false! I will never believe that your hands have been plunged in blood. You are my own pure-hearted Constant, cold, perhaps, and stern, but with no guilt upon your conscience, save in your own wild imagination."

"Helen, you are no friend to me," he declared, pushing her gently aside. "Believe me innocent, but say nothing to lead these others to doubt my word."

And she said no more, but her looks spoke volumes.

The result was that he was not detained, though he prayed for instant commitment. He seemed to dread his own home, and the surveillance to which he instinctively knew he would henceforth be subjected. To see him shrink from his wife's hand as she strove to lead him from the room was sufficiently painful; but the feeling thus aroused was nothing to that with which we observed the keen and agonized expectancy of his look as he turned and listened for the steps of the officer who followed him.

"I shall never again know whether or not I am alone," was his final observation as he left our presence.

* * * * *

I said nothing to my superiors of the thoughts I had had while listening to the above interrogatories. A theory had presented itself to my mind which explained in some measure the mysteries of the doctor's conduct, but I wished for time and opportunity to test its reasonableness before submitting it to their higher judgment. And these seemed likely to be given me, for the inspectors continued divided in their opinion of the blind physician's guilt, and the district-attorney, when told of the affair, pooh-poohed it without mercy, and declined to stir in the matter unless some tangible evidence were forthcoming to substantiate the poor doctor's self-accusations.

"If guilty, why does he shrink from giving his motives," said he, "and if so anxious to go to the gallows, why does he suppress the very facts calculated to send him there? He is as mad as a March hare, and it is to an asylum he should go and not to jail."

In this conclusion I failed to agree with him, and as time wore on my suspicions took shape and finally ended in a fixed conviction. Dr. Zabriskie had committed the crime he avowed, but — let me

proceed a little further with my story before I reveal what lies beyond that "but."

Notwithstanding Dr. Zabriskie's almost frenzied appeal for solitude, a man had been placed in surveillance over him in the shape of a young doctor skilled in the diseases of the brain. This man communicated more or less with the police, and one morning I received from him the following extracts from the diary he had been ordered to keep:

"The doctor is settling into a deep melancholy from which he tries to rise at times, but with only indifferent success. Yesterday he rode around to all his patients for the purpose of withdrawing his services on the plea of illness. But he still keeps his office open, and to-day I had the opportunity of witnessing his reception and treatment of the many sufferers who came to him for aid. I think he was conscious of my presence, though an attempt had been made to conceal it. For the listening look never left his face from the moment he entered the room, and once he rose and passed quickly from wall to wall, groping with outstretched hands into every nook and corner, and barely escaping contact with the curtain behind which I was hidden. But if he suspected my presence, he showed no displeasure at it, wishing perhaps for a witness to his skill in the treatment of disease.

"And truly I never beheld a finer manifestation

of practical insight in cases of a more or less baffling nature than I beheld in him to-day. He is certainly a most wonderful physician, and I feel bound to record that his mind is as clear for business as if no shadow had fallen upon it.

“ Dr. Zabriskie loves his wife, but in a way that tortures both himself and her. If she is gone from the house he is wretched, and yet when she returns he often forbears to speak to her, or if he does speak, it is with a constraint that hurts her more than his silence. I was present when she came in to-day. Her step, which had been eager on the stairway, flagged as she approached the room, and he naturally noted the change and gave his own interpretation to it. His face, which had been very pale, flushed suddenly, and a nervous trembling seized him, which he sought in vain to hide. But by the time her tall and beautiful figure stood in the doorway he was his usual self again in all but the expression of his eyes, which stared straight before him in agony of longing only to be observed in those who have once seen.

“ ‘ Where have you been, Helen? ’ he asked, as, contrary to his wont, he moved to meet her.

“ ‘ To my mother’s, to Arnold & Constable’s, and to the hospital, as you requested, ’ was her quick answer, made without faltering or embarrassment.

“ He stepped still nearer and took her hand,

and as he did so my physician's eye noted how his finger lay over her pulse in seeming unconsciousness.

" 'Nowhere else?' he queried.

" She smiled the saddest kind of smile and shook her head; then, remembering that he could not see this movement, she cried in a wistful tone:

" 'Nowhere else, Constant; I was too anxious to get back.'

" I expected him to drop her hand at this, but he did not; and his finger still rested on her pulse.

" 'And whom did you see while you were gone?' he continued.

" She told him, naming over several names.

" 'You must have enjoyed yourself,' was his cold comment, as he let go her hand and turned away. But his manner showed relief, and I could not but sympathize with the pitiable situation of a man who found himself forced to means like these for probing the heart of his young wife.

" Yet when I turned towards her I realized her position was but little happier than his. Tears are no strangers to her eyes, but those that welled up at this moment seemed to possess a bitterness that promised but little peace for her future. Yet she quickly dried them and busied herself with ministrations for his comfort.

" If I am any judge of woman, Helen Zabriskie is superior to most of her sex. That her husband

mistrusts her is evident, but whether this is the result of the stand she has taken in his regard, or only a manifestation of dementia, I have as yet been unable to determine. I dread to leave them alone together, and yet when I presume to suggest that she should be on her guard in her interviews with him, she smiles very placidly and tells me that nothing would give her greater joy than to see him lift his hand against her, for that would argue that he is not accountable for his deeds or for his assertions.

“ Yet it would be a grief to see her injured by this passionate and unhappy man.

“ You have said that you wanted all the details I could give; so I feel bound to say that Dr. Zabriskie tries to be considerate of his wife, though he often fails in the attempt. When she offers herself as his guide, or assists him with his mail, or performs any of the many acts of kindness by which she continually manifests her sense of his affliction, he thanks her with courtesy and often with kindness, yet I know she would willingly exchange all his set phrases for one fond embrace or impulsive smile of affection. That he is not in the full possession of his faculties would be too much to say, and yet upon what other hypothesis can we account for the inconsistencies of his conduct?

“ I have before me two visions of mental suf-

fering. At noon I passed the office door, and, looking within, saw the figure of Dr. Zabriskie seated in his great chair, lost in thought or deep in those memories which make an abyss in one's consciousness. His hands, which were clenched, rested upon the arms of his chair, and in one of them I detected a woman's glove, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the pair worn by his wife this morning. He held it as a tiger might hold his prey or as a miser his gold, but his set features and sightless eyes betrayed that a conflict of emotions was waging within him, among which tenderness had but little share.

"Though alive, as he usually is, to every sound, he was too absorbed at this moment to notice my presence, though I had taken no pains to approach quietly. I therefore stood for a full minute watching him, till an irresistible sense of shame of thus spying upon a blind man in his moments of secret anguish seized upon me and I turned away. But not before I saw his features relax in a storm of passionate feeling, as he rained kisses after kisses on the senseless kid he had so long held in his motionless grasp. Yet when an hour later he entered the dining-room on his wife's arm, there was nothing in his manner to show that he had in any way changed in his attitude towards her.

"The other picture was more tragic still. I have

no business with Mrs. Zabriskie's affairs; but as I passed upstairs to my room an hour ago, I caught a fleeting vision of her tall form, with the arms thrown up over her head in a paroxysm of feeling which made her as oblivious to my presence as her husband had been several hours before. Were the words that escaped her lips, 'Thank God we have no children!' or was this exclamation suggested to me by the passion and unrestrained impulse of her action? "

* * * * *

Side by side with these lines, I, Ebenezer Gryce, placed the following extracts from my own diary:

" Watched the Zabriskie mansion for five hours this morning, from the second story window of an adjoining hotel. Saw the doctor when he drove away on his round of visits, and saw him when he returned. A colored man accompanied him.

" To-day I followed Mrs. Zabriskie. I had a motive for this, the nature of which I think it wisest not to divulge. She went first to a house in Washington Place, where I am told her mother lives. Here she stayed some time, after which she drove down to Canal Street, where she did some shopping, and later stopped at the hospital, into which I took the liberty of following her. She seemed to know many there, and passed from cot to cot with a smile in which I alone discerned the

sadness of a broken heart. When she left, I left also, without having learned anything beyond the fact that Mrs. Zabriskie is one who does her duty in sorrow as in happiness. A rare and trustworthy woman I should say, and yet her husband does not trust her. Why?

“I have spent this day in accumulating details in regard to Dr. and Mrs. Zabriskie’s life previous to the death of Mr. Hasbrouck. I learned from sources it would be unwise to quote just here, that Mrs. Zabriskie had not lacked enemies ready to charge her with coquetry; that while she had never sacrificed her dignity in public, more than one person had been heard to declare that Dr. Zabriskie was fortunate in being blind, since the sight of his wife’s beauty would have but poorly compensated him for the pain he would have suffered in seeing how that beauty was admired.

“That all gossip is more or less tinged with exaggeration I have no doubt, yet when a name is mentioned in connection with such stories, there is usually some truth at the bottom of them. And a name is mentioned in this case, though I do not think it worth my while to repeat it here; and loth as I am to recognize the fact, it is a name that carries with it doubts that might easily account for the husband’s jealousy. True, I have found no one who dares to hint that she still continues to at-

tract attention or to bestow smiles in any direction save where they legally belong. For since a certain memorable night which we all know, neither Dr. Zabriskie nor his wife have been seen save in their own domestic circle, and it is not into such scenes that this serpent, of which I have spoken, ever intrudes, nor is it in places of sorrow or suffering that his smile shines, or his fascinations flourish.

“And so one portion of my theory is proved to be sound. Dr. Zabriskie is jealous of his wife: whether with good cause or bad I am not prepared to decide; for her present attitude, clouded as it is by the tragedy in which she and her husband are both involved, must differ very much from that which she held when her life was unshadowed by doubt, and her admirers could be counted by the score.

“I have just found out where Harry is. As he is in service some miles up the river, I shall have to be absent from my post for several hours, but I consider the game well worth the candle.

“Light at last. I have seen Harry, and, by means known only to the police, have succeeded in making him talk. His story is substantially this: That on the night so often mentioned, he packed his master’s portmanteau at eight o’clock and at ten called a carriage and rode with the

doctor to the Twenty-ninth Street station. He was told to buy tickets for Poughkeepsie, where his master had been called in consultation, and, having done this, hurried back to join his master on the platform. They had walked together as far as the cars, and Dr. Zabriskie was just stepping on to the train when a man pushed himself hurriedly between them and whispered something into his master's ear, which caused him to fall back and lose his footing. Dr. Zabriskie's body slid half under the car, but he was withdrawn before any harm was done, though the cars gave a lurch at that moment which must have frightened him exceedingly, for his face was white when he rose to his feet, and when Harry offered to assist him again on to the train, he refused to go, and said he would return home and not attempt to ride to Poughkeepsie that night.

"The gentleman, whom Harry now saw to be Mr. Stanton, an intimate friend of Dr. Zabriskie, smiled very queerly at this, and taking the doctor's arm led him away to a carriage. Harry naturally followed them, but the doctor, hearing his steps, turned and bade him, in a very peremptory tone, to take the omnibus home, and then, as if on second thought, told him to go to Poughkeepsie in his stead and explain to the people there that he was too shaken up by his mis-step to do his

duty, and that he would be with them next morning. This seemed strange to Harry, but he had no reasons for disobeying his master's orders, and so rode to Poughkeepsie. But the doctor did not follow him the next day; on the contrary, he telegraphed for him to return, and when he got back dismissed him with a month's wages. This ended Harry's connection with the Zabriskie family.

"A simple story bearing out what the wife has already told us; but it furnishes a link which may prove invaluable. Mr. Stanton, whose first name is Theodore, knows the real reason why Dr. Zabriskie returned home on the night of the seventeenth of July, 1851. Mr. Stanton, consequently, I must see, and this shall be my business to-morrow.

"Checkmate! Theodore Stanton is not in this country. Though this points him out as the man from whom Dr. Zabriskie bought the pistol, it does not facilitate my work, which is becoming more and more difficult.

"Mr. Stanton's whereabouts are not even known to his most intimate friends. He sailed from this country most unexpectedly on the eighteenth of July a year ago, which was the day after the murder of Mr. Hasbrouck. It looks like a flight, especially as he has failed to maintain open communication even with his relatives. Was he the man who shot Mr. Hasbrouck? No; but he was

the man who put the pistol in Dr. Zabriskie's hand that night, and, whether he did this with purpose or not, was evidently so alarmed at the catastrophe which followed that he took the first outgoing steamer to Europe. So far, all is clear, but there are mysteries yet to be solved, which will require my utmost tact. What if I should seek out the gentleman with whose name that of Mrs. Zabriskie has been linked, and see if I can in any way connect him with Mr. Stanton or the events of that night?

"Eureka! I have discovered that Mr. Stanton cherished a mortal hatred for the gentleman above mentioned. It was a covert feeling, but no less deadly on that account; and while it never led him into any extravagances, it was of force sufficient to account for many a secret misfortune which happened to that gentleman. Now, if I can prove he was the Mephistopheles who whispered insinuations into the ear of our blind Faust, I may strike a fact that will lead me out of this maze.

"But how can I approach secrets so delicate without compromising the woman I feel bound to respect, if only for the devoted love she manifests for her unhappy husband!

"I shall have to appeal to Joe Smithers. This is something which I always hate to do, but as long as he will take money, and as long as he is

fertile in resources for obtaining the truth from people I am myself unable to reach, so long must I make use of his cupidity and his genius. He is an honorable fellow in one way, and never retails as gossip what he acquires for our use. How will he proceed in this case, and by what tactics will he gain the very delicate information which we need? I own that I am curious to see.

“I shall really have to put down at length the incidents of this night. I always knew that Joe Smithers was invaluable to the police, but I really did not know he possessed talents of so high an order. He wrote me this morning that he had succeeded in getting Mr. T——’s promise to spend the evening with him, and advised me that if I desired to be present also, his own servant would not be at home, and that an opener of bottles would be required.

“As I was very anxious to see Mr. T—— with my own eyes, I accepted the invitation to play the spy upon a spy, and went at the proper hour to Mr. Smithers’ rooms, which are in the University Building. I found them picturesque in the extreme. Piles of books stacked here and there to the ceiling made nooks and corners which could be quite shut off by a couple of old pictures that were set into movable frames that swung out or in at the whim or convenience of the owner.

"As I liked the dark shadows cast by these pictures, I pulled them both out, and made such other arrangements as appeared likely to facilitate the purpose I had in view; then I sat down and waited for the two gentlemen who were expected to come in together.

"They arrived almost immediately, whereupon I rose and played my part with all necessary discretion. While ridding Mr. T—— of his overcoat, I stole a look at his face. It is not a handsome one, but it boasts of a gay, devil-may-care expression which doubtless makes it dangerous to many women, while his manners are especially attractive, and his voice the richest and most persuasive that I ever heard. I contrasted him, almost against my will, with Dr. Zabriskie, and decided that with most women the former's undoubted fascinations of speech and bearing would outweigh the latter's great beauty and mental endowments; but I doubted if they would with her.

"The conversation which immediately began was brilliant but desultory, for Mr. Smithers, with an airy lightness for which he is remarkable, introduced topic after topic, perhaps for the purpose of showing off Mr. T——'s versatility, and perhaps for the deeper and more sinister purpose of shaking the kaleidoscope of talk so thoroughly that the real topic which we were met to discuss should not

make an undue impression on the mind of his guest.

"Meanwhile one, two, three bottles passed, and I saw Joe Smithers' eye grow calmer and that of Mr. T—— more brilliant and more uncertain. As the last bottle showed signs of failing, Joe cast me a meaning glance, and the real business of the evening began.

"I shall not attempt to relate the half-dozen failures which Joe made in endeavoring to elicit the facts we were in search of, without arousing the suspicion of his visitor. I am only going to relate the successful attempt. They had been talking now for some two hours, and I, who had long before been waved from their immediate presence, was hiding my curiosity and growing excitement behind one of the pictures, when suddenly I heard Joe say:

" 'He has the most remarkable memory I ever met. He can tell to a day when any notable event occurred.'

" 'Pshaw!' answered his companion, who, by-the-bye, was known to pride himself upon his own memory for dates, 'I can state where I went and what I did on every day in the year. That may not embrace what you call "notable events," but the memory required is all the more remarkable, is it not?'

“ ‘ Pooh! ’ was his friend’s provoking reply, ‘ you are bluffing, Ben; I will never believe that.’

“ Mr. T——, who had passed by this time into that state of intoxication which makes persistence in an assertion a duty as well as a pleasure, threw back his head and, as the wreaths of smoke rose in airy spirals from his lips, reiterated his statement, and offered to submit to any test of his vaunted powers which the other might dictate.

“ ‘ You have a diary ’ — began Joe.

“ ‘ Which is at home,’ completed the other.

“ ‘ Will you allow me to refer to it to-morrow, if I am suspicious of the accuracy of your recollections? ’

“ ‘ Undoubtedly,’ returned the other.

“ ‘ Very well, then, I will wager you a cool fifty that you cannot tell where you were between the hours of ten and eleven on a certain night which I will name.’

“ ‘ Done! ’ cried the other, bringing out his pocket-book and laying it on the table before him.

“ Joe followed his example and then summoned me.

“ ‘ Write a date down here,’ he commanded, pushing a piece of paper towards me, with a look as keen as the flash of a blade. ‘ Any date, man,’ he added, as I appeared to hesitate in the embarrassment I thought natural under the circumstances. ‘ Put down day, month, and year, only

don't go too far back; no farther than two years.'

"Smiling with the air of a flunkey admitted to the sports of his superiors, I wrote a line and laid it before Mr. Smithers, who at once pushed it with a careless gesture towards his companion. You can of course, guess the date I made use of: July 17, 1851. Mr. T——, who evidently looked upon this matter as mere play, flushed scarlet as he read these words, and for one instant looked as if he had rather flee our presence than answer Joe Smithers' nonchalant glance of inquiry.

"'I have given my word and will keep it,' he said at last, but with a look in my direction that sent me reluctantly back to my retreat. 'I don't suppose you want names,' he went on, 'that is, if anything I have to tell is of a delicate nature?'

"'Oh, no,' answered the other, 'only facts and places.'

"'I don't think places are necessary either,' he returned. 'I will tell you what I did and that must serve you. I did not promise to give number and street.'

"'Well, well,' Joe exclaimed; 'earn your fifty, that is all. Show that you remember where you were on the night of'—and with an admirable show of indifference he pretended to consult the paper between them—'the seventeenth of July, 1851, and I shall be satisfied.'

"'I was at the club for one thing,' said Mr.

T——; ‘then I went to see a lady friend, where I stayed till eleven. She wore a blue muslin — What is that?’

“I had betrayed myself by a quick movement which sent a glass tumbler to the floor. Helen Zabriskie had worn a blue muslin on that same night. I had noted it when I stood on the balcony watching her and her husband.

“‘That noise?’ It was Joe who was speaking. ‘You don’t know Reuben as well as I do or you wouldn’t ask. It is his practice, I am sorry to say, to accentuate his pleasure in draining my bottles by dropping a glass at every third one.’

“Mr. T—— went on.

“‘She was a married woman and I thought she loved me; but — and this is the greatest proof I can offer you that I am giving you a true account of that night — she had not had the slightest idea of the extent of my passion, and only consented to see me at all because she thought, poor thing, that a word from her would set me straight, and rid her of attentions that were fast becoming obnoxious. A sorry figure for a fellow to cut who has not been without his triumphs; but you caught me on the most detestable date in my calendar, and’ —

“There is where he stopped being interesting, so I will not waste time by quoting further. And now

what reply shall I make when Joe Smithers asks me double his usual price, as he will be sure to do, next time? Has he not earned an advance? I really think so.

"I have spent the whole day in weaving together the facts I have gleaned, and the suspicions I have formed, into a consecutive whole likely to present my theory in a favorable light to my superiors. But just as I thought myself in shape to meet their inquiries, I received an immediate summons into their presence, where I was given a duty to perform of so extraordinary and unexpected a nature, that it effectually drove from my mind all my own plans for the elucidation of the Zabriskie mystery.

"This was nothing more nor less than to take charge of a party of people who were going to the Jersey heights for the purpose of testing Dr. Zabriskie's skill with a pistol."

III.

The cause of this sudden move was soon explained to me. Mrs. Zabriskie, anxious to have an end put to the present condition of affairs, had begged for a more rigid examination into her husband's state. This being accorded, a strict and impartial inquiry had taken place, with a result not unlike that which followed the first one. Three

out of his four interrogators judged him insane, and could not be moved from their opinion, though opposed by the verdict of the young expert who had been living in the house with him. Dr. Zabriskie seemed to read their thoughts, and, showing extreme agitation, begged as before for an opportunity to prove his sanity by showing his skill in shooting. This time a disposition was evinced to grant his request, which Mrs. Zabriskie no sooner perceived, than she added her supplications to his that the question might be thus settled.

A pistol was accordingly brought; but at sight of it her courage failed, and she changed her plea to an entreaty that the experiment should be postponed till the next day, and should then take place in the woods away from the sight and hearing of needless spectators.

Though it would have been much wiser to have ended the matter there and then, the superintendent was prevailed upon to listen to her entreaties, and thus it was that I came to be a spectator, if not a participator, in the final scene of this most sombre drama.

There are some events which impress the human mind so deeply that their memory mingles with all after-experiences. Though I have made it a rule to forget as soon as possible the tragic episodes into which I am constantly plunged, there is one

scene in my life which will not depart at my will; and that is, the sight which met my eyes from the bow of the small boat in which Dr. Zabriskie and his wife were rowed over to Jersey on that memorable afternoon.

Though it was by no means late in the day, the sun was already sinking, and the bright red glare which filled the heavens and shone full upon the faces of the half-dozen persons before me added much to the tragic nature of the scene, though we were far from comprehending its full significance.

The doctor sat with his wife in the stern, and it was upon their faces my glance was fixed. The glare shone luridly on his sightless eyeballs, and as I noticed his unwinking lids I realized as never before what it was to be blind in the midst of sunshine. Her eyes, on the contrary, were lowered, but there was a look of hopeless misery in her colorless face which made her appearance infinitely pathetic, and I felt confident that if he could only have seen her, he would not have maintained the cold and unresponsive manner which chilled the words on her lips and made all advance on her part impossible.

On the seat in front of them sat the inspector and a doctor, and from some quarter, possibly from under the inspector's coat, there came the

monotonous ticking of a small clock, which, I had been told, was to serve as a target for the blind man's aim.

This ticking was all I heard, though the noise and bustle of a great traffic were pressing upon us on every side. And I am sure it was all she heard, as, with hand pressed to her heart and eyes fixed on the opposite shore, she waited for the event which was to determine whether the man she loved was a criminal or only a being afflicted of God, and worthy of her unceasing care and devotion.

As the sun cast its last scarlet gleam over the water, the boat grounded, and it fell to my lot to assist Mrs. Zabriskie up the bank. As I did so, I allowed myself to say: "I am your friend, Mrs. Zabriskie," and was astonished to see her tremble, and turn toward me with a look like that of a frightened child.

But there was always this characteristic blending in her countenance of the childlike and the severe, such as may so often be seen in the faces of nuns, and beyond an added pang of pity for this beautiful but afflicted woman, I let the moment pass without giving it the weight it perhaps demanded.

"The doctor and his wife had a long talk last night," was whispered in my ear as we wound our way along into the woods. I turned, and perceived at my side the expert physician, portions

of whose diary I have already quoted. He had come by another boat.

"But it did not seem to heal whatever breach lies between them," he proceeded. Then in a quick, curious tone, he asked: "Do you believe this attempt on his part is likely to prove anything but a farce?"

"I believe he will shatter the clock to pieces with his first shot," I answered, and could say no more, for we had already reached the ground which had been selected for this trial at arms, and the various members of the party were being placed in their several positions.

The doctor, to whom light and darkness were alike, stood with his face towards the western glow, and at his side were grouped the inspector and the two physicians. On the arm of one of the latter hung Dr. Zabriskie's overcoat, which he had taken off as soon as he had reached the field.

Mrs. Zabriskie stood at the other end of the opening, near a tall stump, upon which it had been decided that the clock should be placed when the moment came for the doctor to show his skill. She had been accorded the privilege of setting the clock on this stump, and I saw it shining in her hand as she paused for a moment to glance back at the circle of gentlemen who were awaiting her movements. The hands of the clock stood at five

minutes to five, though I scarcely noted the fact at the time, for her eyes were on mine, and as she passed me she spoke:

"If he is not himself, he cannot be trusted. Watch him carefully, and see that he does no mischief to himself or others. Be at his right hand, and stop him if he does not handle his pistol properly."

I promised, and she passed on, setting the clock upon the stump and immediately drawing back to a suitable distance at the right, where she stood, wrapped in her long, dark cloak, quite alone. Her face shone ghastly white, even in its environment of snow-covered boughs which surrounded her, and, noting this, I wished the minutes fewer between the present moment and the hour of five, at which he was to draw the trigger.

"Dr. Zabriskie," quoth the inspector, "we have endeavored to make this trial a perfectly fair one. You are to have one shot at a small clock which has been placed within a suitable distance, and which you are expected to hit, guided only by the sound which it will make in striking the hour of five. Are you satisfied with the arrangement?"

"Perfectly. Where is my wife?"

"On the other side of the field, some ten paces from the stump upon which the clock is fixed."

He bowed, and his face showed satisfaction.

"May I expect the clock to strike soon?"

"In less than five minutes," was the answer.

"Then let me have the pistol; I wish to become acquainted with its size and weight."

We glanced at each other, then across at her.

She made a gesture; it was one of acquiescence.

Immediately the inspector placed the weapon in the blind man's hand. It was at once apparent that the doctor understood the instrument, and my last doubt vanished as to the truth of all he had told us.

"Thank God I am blind this hour, and cannot see her," fell unconsciously from his lips; then, before the echo of these words had left my ears, he raised his voice and observed calmly enough, considering that he was about to prove himself a criminal in order to save himself from being thought a madman.

"Let no one move. I must have my ears free for catching the first stroke of the clock." And he raised the pistol before him.

There was a moment of torturing suspense and deep, unbroken silence. My eyes were on him, and so I did not watch the clock, but suddenly I was moved by some irresistible impulse to note how Mrs. Zabriskie was bearing herself at this critical moment, and, casting a hurried glance in her direction, I perceived her tall figure swaying

from side to side, as if under an intolerable strain of feeling. Her eyes were on the clock, the hands of which seemed to creep with snail-like pace along the dial, when unexpectedly, and a full minute before the minute-hand had reached the stroke of five, I caught a movement on her part, saw the flash of something round and white show for an instant against the darkness of her cloak, and was about to shriek warning to the doctor, when the shrill, quick stroke of a clock rang out on the frosty air, followed by the ping and flash of a pistol.

A sound of shattered glass, followed by a suppressed cry, told us that the bullet had struck the mark, but before we could move, or rid our eyes of the smoke which the wind had blown into our faces, there came another sound which made our hair stand on end, and sent the blood back in terror to our hearts. Another clock was striking, the clock which we now perceived was still standing upright on the stump where Mrs. Zabriskie had placed it.

Whence came the clock, then, which had struck before the time, and had been shattered for its pains? One quick look told us. On the ground, ten paces at the right, lay Helen Zabriskie, a broken clock at her side, and in her breast a bullet which was fast sapping the life from her sweet eyes.

We had to tell him, there was such pleading in her looks; and never shall I forget the scream that rang from his lips as he realized the truth. Breaking from our midst, he rushed forward, and fell at her feet as if guided by some supernatural instinct.

"Helen!" he shrieked; "what is this? Were not my hands dyed deep enough in blood that you should make me answerable for your life also?"

Her eyes were closed, but she opened them. Looking long and steadily at his agonized face, she faltered forth:

"It is not you who have killed me; it is your crime. Had you been innocent of Mr. Hasbrouck's death, your bullet would never have found my heart. Did you think I could survive the proof that you had killed that good man?"

"I—I did it unwittingly. I"—

"Hush!" she commanded, with an awful look, which, happily, he could not see. "I had another motive. I wished to prove to you, even at the cost of my life, that I loved you, had always loved you, and not"—

It was now his turn to silence her. His hand crept over her lips, and his despairing face turned itself blindly towards us.

"Go!" he cried; "leave us! Let me take a last farewell of my dying wife, without listeners or spectators."

Consulting the eye of the physician who stood beside me, and seeing no hope in it, I fell slowly back. The others followed, and the doctor was left alone with his wife. From the distant position we took, we saw her arms creep round his neck, saw her head fall confidently on his breast, then silence settled upon them and upon all nature, the gathering twilight deepening, till the last glow disappeared from the heavens above and from the circle of leafless trees which enclosed this tragedy from the outside world.

But at last there came a stir, and Dr. Zabriskie, rising before us, with the dead body of his wife held closely to his breast, confronted us with a countenance so rapturous that he looked like a man transfigured.

"I will carry her to the boat," said he. "Not another hand shall touch her. She was my true wife, my true wife!" And he towered into an attitude of such dignity and passion, that for a moment he took on heroic proportions and we forgot that he had just proved himself to have committed a cold-blooded and ghastly crime.

* * * * *

The stars were shining when we again took our seats in the boat; and if the scene of our crossing to Jersey was impressive, what shall be said of that of our return?

The doctor, as before, sat in the stern, an awesome figure, upon which the moon shone with a white radiance that seemed to lift his face out of the surrounding darkness and set it, like an image of frozen horror, before our eyes. Against his breast he held the form of his dead wife, and now and then I saw him stoop as if he were listening for some tokens of life at her set lips. Then he would lift himself again, with hopelessness stamped upon his features, only to lean forward in renewed hope that was again destined to disappointment.

The inspector and the accompanying physician had taken seats at the bow, and unto me had been assigned the special duty of watching over the doctor. This I did from a low seat in front of him. I was therefore so close that I heard his laboring breath, and though my heart was full of awe and compassion, I could not prevent myself from bending towards him and saying these words:

“Dr. Zabriskie, the mystery of your crime is no longer a mystery to me. Listen and see if I do not understand your temptation, and how you, a conscientious and God-fearing man, came to slay your innocent neighbor.

“A friend of yours, or so he called himself, had for a long time filled your ears with tales tending to make you suspicious of your wife and jealous

of a certain man whom I will not name. You knew that your friend had a grudge against this man, and so for many months turned a deaf ear to his insinuations. But finally some change which you detected in your wife's bearing or conversation roused your own suspicions, and you began to doubt if all was false that came to your ears, and to curse your blindness, which in a measure rendered you helpless. The jealous fever grew and had risen to a high point, when one night — a memorable night — this friend met you just as you were leaving town, and with cruel craft whispered in your ear that the man you hated was even there with your wife, and that if you would return at once to your home you would find him in her company.

“The demon that lurks at the heart of all men, good or bad, thereupon took complete possession of you, and you answered this false friend by saying that you would not return without a pistol. Whereupon he offered to take you to his house and give you his. You consented, and getting rid of your servant by sending him to Poughkeepsie with your excuses, you entered a coach with your friend.

“You say you bought the pistol, and perhaps you did, but, however that may be, you left his house with it in your pocket and, declining companionship, walked home, arriving at the Colonade a little before midnight.

“Ordinarily you have no difficulty in recognizing your own doorstep. But, being in a heated frame of mind, you walked faster than usual and so passed your own house and stopped at that of Mr. Hasbrouck’s, one door beyond. As the entrances of these houses are all alike, there was but one way in which you could have made yourself sure that you had reached your own dwelling, and that was by feeling for the doctor’s sign at the side of the door. But you never thought of that. Absorbed in dreams of vengeance, your sole impulse was to enter by the quickest means possible. Taking out your night-key, you thrust it into the lock. It fitted, but it took strength to turn it, so much strength that the key was bent and twisted by the effort. But this incident, which would have attracted your attention at another time, was lost upon you at this moment. An entrance had been effected, and you were in too excited a frame of mind to notice at what cost, or to detect the small differences apparent in the atmosphere and furnishings of the two houses — trifles which would have arrested your attention under other circumstances, and made you pause before the upper floor had been reached.

“It was while going up the stairs that you took out your pistol, so that by the time you arrived at the front-room door you held it ready cocked and drawn in your hand. For, being blind, you

feared escape on the part of your victim, and so waited for nothing but the sound of a man's voice before firing. When, therefore, the unfortunate Mr. Hasbrouck, roused by this sudden intrusion, advanced with an exclamation of astonishment, you pulled the trigger, killing him on the spot. It must have been immediately upon his fall that you recognized from some word he uttered, or from some contact you may have had with your surroundings, that you were in the wrong house and had killed the wrong man; for you cried out, in evident remorse, 'God! what have I done!' and fled without approaching your victim.

"Descending the stairs, you rushed from the house, closing the front door behind you and regaining your own without being seen. But here you found yourself baffled in your attempted escape by two things. First, by the pistol you still held in your hand, and secondly, by the fact that the key upon which you depended for entering your own door was so twisted out of shape that you knew it would be useless for you to attempt to use it. What did you do in this emergency? You have already told us, though the story seemed so improbable at the time, you found nobody to believe it but myself. The pistol you flung far away from you down the pavement, from which by one of those rare chances which sometime

happen in this world, it was presently picked up by some late passer-by of more or less doubtful character. The door offered less of an obstacle than you anticipated; for when you turned to it again you found it, if I am not greatly mistaken, ajar, left so, as we have reason to believe, by one who had gone out of it but a few minutes before in a state which left him but little master of his actions. It was this fact which provided you with an answer when you were asked how you succeeded in getting into Mr. Hasbrouck's house after the family had retired for the night.

"Astonished at the coincidence, but hailing with gladness the deliverance which it offered, you went in and ascended at once into your wife's presence; and it was from her lips, and not from those of Mrs. Hasbrouck, that the cry arose which startled the neighborhood and prepared men's minds for the tragic words which were shouted a moment later from the next house.

"But she who uttered the scream knew of no tragedy save that which was taking place in her own breast. She had just repulsed a dastardly suitor, and, seeing you enter so unexpectedly in a state of unaccountable horror and agitation, was naturally stricken with dismay, and thought she saw your ghost, or, what was worse, a possible avenger; while you, having failed to kill the man

you sought, and having killed a man you esteemed, let no surprise on her part lure you into any dangerous self-betrayal. You strove instead to soothe her, and even attempted to explain the excitement under which you labored, by an account of your narrow escape at the station, till the sudden alarm from next door distracted her attention, and sent both your thoughts and hers in a different direction. Not till conscience had fully awakened and the horror of your act had had time to tell upon your sensitive nature, did you breathe forth those vague confessions, which, not being supported by the only explanations which would have made them credible, led her, as well as the police, to consider you affected in your mind. Your pride as a man, and your consideration for her as a woman, kept you silent, but did not keep the worm from preying upon your heart.

“Am I not correct in my surmises, Dr. Zabriskie and is not this the true explanation of your crime?”

With a strange look, he lifted up his face.

“Hush!” said he; “you will awaken her. See how peacefully she sleeps! I should not like to have her awakened now, she is so tired, and I — I have not watched over her as I should.”

Appalled at his gesture, his look, his tone, I drew back, and for a few minutes no sound was to be

heard but the steady dip-dip of the oars and the lap-lap of the waters against the boat. Then there came a quick uprising, the swaying before me of something dark and tall and threatening, and before I could speak or move, or even stretch forth my hands to stay him, the seat before me was empty and darkness had filled the place where but an instant previous he had sat, a fearsome figure, erect and rigid as a sphinx.

What little moonlight there was only served to show us a few rising bubbles, marking the spot where the unfortunate man had sunk with his much-loved burden. We could not save him. As the widening circles fled farther and farther out, the tide drifted us away, and we lost the spot which had seen the termination of one of earth's saddest tragedies.

The bodies were never recovered. The police reserved to themselves the right of withholding from the public the real facts which made this catastrophe an awful remembrance to those who witnessed it. A verdict of accidental death by drowning answered all purposes, and saved the memory of the unfortunate pair from such calumny as might have otherwise assailed it. It was the least we could do for two beings whom circumstances had so greatly afflicted.

The Adventure of the Hansom Cab

STEVENSON

FOR a rare combination of fact and fancy united to a particular style of narration that is unique in modern English letters, there is nothing that equals in finish and charm "The New Arabian Nights." Matter for cogitation is also here — deep dark deeds hinted at, or shown, which are of the stuff of literature, and will keep these tales alive and popular for many a day to come.

There is much detective work of one kind and another in the series, in fact everyone seems to be spying on his fellow more or less, — a naïve way of keeping up the readers' interest — but in "The Adventure of the Hansom Cab" we have assured evidence of some profound work — although its triumphant consummation is the principal feature of the story. — EDITOR.

*The Adventure of the Hansom Cab*¹

STEVENSON

LIEUTENANT BRACKENBURY RICH had greatly distinguished himself in one of the lesser Indian hill wars. He it was who took the chieftain prisoner with his own hand; his gallantry was universally applauded; and when he came home, prostrated by an ugly sabre cut and a protracted jungle fever, society was prepared to welcome the Lieutenant as a celebrity of minor lustre. But his was a character remarkable for unaffected modesty; adventure was dear to his heart, but he cared little for adulation; and he waited at foreign watering-places and in the Algiers until the fame of his exploits had run through its nine days' vitality and begun to be forgotten. He arrived in London at last, in the early season, with as little observation as he could desire; and as he was an orphan and had none but distant relatives who

¹ Robert Louis Stevenson's *An Episode in the Suicide Club*, "New Arabian Nights."

lived in the provinces, it was almost as a foreigner that he installed himself in the capital of the country for which he had shed his blood.

On the day following his arrival he dined alone at a military club. He shook hands with a few old comrades, and received their congratulations; but as one and all had some engagement for the evening, he found himself left entirely to his own resources. He was in dress, for he had entertained the notion of visiting a theater. But the great city was new to him; he had gone from a provincial school to a military college, and thence direct to the Eastern Empire; and he promised himself a variety of delights in this world for exploration. Swinging his cane, he took his way westward. It was a mild evening, already dark, and now and then threatening rain. The succession of faces in the lamp-light stirred the Lieutenant's imagination; and it seemed to him as if he could walk forever in that stimulating city atmosphere and surrounded by the mystery of four million private lives. He glanced at the houses, and marvelled what was passing behind those warmly-lighted windows; he looked into face after face, and saw them each intent upon some unknown interest, criminal or kindly.

"They talk of war," he thought, "but this is the great battlefield of mankind."

And then he began to wonder that he should walk so long in this complicated scene, and not chance upon so much as the shadow of an adventure for himself.

"All in good time," he reflected. "I am still a stranger, and perhaps wear a strange air. But I must be drawn into the eddy before long."

The night was already well advanced, when a plump of cold rain fell suddenly out of the darkness. Brackenbury paused under some trees, and as he did so he caught sight of a hansom cabman making him a sign that he was disengaged. The circumstance fell in so happily to the occasion that he at once raised his cane in answer, and had soon ensconced himself in the London gondola.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"Where you please," said Brackenbury.

And immediately, at a pace of surprising swiftness, the hansom drove off through the rain into a maze of villas. One villa was so like another, each with its front garden, and there was so little to distinguish the deserted lamp-lit streets and crescents through which the flying hansom took its way, that Brackenbury soon lost all idea of direction. He would have been contented to believe that the cabman was amusing himself by driving him round and round and in and out about a small quarter, but there was something businesslike in the speed

which convinced him of the contrary. The man had an object in view, he was hastening towards a definite end; and Brackenbury was at once astonished at the fellow's skill in picking a way through such a labyrinth, and a little concerned to imagine what was the occasion of his hurry. He had heard tales of strangers falling ill in London. Did the driver belong to some bloody and treacherous association? and was he himself being whirled to a murderous death?

The thought had scarcely presented itself, when the cab swung sharply round a corner and pulled up before the garden gate of a villa in a long and wide road. The house was brilliantly lighted up. Another hansom had just driven away, and Brackenbury could see a gentleman being admitted at the front door and received by several liveried servants. He was surprised that the cabman should have stopped so immediately in front of a house where a reception was being held; but he did not doubt it was the result of accident, and sat placidly smoking where he was, until he heard the trap thrown open over his head.

"Here we are, sir," said the driver.

"Here!" repeated Brackenbury. "Where?"

"You told me to take you where I pleased, sir," returned the man with a chuckle, "and here we are."

It struck Brackenbury that the voice was wonderfully smooth and courteous for a man in so inferior a position; he remembered the speed at which he had been driven; and now it occurred to him that the hansom was more luxuriously appointed than the common run of public conveyances.

"I must ask you to explain," said he. "Do you mean to turn me out into the rain? My good man, I suspect the choice is mine."

"The choice is certainly yours," replied the driver "but when I tell you all, I believe I know how a gentleman of your figure will decide. There is a gentlemen's party in this house. I do not know whether the master be a stranger to London and without acquaintances of his own; or whether he is a man of odd notions. But certainly I was hired to kidnap single gentlemen in evening dress, as many as I pleased, but military officers by preference. You have simply to go in and say that Mr. Morris invited you."

"Are you Mr. Morris?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Oh, no," replied the cabman. "Mr. Morris is the person of the house."

"It is not a common way of collecting guests," said Brackenbury; "but an eccentric man might very well indulge the whim without any intention to offend. And suppose that I refuse Mr. Morris's invitation," he went on, "what then?"

"My orders are to drive you back where I took you from," replied the man, "and set out to look for others up to midnight. Those who have no fancy for such an adventure, Mr. Morris said, were not the guests for him."

These words decided the Lieutenant on the spot.

"After all," he reflected, as he descended from the hansom, "I have not had long to wait for my adventure."

He had hardly found footing on the side-walk, and was still feeling in his pocket for the fare, when the cab swung about and drove off by the way it came at the former break-neck velocity. Brackenbury shouted after the man, who paid no heed, and continued to drive away; but the sound of his voice was overheard in the house, the door was again thrown open, emitting a flood of light upon the garden, and a servant ran down to meet him holding an umbrella.

"The cabman has been paid," observed the servant in a very civil tone; and he proceeded to escort Brackenbury along the path and up the steps. In the hall several other attendants relieved him of his hat, cane, and paletot, gave him a ticket with a number in return, and politely hurried him up a stair adorned with tropical flowers, to the door of an apartment on the first story. Here a grave butler inquired his name, and an-

nouncing "Lieutenant Brackenbury Rich," ushered him into the drawing-room of the house.

A young man, slender and singularly handsome, came forward and greeted him with an air at once courtly and affectionate. Hundreds of candles, of the finest wax, lit up a room that was perfumed, like the staircase, with a profusion of rare and beautiful flowering shrubs. A side-table was loaded with tempting viands. Several servants went to and fro with fruits and goblets of champagne. The company was perhaps sixteen in number, all men, few beyond the prime of life, and with hardly an exception, of a dashing and capable exterior. They were divided into two groups, one about a roulette board, and the other surrounding a table at which one of their number held a bank of baccarat.

"I see," thought Brackenbury, "I am in a private gambling saloon, and the cabman was a tout."

His eye had embraced the details, and his mind formed the conclusion, while his host was still holding him by the hand; and to him his looks returned from this rapid survey. At a second view Mr. Morris surprised him still more than on the first. The easy elegance of his manners, the distinction, amiability, and courage that appeared upon his features, fitted very ill with the Lieu-

tenant's preconceptions on the subject of the proprietor of a hell; and the tone of his conversation seemed to mark him out for a man of position and merit. Brackenbury found he had an instinctive liking for his entertainer; and though he chided himself for the weakness he was unable to resist a sort of friendly attraction for Mr. Morris's person and character.

"I have heard of you, Lieutenant Rich," said Mr. Morris, lowering his tone; "and believe me I am gratified to make your acquaintance. Your looks accord with the reputation that has preceded you from India. And if you will forget for a while the irregularity of your presentation in my house, I shall feel it not only an honour, but genuine pleasure besides. A man who makes a mouthful of barbarian cavaliers," he added with a laugh, "should not be appalled by a breach of etiquette, however serious."

And he led him towards the sideboard and pressed him to partake of some refreshments.

"Upon my word," the Lieutenant reflected, "this is one of the pleasantest fellows and, I do not doubt, one of the most agreeable societies in London."

He partook of some champagne, which he found excellent; and observing that many of the company were already smoking, he lit one of his own Manil-

las, and strolled up to the roulette board, where he sometimes made a stake and sometimes looked on smilingly on the fortune of others. It was while he was thus idling that he became aware of a sharp scrutiny to which the whole of the guests were subjected. Mr. Morris went here and there, ostensibly busied on hospitable concerns; but he had ever a shrewd glance at disposal; not a man of the party escaped his sudden, searching looks; he took stock of the bearing of heavy losers, he valued the amount of the stakes, he paused behind couples who were deep in conversation; and, in a word, there was hardly a characteristic of anyone present but he seemed to catch and make a note of it. Brackenbury began to wonder if this were indeed a gambling hell: it had so much the air of a private inquisition. He followed Mr. Morris in all his movements; and although the man had a ready smile, he seemed to perceive, as it were under a mask, a haggard, careworn, and preoccupied spirit. The fellows around him laughed and made their game; but Brackenbury had lost interest in the guests.

"This Morris," thought he, "is no idler in the room. Some deep purpose inspires him; let it be mine to fathom it."

Now and then Mr. Morris would call one of his visitors aside; and after a brief colloquy in an

ante-room, he would return alone, and the visitors in question reappeared no more. After a certain number of repetitions, this performance excited Brackenbury's curiosity to a high degree. He determined to be at the bottom of this minor mystery at once; and strolling into the ante-room, found a deep window recess concealed by curtains of the fashionable green. Here he hurriedly ensconced himself; nor had he to wait long before the sound of steps and voices drew near him from the principal apartment. Peering through the division, he saw Mr. Morris escorting a fat and ruddy personage, with somewhat the look of a commercial traveller, whom Brackenbury had already remarked for his coarse laugh and under-bred behaviour at the table. The pair halted immediately before the window, so that Brackenbury lost not a word of the following discourse:—

“I beg you a thousand pardons!” began Mr. Morris, with the most conciliatory manner; “and, if I appear rude, I am sure you will readily forgive me. In a place so great as London accidents must continually happen; and the best that we can hope is to remedy them with as small delay as possible. I will not deny that I fear you have made a mistake and honoured my poor house by inadvertence; for, to speak openly, I cannot at all remember your appearance. Let me put the ques-

tion without unnecessary circumlocution — between gentlemen of honour a word will suffice — Under whose roof do you suppose yourself to be? ”

“ That of Mr. Morris,” replied the other, with a prodigious display of confusion, which had been visibly growing upon him throughout the last few words.

“ Mr. John or Mr. James Morris? ” inquired the host.

“ I really cannot tell you,” returned the unfortunate guest. “ I am not personally acquainted with the gentlemen, any more than I am with yourself.”

“ I see,” said Mr. Morris. “ There is another person of the same name farther down the street; and I have no doubt the policeman will be able to supply you with his number. Believe me, I felicitate myself on the misunderstanding which has procured me the pleasure of your company for so long; and let me express a hope that we may meet again upon a more regular footing. Meantime, I would not for the world detain you longer from your friends. John,” he added, raising his voice, “ will you see that the gentleman finds his great-coat? ”

And with the most agreeable air Mr. Morris escorted his visitor as far as the ante-room door, where he left him under conduct of the butler. As he

passed the window, on his return to the drawing-room, Brackenbury could hear him utter a profound sigh, as though his mind was loaded with a great anxiety, and his nerves already fatigued with the task on which he was engaged.

For perhaps an hour the hansoms kept arriving with such frequency, that Mr. Morris had to receive a new guest for every old one that he sent away, and the company preserved its number undiminished. But towards the end of that time the arrivals grew few and far between, and at length ceased entirely, while the process of elimination was continued with unimpaired activity. The drawing-room began to look empty: the baccarat was discontinued for lack of a banker; more than one person said good-night of his own accord, and was suffered to depart without expostulation: and in the meantime Mr. Morris redoubled in agreeable attentions to those who stayed behind. He went from group to group and from person to person with looks of the readiest sympathy and the most pertinent and pleasing talk; he was not so much like a host as like a hostess, and there was a feminine coquetry and condescension in his manner which charmed the hearts of all.

As the guests grew thinner, Lieutenant Rich strolled for a moment out of the drawing-room into the hall in quest of fresher air. But he had no

sooner passed the threshold of the ante-chamber than he was brought to a dead halt by a discovery of the most surprising nature. The flowering shrubs had disappeared from the staircase; three large furniture wagons stood before the garden gate; the servants were busy dismantling the house upon all sides; and some of them had already donned their great-coats and were preparing to depart. It was like the end of a country ball, where everything had been supplied by contract. Brackenbury had indeed some matter for reflection. First, the guests, who were no real guests after all, had been dismissed; and now the servants, who could hardly be genuine servants, were actively dispersing.

“Was the whole establishment a sham?” he asked himself. “The mushroom of a single night which should disappear before morning?”

Watching a favourable opportunity, Brackenbury dashed upstairs to the higher regions of the house. It was as he had expected. He ran from room to room, and saw not a stick of furniture nor so much as a picture on the walls. Although the house had been painted and papered, it was not only uninhabited at present, but plainly had never been inhabited at all. The young officer remembered with astonishment its specious, settled, and hospitable air on his arrival. It was only at

a prodigious cost that the imposture could have been carried out upon so great a scale.

Who, then, was Mr. Morris? What was his intention in thus playing the householder for a single night in the remote west of London? And why did he collect his visitors at hazard from the streets?

Brackenbury remembered that he had already delayed too long, and hastened to join the company. Many had left during his absence; and counting the Lieutenant and his host, there were not more than five persons in the drawing-room — recently so thronged. Mr. Morris greeted him, as he re-entered the apartment, with a smile, and immediately rose to his feet.

“It is now time, gentlemen,” said he, “to explain my purpose in decoying you from your amusements. I trust you did not find the evening hang very dully on your hands; but my object, I will confess it, was not to entertain your leisure, but to help myself in an unfortunate necessity. You are all gentlemen,” he continued, “your appearance does you that much justice, and I ask for no better security. Hence, I speak without concealment, I ask you to render me a dangerous and delicate service; dangerous because you may run the hazard of your lives, and delicate because I must ask an absolute discretion upon all that you shall see or hear. From an utter stranger the

request is almost comically extravagant; I am well aware of this; and I would add at once, if there be anyone present who has heard enough, if there be one among the party who recoils from a dangerous confidence and a piece of Quixotic devotion to he knows not whom — here is my hand ready, and I shall wish him good-night and God-speed, with all the sincerity in the world.”

A very tall, black man, with a heavy stoop, immediately responded to this appeal.

“I commend your frankness, sir,” said he; “and, for my part, I go. I make no reflections; but I cannot deny that you fill me with suspicious thoughts. I go myself, as I say; and perhaps you will think I have no right to add words to my example.”

“On the contrary,” replied Mr. Morris, “I am obliged to you for all you say. It would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of my proposal.”

“Well, gentlemen, what do you say?” said the tall man, addressing the others. “We have had our evening’s frolic; shall we go homeward peaceably in a body? You will think well of my suggestion in the morning, when you see the sun again in innocence and safety.”

The speaker pronounced the last words with an intonation which added to their force; and his face wore a singular expression, full of gravity and

significance. Another of the company rose hastily, and, with some appearance of alarm, prepared to take his leave. There were only two who held their ground, Brackenbury and an old red-nosed cavalry Major; but these two preserved a nonchalant demeanour, and, beyond a look of intelligence which they rapidly exchanged, appeared entirely foreign to the discussion that had just been terminated.

Mr. Morris conducted the deserters as far as the door, which he closed upon their heels; then he turned round disclosing a countenance of mingled relief and animation, and addressed the two officers as follows:

“I have chosen my men like Joshua in the Bible,” said Mr. Morris, “and I now believe I have the pick of London. Your appearance pleased my hansom cabmen; then it delighted me; I have watched your behaviour in a strange company, and under the most unusual circumstances: I have studied how you played and how you bore your losses; lastly, I have put you to the test of a staggering announcement, and you received it like an invitation to dinner. It is not for nothing,” he cried, “that I have been for years the companion and the pupil of the bravest and wisest potentate in Europe.”

“At the affair of Bunderchang,” observed the Major, “I asked for twelve volunteers, and every

trooper in the ranks replied to my appeal. But a gaming party is not the same thing as a regiment under fire. You may be pleased, I suppose, to have found two, and two who will not fail you at a push. As for the pair who ran away, I count them among the most pitiful hounds I ever met with. Lieutenant Rich," he added, addressing Brackenbury, "I have heard much of you of late; and I cannot doubt but you have also heard of me. I am Major O'Rooke."

And the veteran tendered his hand, which was red and tremulous, to the young Lieutenant.

"Who has not?" answered Brackenbury.

"When this little matter is settled," said Mr. Morris, "you will think I have sufficiently rewarded you; for I could offer neither a more valuable service than to make him acquainted with the other."

"And now," said Major O'Rooke, "is it a duel?"

"A duel after a fashion," replied Mr. Morris, "a duel with unknown and dangerous enemies, and, as I gravely fear, a duel to the death. I must ask you," he continued, "to call me Morris no longer: call me, if you please, Hammersmith; my real name, as well as that of another person to whom I hope to present you before long, you will gratify me by not asking and not seeking to discover for

yourselves. Three days ago the person of whom I speak disappeared suddenly from home; and, until this morning, I received no hint of his situation. You will fancy my alarm when I tell you that he is engaged upon a work of private justice. Bound by an unhappy oath, too lightly sworn, he finds it necessary, without the help of law, to rid the earth of an insidious and bloody villain. Already two of our friends, and one of them my own brother, have perished in the enterprise. He himself, or I am much deceived, is taken in the same fatal toils. But at least he still lives and still hopes, as this billet sufficiently proves."

And the speaker, no other than Colonel Geraldine, proffered a letter, thus conceived: —

"Major Hammersmith, — On Wednesday, at 3 A.M., you will be admitted by the small door to the gardens of Rochester House, Regent's Park, by a man who is entirely in my interest. I must request you not to fail me by a second. Pray bring my case of swords, and, if you can find them, one or two gentlemen of conduct and discretion to whom my person is unknown. My name must not be used in this affair.

"T. GODALL."

"From his wisdom alone, if he had no other title," pursued Colonel Geraldine, when the others had each satisfied his curiosity, "my friend is a

man whose directions should implicitly be followed. I need not tell you, therefore, that I have not so much as visited the neighbourhood of Rochester House; and that I am still as wholly in the dark as either of yourselves as to the nature of my friend's dilemma. I betook myself, as soon as I had received this order, to a furnishing contractor, and, in a few hours, the house in which we now are had assumed its late air of festival. My scheme was at least original; and I am far from regretting an action which has procured me the services of Major O'Rooke and Lieutenant Brackenbury Rich. But the servants in the street will have a strange awakening. The house which this evening was full of lights and visitors they will find uninhabited and for sale to-morrow morning. Thus even the most serious concerns," added the Colonel, "have a merry side."

"And let us add a merry ending," said Brackenbury.

The Colonel consulted his watch.

"It is now hard on two," he said. "We have an hour before us, and a swift cab is at the door. Tell me if I may count upon your help."

"During a long life," replied Major O'Rooke, "I never took back my hand from anything, nor so much as hedged a bet."

Brackenbury signified his readiness in the most

becoming terms; and after they had drunk a glass or two of wine, the Colonel gave each of them a loaded revolver, and the three mounted into the cab and drove off for the address in question.

Rochester House was a magnificent residence on the banks of the canal. The large extent of the garden isolated it in an unusual degree from the annoyances of neighbourhood. It seemed the *parc aux cerfs* of some great nobleman or millionaire. As far as could be seen from the street, there was not a glimmer of light in any of the numerous windows of the mansion; and the place had a look of neglect, as though the master had been long from home.

The cab was discharged, and the three gentlemen were not long in discovering the small door, which was a sort of postern in a lane between two garden walls. It still wanted ten or fifteen minutes of the appointed time; the rain fell heavily, and the adventurers sheltered themselves below some pendent ivy, and spoke in low tones of the approaching trial.

Suddenly Geraldine raised his finger to command silence, and all three bent their hearing to the utmost. Through the continuous noise of the rain, the steps and voices of two men became audible from the other side of the wall; and, as they drew nearer, Brackenbury, whose sense of hearing was

remarkably acute, could even distinguish some fragments of their talk.

"Is the grave dug?" asked one.

"It is," replied the other; "behind the laurel hedge. When the job is done, we can cover it with a pile of stakes."

The first speaker laughed, and the sound of his merriment was shocking to the listeners on the other side.

"In an hour from now," he said.

And by the sounds of the steps it was obvious that the pair had separated, and were proceeding in contrary directions.

Almost immediately after the postern door was cautiously opened, a white face was protruded into the lane, and a hand was seen beckoning to the watchers. In dead silence the three passed the door, which was immediately locked behind them, and followed their guide through several garden alleys to the kitchen entrance of the house. A single candle burned in the great paved kitchen, which was destitute of the customary furniture; and as the party proceeded to ascend from thence by a flight of winding stairs, a prodigious noise of rats testified still more plainly to the dilapidation of the house.

Their conductor preceded them, carrying the candle. He was a lean man, much bent, but still

agile; and he turned from time to time and admonished silence and caution by his gestures. Colonel Geraldine followed on his heels, the case of swords under one arm, and a pistol ready in the other. Brackenbury's heart beat thickly. He perceived that they were still in time; but he judged from the alacrity of the old man that the hour of action must be near at hand; the circumstances of this adventure were so obscure and menacing, the place seemed so well chosen for the darkest acts, that an older man than Brackenbury might have been pardoned a measure of emotion as he closed the procession up the winding stair.

At the top the guide threw open a door and ushered the three officers before him into a small apartment, lighted by a smoky lamp and the glow of a modest fire. At the chimney corner sat a man in the early prime of life, and of a stout but courtly and commanding appearance. His attitude and expression were those of the most unmoved composure; he was smoking a cheroot with much enjoyment and deliberation, and on a table by his elbow stood a long glass of some effervescing beverage, which diffused an agreeable odour through the room.

"Welcome," said he, extending his hand to Colonel Geraldine. "I knew I might count on your exactitude."

"On my devotion," replied the Colonel, with a bow.

"Present me to your friends," continued the first; and, when that ceremony had been performed, "I wish, gentlemen," he added, with the most exquisite affability, "that I could offer you a more cheerful programme; it is ungracious to inaugurate an acquaintance upon serious affairs; but the compulsion of events is stronger than the obligations of good-fellowship. I hope and believe you will be able to forgive me this unpleasant evening; and for men of your stamp it will be enough to know that you are conferring a considerable favour."

"Your Highness," said the Major, "must pardon my bluntness. I am unable to hide what I know. For some time back I have suspected Major Hammersmith, but Mr. Godall is unmistakable. To seek two men in London unacquainted with Prince Florizel of Bohemia was to ask too much at Fortune's hands."

"Prince Florizel!" cried Brackenbury in amazement.

And he gazed with the deepest interest on the features of the celebrated personage before him.

"I shall not lament the loss of my incognito," remarked the Prince, "for it enables me to thank you with the more authority. You would have done as much for Mr. Godall, I feel sure, as for the

Prince of Bohemia; but the latter can perhaps do more for you. The gain is mine," he added, with a courteous gesture.

And the next moment he was conversing with the two officers about the Indian army and the native troops, a subject on which, as on all others, he had a remarkable fund of information and the soundest views.

There was something so striking in this man's attitude at a moment of deadly peril that Brackenbury was overcome with respectful admiration; nor was he less sensible to the charm of his conversation or the surprising amenity of his address. Every gesture, every intonation, was not only noble in itself, but seemed to ennoble the fortunate mortal for whom it was intended; and Brackenbury confessed to himself with enthusiasm that this was a sovereign for whom a brave man might thankfully lay down his life.

Many minutes had thus passed, when the person who had introduced them into the house, and who had sat ever since in a corner, and with his watch in his hand, arose and whispered a word into the Prince's ear.

"It is well, Dr. Noel," replied Florizel, aloud; and then addressing the others, "You will excuse me, gentlemen," he added, "if I have to leave you in the dark. The moment now approaches."

Dr. Noel extinguished the lamp. A faint, gray

light, premonitory of the dawn, illuminated the window, but was not sufficient to illuminate the room; and when the Prince rose to his feet, it was impossible to distinguish his features or to make a guess at the nature of the emotion which obviously affected him as he spoke. He moved towards the door, and placed himself at one side of it in an attitude of the wariest attention.

"You will have the kindness," he said, "to maintain the strictest silence, and to conceal yourselves in the densest of the shadow."

The three officers and the physician hastened to obey, and for nearly ten minutes the only sound in Rochester House was occasioned by the excursions of the rats behind the woodwork. At the end of that period, a loud creak of a hinge broke in with surprising distinctness on the silence; and shortly after, the watchers could distinguish a slow and cautious tread approaching up the kitchen stair. At every second step the intruder seemed to pause and lend an ear, and during these intervals, which seemed of an incalculable duration, a profound disquiet possessed the spirit of the listeners. Dr. Noel, accustomed as he was to dangerous emotions, suffered an almost pitiful physical prostration; his breath whistled in his lungs, his teeth grated one upon another, and his joints cracked aloud as he nervously shifted his position.

At last a hand was laid upon the door, and the

bolt shot back with a slight report. There followed another pause, during which Brackenbury could see the Prince draw himself together noiselessly as if for some unusual exertion. Then the door opened, letting in a little more of the light of the morning; and the figure of a man appeared upon the threshold and stood motionless. He was tall, and carried a knife in his hand. Even in the twilight they could see his upper teeth bare and glistening, for his mouth was open like that of a hound about to leap. The man had evidently been over the head in water but a minute or two before; and even while he stood there the drops kept falling from his wet clothes and pattered on the floor.

The next moment he crossed the threshold. There was a leap, a stifled cry, an instantaneous struggle; and before Colonel Geraldine could spring to his aid, the Prince held the man, disarmed and helpless, by the shoulders.

"Dr. Noel," he said, "you will be so good as to relight the lamp."

And relinquishing the charge of his prisoner to Geraldine and Brackenbury, he crossed the room and set his back against the chimney-piece. As soon as the lamp had kindled, the party beheld an unaccustomed sternness on the Prince's features. It was no longer Florizel, the careless gentleman; it was the Prince of Bohemia, justly incensed and

full of deadly purpose, who now raised his head and addressed the captive President of the Suicide Club.

"President," he said, "you have laid your last snare, and your own feet are taken in it. The day is beginning; it is your last morning. You have just swum the Regent's Canal; it is your last bath in this world. Your old accomplice, Dr. Noel, so far from betraying me, has delivered you into my hands for judgment. And the grave you had dug for me this afternoon shall serve, in God's almighty providence, to hide your own just doom from the curiosity of mankind. Kneel and pray, sir, if you have a mind that way; for your time is short, and God is weary of your iniquities."

The President made no answer either by word or sign; but continued to hang his head and gaze sullenly on the floor, as though he were conscious of the Prince's prolonged and unsparing regard.

"Gentlemen," continued Florizel, resuming the ordinary tone of his conversation, "this is a fellow who has long eluded me, but whom, thanks to Dr. Noel, I now have tightly by the heels. To tell the story of his misdeeds would occupy more time than we can now afford; but if the canal had contained nothing but the blood of his victims, I believe the wretch would have been no drier than you see him. Even in an affair of this sort I desire to preserve the

forms of honour. But I make you the judges, gentlemen — this is more an execution than a duel; and to give the rogue his choice of weapons would be to push too far a point of etiquette. I cannot afford to lose my life in such a business,” he continued, unlocking the case of swords; “and as a pistol-bullet travels so often on the wings of chance, and skill and courage may fall by the most trembling marksman, I have decided, and I feel sure you will approve my determination, to put this question to the touch of swords.”

When Brackenbury and Major O’Rooke, to whom these remarks were particularly addressed, had each intimated his approval, “Quick, sir,” added Prince Florizel to the President, “choose a blade and do not keep me waiting; I have an impatience to be done with you for ever.”

For the first time since he was captured and disarmed the President raised his head, and it was plain that he began instantly to pluck up courage.

“Is it to be stand up?” he asked eagerly, “and between you and me?”

“I mean so far to honour you,” replied the Prince.

“Oh, come!” cried the President. “With a fair field, who knows how things may happen! I must add that I consider it handsome behaviour on your Highness’s part; and if the worst comes to

the worst I shall die by one of the most gallant gentlemen in Europe."

And the President, liberated by those who had detained him, stepped up to the table and began, with minute attention, to select a sword. He was highly elated, and seemed to feel no doubt that he should issue victorious from the contest. The spectators grew alarmed in the face of so entire a confidence, and adjured Prince Florizel to reconsider his intention.

"It is but a farce," he answered; "and I think I can promise you, gentlemen, that it will not be long a-playing."

"Your Highness will be careful not to overreach," said Colonel Geraldine.

"Geraldine," returned the Prince, "did you ever know me fail in a debt of honour? I owe you this man's death and you shall have it."

The President at last satisfied himself with one of the rapiers, and signified his readiness by a gesture that was not devoid of a rude nobility. The nearness of peril, and the sense of courage, even to this obnoxious villain, lent an air of manhood and a certain grace.

The Prince helped himself at random to a sword.

"Colonel Geraldine and Doctor Noel," he said, "will have the goodness to await me in this room. I wish no personal friend of mine to be involved

in this transaction. Major O'Rooke, you are a man of some years and a settled reputation — let me recommend the President to your good graces. Lieutenant Rich will be so good as to lend me his attentions: a young man cannot have too much experience in such affairs."

"Your Highness," replied Brackenbury, "it is an honour I shall prize extremely."

"It is well," returned Prince Florizel; "I shall hope to stand your friend in more important circumstances."

And so saying he led the way out of the apartment and down the kitchen stairs.

The two men who were thus left alone threw open the window and leaned out, straining every sense to catch an indication of the tragical events that were about to follow. The rain was now over; day had almost come, and the birds were piping in the shrubbery and on the forest trees of the garden. The Prince and his companions were visible for a moment as they followed an alley between two flowering thickets; but at the first corner a clump of foliage intervened, and they were again concealed from view. This was all the Colonel and the physician had an opportunity to see, and the garden was so vast, and the place of combat evidently so remote from the house, that not even the noise of sword-play reached their ears.

"He has taken him towards the grave," said Dr. Noel with a shudder.

"God," cried the Colonel, "God defend the right!"

And they awaited the event in silence, the Doctor shaking with fear, the Colonel in an agony of sweat. Many minutes must have elapsed, the day was sensibly broader, and the birds were singing more heartily in the garden before a sound of returning footsteps recalled their glances towards the door. It was the Prince and the two Indian officers who entered. God had defended the right.

"I am ashamed of my emotion," said Prince Florizel; "I feel it a weakness unworthy of my station, but the continued existence of that hound of hell had begun to play upon me like a disease, and his death has more refreshed me than a night of slumber. Look, Geraldine," he continued, throwing his sword upon the floor, "there is the blood of the man who killed your brother. It should be a welcome sight. And yet," he added, "see how strangely we men are made! my revenge is not yet five minutes old, and already I am beginning to ask myself if even revenge be attainable on this precarious stage of life. The ill he did, who can undo it? The career in which he amassed a huge fortune (for the house itself in which he stayed belonged to him) — that career

is now a part of the destiny of mankind forever; and I might weary myself making thrusts in carte until the crack of judgment, and Geraldine's brother would be none the less dead, and a thousand other innocent persons would be none the less dishonoured and debauched! The existence of a man is so small a thing to take, so mighty a thing to employ! Alas!" he cried, "is there anything in life so disenchanting as attainment?"

"God's justice has been done," replied the Doctor. "So much I behold. The lesson, your Highness, has been a cruel one for me; and I await my own turn with deadly apprehension."

"What was I saying?" cried the Prince. "I have punished, and here is the man beside us who can help me to undo. Ah, Dr. Noel! you and I have before us many a day of hard and honourable toil; and perhaps, before we have done, you may have more than redeemed your early errors."

"And in the meantime," said the Doctor, "let me go and bury my oldest friend."

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